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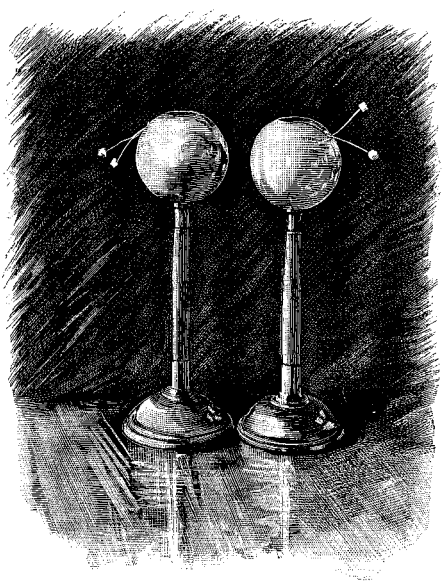
ELECTRICITY IN THE SERVICE OF MAN.

AN INTRODUCTORY PAPER.

By C. F. Brackett.



Insulated Metallic Spheres, showing inductive action.

ELECTRICAL phenomena have now come to be such important factors in the daily administration of human affairs that the age in which we are living may, with a certain propriety, be called the age of electricity, just as former ones have been called, respectively, the ages of stone, bronze, and iron.

It may be taken for granted that the curiosity or interest of every reader of this Magazine will prompt him to inquire, if he has not already done so, how the mysterious agent which we call electricity is brought under control and directed so as to perform the almost infinitely varied service which is now exacted of it. In fact, almost every industry and art is either so dependent upon, or influenced by, its application that no one, whatever his pursuit, can ignore them and yet hope to attain a foremost place.

It is the purpose of this article to set forth, in a general way, some of the common methods in accordance with which the more important electrical phenomena are produced, the laws which these phenomena reveal, and the principles involved in the measurement of electrical quantities. What I shall have to say will be concerning principles which will be fully applied in the course of articles which are to follow.

The term *electrical* was first employed in 1600, by Dr. Gilbert, to designate the attraction which amber (ἤλεκτρον), and other substances of its class, exhibit when rubbed and presented to light bodies, such as bits of pith or paper. This term and its corresponding substantive have been everywhere adopted in reference to the phenomena we are about to consider.

If a piece of amber, or resin, and a piece of glass be rubbed together and then separated, they are no longer indifferent to each other as before, but each attracts the other. In this condition the bodies are both said to be *electrified*, or *charged* with electricity. Evidence of this condition is easily secured by

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Volta, Inventor of the Voltaic Pile.

If the pith-ball electroscope be presented to one of the two rubbed bodies just mentioned, say the glass, it will be attracted to it, and after remaining in contact with it for a short time it will be repelled. If, now, it be presented to the other body it will be attracted. The two forces being oppositely directed in the two cases, as respects the charged bodies, we have a sufficient justification for saying that there are two kinds or states of electrification, and it is sometimes said that there are two kinds of electricity. The latter statement, however, must be understood to be only a convenient mode of expression which does not imply suspending one of the charged bodies so that it can move freely, and then presenting the other. An electric charge may be communicated to bodies which have not been rubbed, on merely bringing them in contact with one which is already electrified. For example, a light ball of pith suspended by a silken thread will be charged by such contact, and it can then serve as an electroscope; that is, it can be employed as a means of detecting the electric condition of any body to which it may be presented.* A light straw, balanced so as to turn freely on a fine point, may serve the same purpose.

OTTO GERICKE *Patricius et Reipubl: Magdeburgensis Consul, ejusdemq; ad Univers. Pac. Tract. Monasterij et Osnabrugi Legatus.*
P. Aubry excud.

* Gericke was the first to observe repulsion between electrified bodies, and the inventor of the first electrical machine, about 1660.

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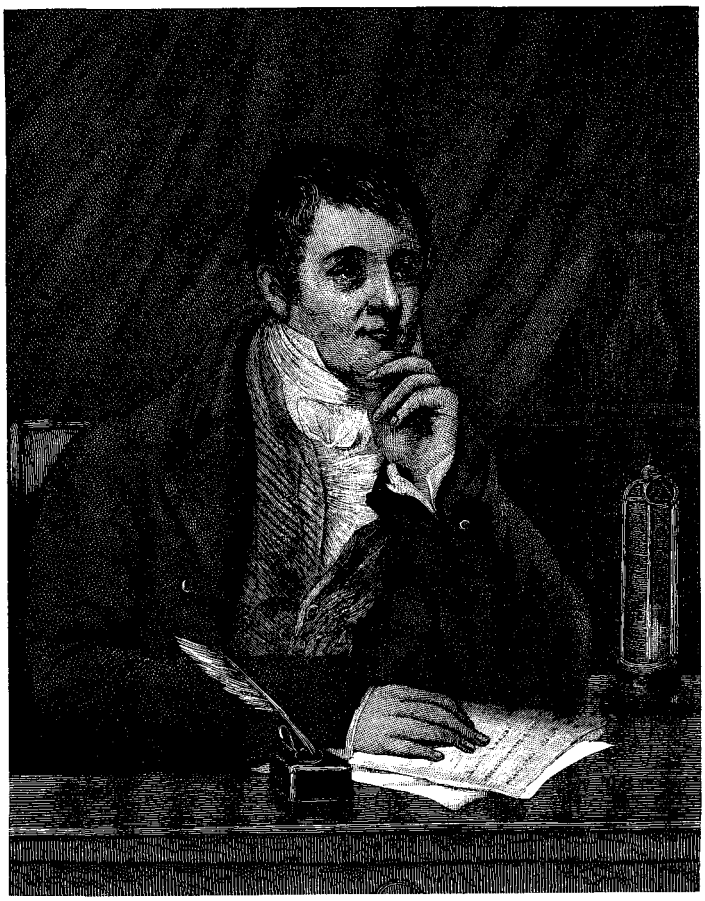

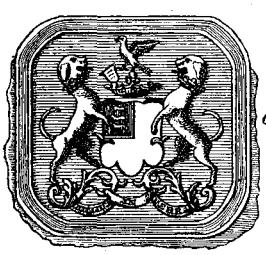

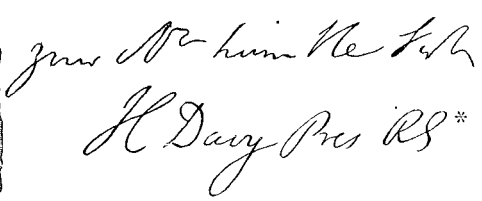

any knowledge of the nature of electricity itself.

Electricians have adopted the language of mathematics, and they accordingly speak of one state of electrification as *positive* and of the other as *negative*, making the convention that the electrification, or the charge, which glass presents when rubbed with silk shall be regarded as positive.

When metals, and moist bodies which are not metallic, are held in the hand and rubbed, they do not show any signs of electrification. Such bodies, however, may be electrified by rubbing, if the precaution be taken to support them by means of glass, resin, or, in short, by any body which can be electrified by friction while held in the hand. A metallic sphere, for example, supported by a glass rod, may be strongly charged by

* Sir Humphry Davy was one of the earliest and most successful investigators of the effects of the electric current.

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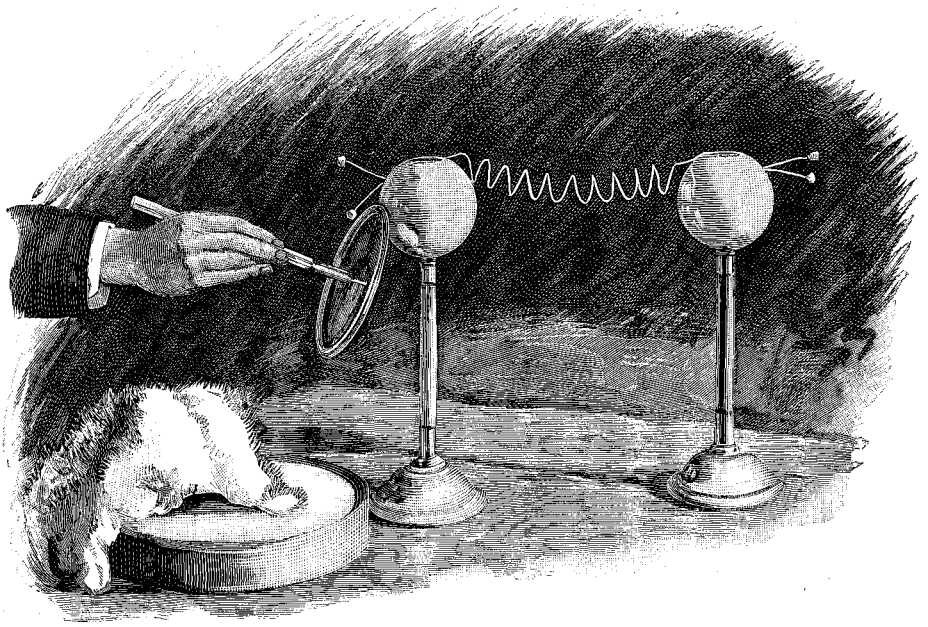
whipping it smartly with a piece of dry flannel.

Suppose two metallic spheres so supported, and joined by means of a metallic wire, as below, while somewhat remote from each other. If one of them be struck a few times with dry flannel, both spheres will be found charged in the same sense. If, now, either of the spheres or the wire which joins them be touched with the finger, the entire electrification of the system disappears. The wire in this case is said to conduct electricity from one sphere to the other, or when touched, it, together with the person of the experimenter, conducts the electricity to the earth. All bodies which can act in this way are called *conductors*. Threads of silk, rods of glass, sealing-wax, and the like cannot act in this way, and accordingly they are called non-conductors or *insulators*.



Insulated Metallic Spheres, electrified by contact with charged conductor and by conduction.

There remains to be described another way of producing the charged condition of insulated conductors. If one of two insulated metallic spheres be charged by means of friction, and then be brought near the other, the latter will show signs of both electrifications at the same time—the remoter portion being charged in the same sense as the originally charged body. [P. 643.] This action of the one body on the other is called *induction*. If while this action is manifest the two spheres be widely separated from each other, the sphere which was originally charged will retain its charge, but the other will not. If the spheres be brought near together again, induction will take place as before. If, when this is done, the sphere which is subject to inductive action be touched with the finger, it will appear to be entirely discharged. On removing it from the influence of the inducing sphere, however, it will be found to be charged in the opposite sense. In this way it may be charged as many times as we please, and the successive charges may be employed for any purpose to which we may wish to apply them. We can thus produce an unlimited amount of electricity without impairing the charge of the inducing sphere. This can only be done, however, by the expenditure of work.

When two bodies are in different electrical conditions, so that an attraction exists between them, they are said to be at different *potentials*, or what is the same thing, there is said to be a difference of

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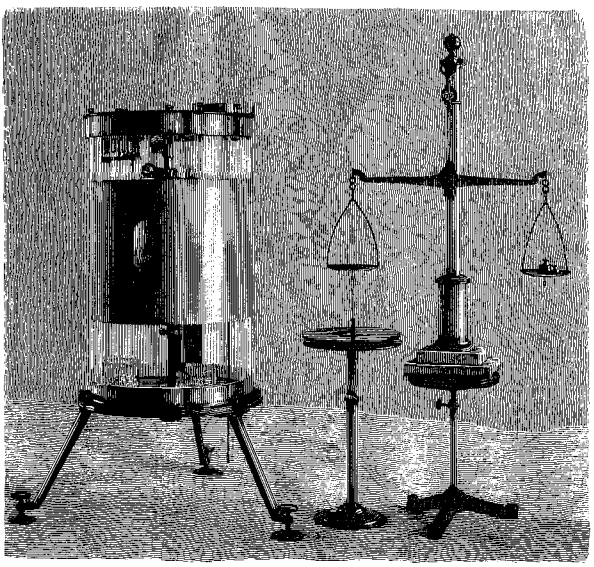


Sir William Thomson's. After the plan of Harris.
Electrometers for Measuring Difference of Potential.

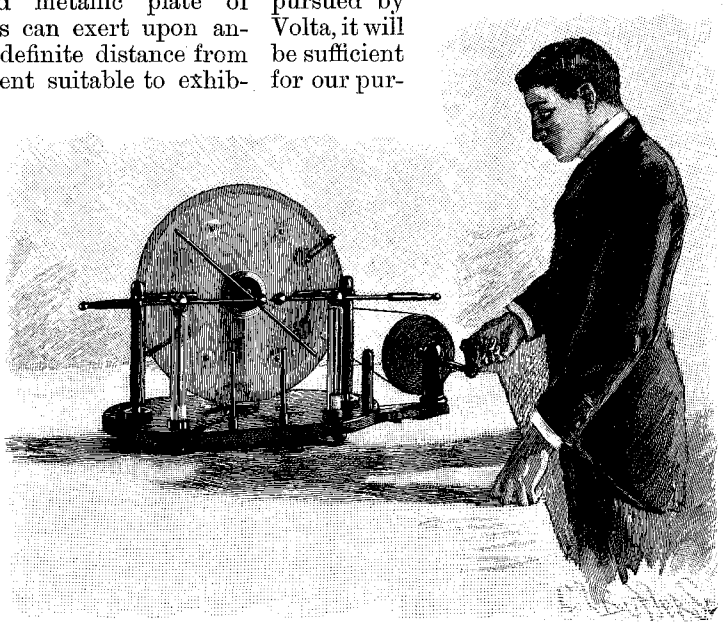
potential between them. If the bodies are conductors, and if they be brought in contact, either directly or mediately, by means of a third conductor, a redistribution of electricity will take place, and they will then be at the same potential.

Difference of potential may be determined by weighing the attraction which a charged metallic plate of known dimensions can exert upon another plate at a definite distance from it. An arrangement suitable to exhibit the method is shown at the right in the illustration above. At the left is shown an electrometer, designed to accomplish the same end more conveniently and accurately. The attracting plates are in the interior of the apparatus, and the force is measured indirectly by means of suitable springs.

Electrical machines are only more or less convenient contrivances for producing great differences of electrical potential by means of friction or inductive action as above. [See Toepler-Holtz Machine, below.]

The laws of electrical attraction and repulsion thus far considered may be briefly stated thus: Unlike electricities mutually attract, and like electricities mutually repel. The attractions or repulsions are proportional, directly, to the product of the numbers which denote the quantities of the electricities concerned, and inversely to the square of the number of units which measure the distance between them.

At the very beginning of the present century, Volta, stimulated by Galvani's recent discovery of what he called "animal electricity," invented the "pile" and the "crown of cups." We now speak of any equivalent arrangement as a voltaic battery. Without attempting to trace out the path of discovery and invention pursued by Volta, it will be sufficient for our pur-



Toepler-Holtz Electrical Machine.

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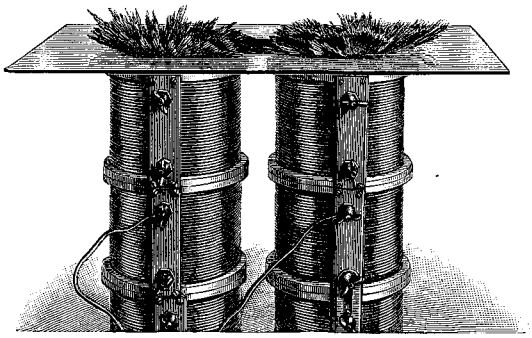
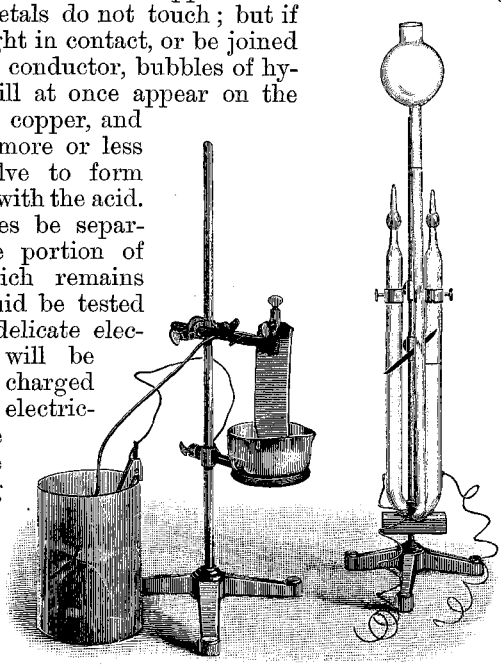
pose if we make clear the general construction and action of such an apparatus.

If a plate of zinc and a similar one of copper be nearly immersed in water containing a little sulphuric acid, which may be held in any suitable vessel, no noteworthy action will be apparent so long as the metals do not touch; but if they be brought in contact, or be joined by means of a conductor, bubbles of hydrogen gas will at once appear on the surface of the copper, and the zinc will more or less rapidly dissolve to form zinc sulphate with the acid.



The Magnetic Field, as indicated by iron filings thrown upon a pane of glass resting upon the poles of an electro-magnet.

If the plates be separated, and the portion of the zinc which remains above the liquid be tested with a very delicate electroscope, it will be found to be charged with negative electricity, and in like manner the corresponding portion of the copper plate will be found to be charged with positive electricity. These charges are very feeble when compared with those which we can produce by even slightly rubbing a glass rod with a piece of silk. Volta, however, showed that in order to make these charges more evident we have only to combine the actions of several such arrangements as we have just described, by joining the zinc in the first vessel with the copper in the second, and the zinc in the second with the copper in the third, and so on. In this way the charges on the terminal plates, or *electrodes*, as they are called, may be increased to any extent. The difference of potential between the electrodes is ascribed to the action of a so-called *electromotive force*, arising from the interactions of the different substances employed in the construction of the battery, and having its analogy in the pressure which causes liquids to flow along through pipes. If a conducting wire join the electrodes or terminal plates of metal, a *current of electricity* will flow through it and through the battery, that is, through the metals and the liquids, which with the wire constitute a closed circuit. The *intensity* or strength of the current will depend on the magnitude of the acting electromotive force, and on the *resistance* offered to it by the entire circuit; and investigation shows that it is directly proportional to the former and inversely proportional to the latter. This relation is known as Ohm's law. It is of fundamental importance in both science and engineering.



a. b. c.

Two Forms of Electrolytic Apparatus.

a, Battery; b, silver electrolyte in vessel; c, apparatus for electrolysis of water.

When a voltaic battery, such as we have described, is put in action by closing its circuit, the intensity of the current rapidly falls off. This is due to the fact that a counter electromotive force is set up, by the hydrogen liberated on the copper plates, which reduces the electromotive force at first acting. This de-

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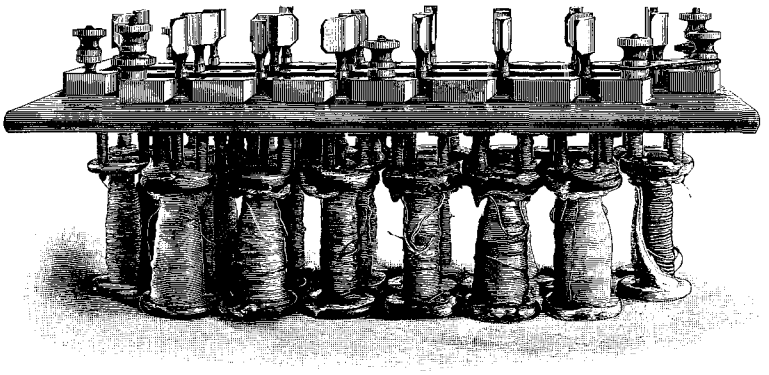
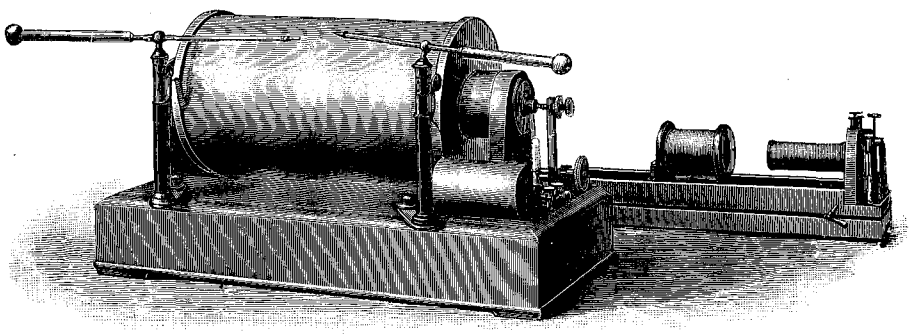
fect, which is common to other forms of voltaic batteries, may be more or less perfectly obviated in various ways. Motion may be given to the plates, whereby the gas will be detached; the plates may be made rough, so as to prevent the strong adhesion of the gas; but it is better to employ some exciting liquid which will not liberate any gaseous product in its action, such as copper sulphate, in the composition of which copper takes the place of hydrogen in the sulphuric acid. In case this salt of copper is employed, it is easy to so arrange the battery that the copper plate shall constantly receive a deposit of bright metallic copper, and so be kept free from adverse action. In the well-known Grove's form of voltaic battery the copper is replaced by platinum, a metal on which the strongest acids do not act, which is placed in a cup of unglazed porcelain containing strong nitric acid. This cup, with its contents, stands in the vessel which contains the zinc plate and the dilute sulphuric acid. The nitric acid is employed to supply oxygen which can unite with the hydrogen as rapidly as it is set free, and thus the platinum plate is kept in the most favorable condition, and counter electromotive force is avoided.



Resistance Coils, removed from box; showing their connections by means of plugs between metallic blocks.

If we wish to study some of the effects which may be produced by means of the battery current, we may employ with advantage a battery of ten or twelve Grove's cups joined in series, that is, the zinc of the first cup joined to the platinum of the second, and so on. A conducting wire should be joined to the platinum of the first cup, and another to the zinc of the last cup.

If the two wires be brought in contact and then separated, a small bright spark will be seen when the contact is broken. The brilliancy of the spark will be much increased if the wires are wrapped around small pencils of hard carbon, and then



Induction Coils, for producing currents of high potential by induction.

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the latter brought in contact and afterward separated. If the difference of potential between the wires be increased by the employment of a series of cups amounting to forty or fifty, the current will continue to flow even when the pencils of carbon are separated to a distance of two or three millimetres. The carbon pencils will then be heated to an intense whiteness, and a light of dazzling brilliancy will be produced. This is the well-known *arc light* so generally employed in public lighting. The expense and inconvenience attending the use of any form of battery, however, is so great that other means are generally resorted to to supply the electric current, as will presently appear.

Gauss and Weber, who proposed and employed the system of absolute measurements, early in the present century.

If the carbon pencils used for the production of light be replaced by strips of platinum, and if the latter be plunged into water containing about one-tenth its bulk of sulphuric acid, hydrogen will be abundantly liberated from the platinum connected with the zinc electrode of the battery, and oxygen, amounting very exactly to half the volume of the hydrogen, will be liberated from the platinum connected with the platinum electrode. Chemical solutions of the metals may, in like manner, be decomposed by the action of the current. If any conducting body replace the platinum strip connected with the zinc electrode, it may be covered with silver, gold, nickel, or other metal, by employing the proper solution of the metal instead of the acidulated water. This action of the current is called *electrolysis*, and it is largely employed in the arts in the operations of electro-plating, electro-metallurgy, etc., as well as in the laboratory in chemical analyses.

Faraday, in the course of a masterly investigation, proved that a given amount of electricity passing through the *electrolyte*, as the solution to be decomposed is called, always sets free a definite amount of its constituents. He also showed that when the current passes through several electrolytes arranged in series, the constituents liberated in any one of them will be proportional to the combining weights of the constituents, respectively.

Various forms of electrolytic apparatus are employed. Those represented in

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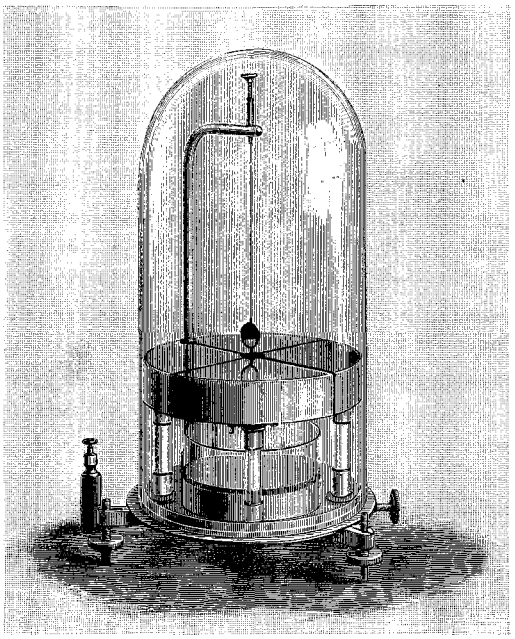
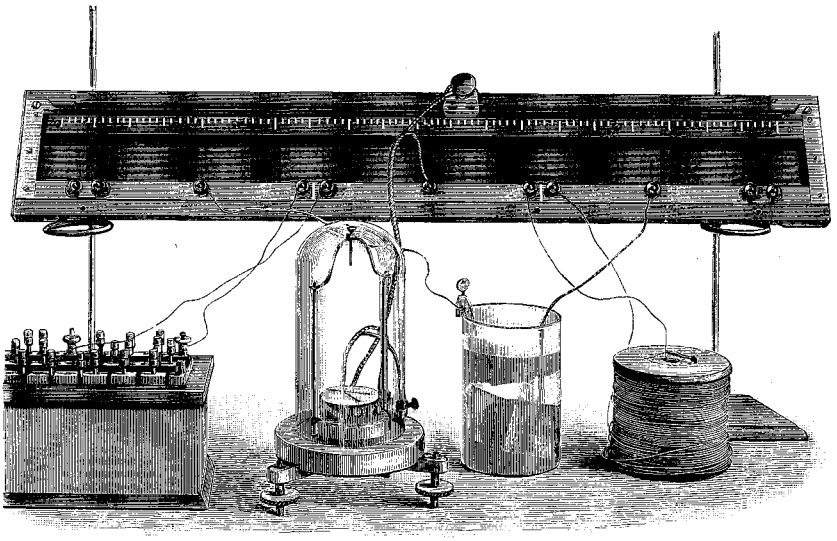
the illustration on page 648 are examples.

It will be seen that this law of Faraday gives us the means of comparing one current with another, or of comparing any current with a standard current defined in any way which may be chosen.

If, while the electrical current is flowing through a wire, a delicately poised magnetic needle be carried about it, the needle will tend to place itself at right angles to the general direction of the wire. It may be easily shown that the region about the wire is a magnetic region, commonly called a *magnetic field*. In order to do this, the wire may be made to pass vertically through a sheet of smooth paper which is held in a horizontal position. If, then, while the current is passing, some iron filings be sprinkled over the paper, and the latter be gently tapped, so as to assist the movement of the filings, they will arrange themselves in concentric circles about the wire. When the current is interrupted the region about the wire is no longer a magnetic field, but it may be restored as often as the current is renewed. This simple experimental fact lies at the foundation of many electrical appliances with which we are familiar. The magnetic field about a single conducting wire is, however, generally too feeble to serve for many purposes for which it would otherwise be useful.



Thomson's Quadrant Electrometer, for comparing potentials.



Box of standard resistances. Galvanoscope. Battery. Conductor to be measured.
Above, sliding key for effecting balance.

Wheatstone's Balance, used for comparing resistances.

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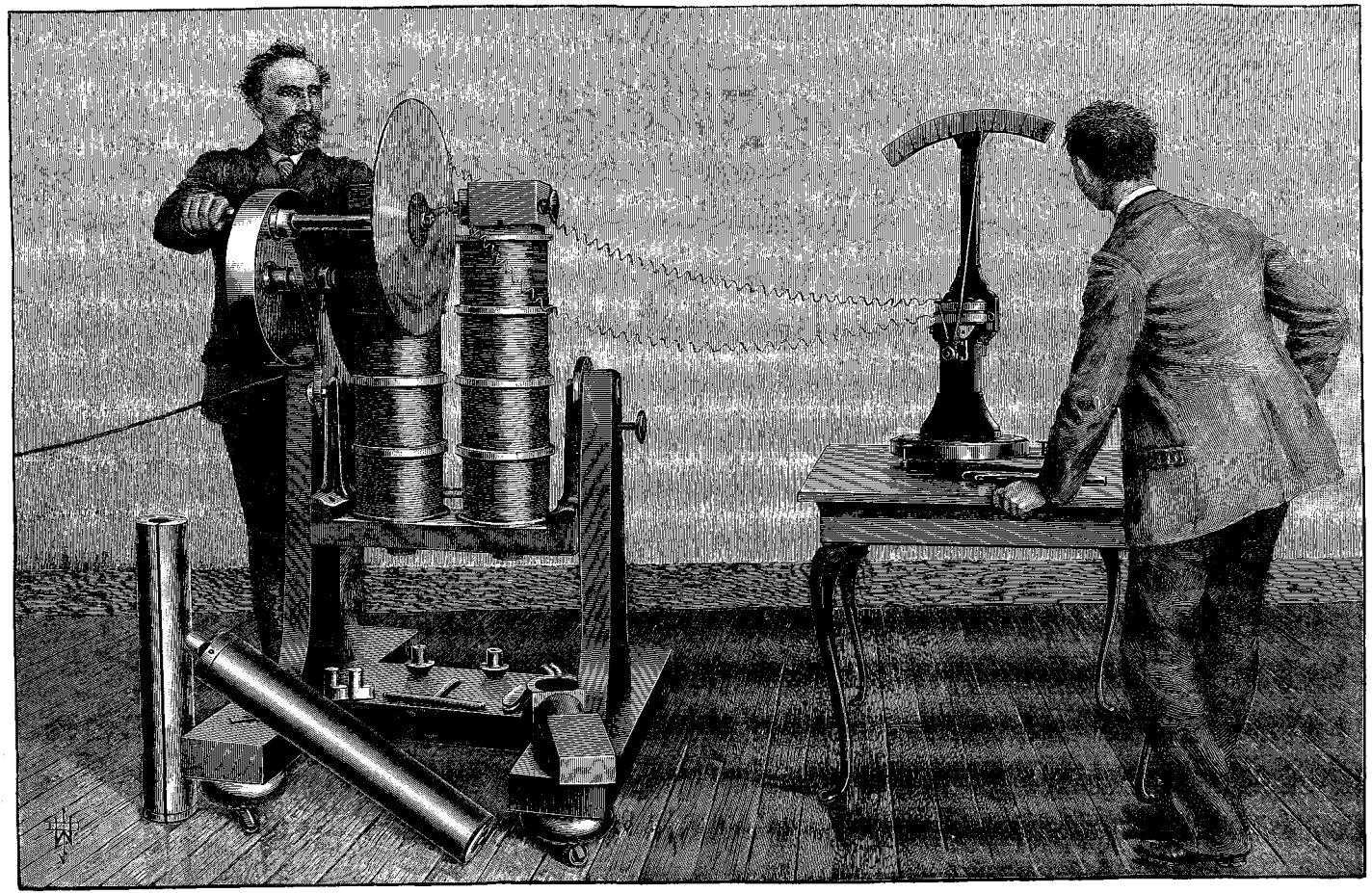

Current Produced by Conductor Revolving in the Field of a Powerful Electro-magnet.—Effect of current shown by galvanometer index displaced to right of scale.

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In order to strengthen it we may increase the intensity of the current which flows through the conducting wire, or we may employ a sufficient number of conducting wires whose united actions will produce the desired result. The former plan is of limited application, since very intense currents involve great loss of energy in consequence of the heat which they develop, and if too intense it will destroy the conductor. In carrying out the latter plan it is easily seen that it is a matter of indifference whether one employ many separate conductors, each uniting the electrodes of an independent battery, or so dispose a single long conductor that it shall pass many times through the region which it is desired to convert into a magnetic field. The most economical and effective way of proceeding, therefore, is to coil the conductor into a compact helix or spiral. In order that the current shall traverse the entire length of the wire composing the helix, it is covered with an insulating material such as cotton or silk thread. If an open space be left in the centre of the helix, this space, as might be expected, is found, while a current is flowing, to be a powerful magnetic field. If, now, an iron rod be placed in the helix, it is at once powerfully magnetized. Such an apparatus is the well-known electro-magnet which, under one form or another, plays an essential part in a great variety of devices, including the telegraph, the telephone, the burglar-alarm, the dynamo-machine, etc.

Having now a clear idea of some of the more remarkable effects which may be produced by means of the electrical current, we may with advantage consider some additional means of producing the current itself. We have just seen that a bar of iron, when placed within a helix through the wire of which a current of electricity is flowing, becomes a powerful magnet. Experiment shows, conversely, that if the extremities of the wire constituting the helix be disjoined from the battery and brought in contact with each other, and if then a powerful magnet be thrust back and forth in the helix a current of electricity will be set up which will continue to flow so long only as the motion of the magnet continues. If a bar magnet be carried, in the direction of its length, quite through the helix, the current which is induced in the helix by this motion will be reversed in direction when the mid-point of the magnet passes the mid-point of the length of the helix; and if the magnet be thrust only half-way through the helix and then withdrawn, the same result will be produced. It is plain, then, that we can set up an electromotive force in a conductor by merely moving a magnet with reference to the conductor, and that we can determine the direction in which the electromotive force shall act to produce its corresponding current of electricity by our choice of direction in which the movement shall be made. Moreover, it is quite a matter of indifference whether we move the magnet or the conductor, or both, so long as the two change their relation to one another, and experiment shows that the magnitude of the electromotive force, and consequently that of the electrical current, is also under our control. It depends upon the strength of the magnet, on the velocity and direction of its motion, and on the number of turns of wire in the helix.

We might easily devise a machine operated independently, such as the steam-engine, which would continuously thrust a magnet into a helix and withdraw it, by a reciprocating motion. We should then have a means of producing currents of electricity which would depend upon mechanical power for the energy which must be supplied. For certain purposes the alternating character of the currents so produced would be a matter of no importance. It is not difficult, however, to devise means by which such a machine can automatically change the relations of the conductors, in which the currents flow outside of the helix, so that they shall flow always in the same direction. Any form of such apparatus is properly called a *magneto-electric machine.* [P. 652.]

In practice, machines of this general character are usually so constructed as to substitute rotatory for reciprocating motion, for the obvious reason that such a motion is more easily maintained. In order to carry out this plan it is only necessary to place permanently within the helix a mass of soft iron, which can

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readily acquire and lose the magnetic state on the approach and recession of a magnet, and then make a magnet rotate so that its poles shall pass rapidly in succession near the mass of iron, or, since it is equally efficient, make the helix, together with its iron core, rotate so that it shall be carried rapidly through the field due to the magnet. In either case the iron core, rapidly acquiring and losing its magnetism, will act precisely as if it were a permanent magnet having a reciprocating motion within the helix.

Obviously the permanent magnet in the apparatus just considered may be replaced by an electro-magnet, and better results may be secured, since such magnets can easily be made of far greater strength than the best permanent magnets possess. The electro-magnet so employed may, of course, be excited by the current supplied by a voltaic battery, but this inconvenience may be avoided by the simple device of sending the current produced by the motion of the helix through the coils of the electro-magnet, on whose presence the current itself depends. When this arrangement is adopted the current which is at first produced on setting the apparatus in operation is extremely small, since the electro-magnet is not then excited to action, and the feeble magnetic field which it presents is wholly due to accidental causes. When, however, the least current is produced by the motion of the helix, it is made to pass through the coils of the electro-magnet, which has its magnetism developed thereby, and thus presents a more intense field, and this in turn reacts to increase the current.

Such are the general principles involved in the construction and operation of the *dynamo-machine*. We need only add that in practice there are several movable coils symmetrically disposed about an axis, and constituting the *armature*. It will thus happen that one or more of the coils will always be passing through the most intense portions of the magnetic field. The current which is generated when the armature revolves is led away to be utilized by means of conducting wires joined to *brushes* or contact-devices, which are suitably held in contact with opposite sides of the revolving armature.

In the dynamo-machine we have an economical means of producing the electric current, since the mechanical energy which must be supplied to it costs less than an equivalent amount of available energy in any other form, and since there is no material contact of the working parts of the machine to wear them out.

The brushes which are applied to the armature are maintained at different potentials when the machine is in action. They may therefore be compared to the terminals of the voltaic battery; and, in short, it may be remarked that the relations expressed in Ohm's law hold good for the dynamo-machine and its circuit as well as for the battery.

If the current generated by a dynamo-machine be made to traverse the circuit of another and similar one, the latter will be set in rotation, and it will thus be a means of translating electrical energy into mechanical energy; in other words, it will become an *electric motor*, and may be employed as any other prime motor would be. Since the conductors which unite the machines may be as long as we please, we have thus a means of transferring power from one point to another. Obviously, however, we cannot do this in defiance of the law of conservation of energy, and as there will always be some energy expended in heating the conductors, we can never develop at the distant station as much energy as we expend at the transmitting one.

It is frequently desirable to exchange one current for another of different electromotive force and intensity. The inductive action of the current, through the magnetic field which accompanies its conductor, on other conductors in its neighborhood, affords the means of accomplishing this end. The apparatus by means of which the result is secured is called the *inductorium* or *transformer*. The special arrangement which is employed in any given case depends on the object to be accomplished. The most common form for use in the physical laboratory is shown in the illustration. [P. 649.] It consists of two helices of insulated wire of such dimensions that one can be placed within the other. The interior helix has comparatively few

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turns of thick wire and incloses a bundle of soft iron rods. The exterior one often has many thousand turns of thin wire.

When any change in the strength of the current which is made to pass through the interior helix occurs, a corresponding change takes place in the intensity of the magnetic field dependent upon it, and this, of course, produces a current in the exterior helix. The electromotive force of this current depends on the number of turns of wire in the helix. We can therefore secure as high electromotive force as we please by adding to the number of turns in the external helix. But every additional turn adds to the resistance and so diminishes the strength of the induced current. If we have given a current of high potential we may send it through the exterior coil and with every change in its strength we can secure a corresponding current of greater strength but of lower electromotive force.

In practice the current which is to be transformed is rapidly reversed or broken and renewed.

Since, as we have seen, an electric current may be employed to effect chemical decompositions, and since the constituents of an electrolyte so treated may set up a counter-electromotive force, it is clear that we may employ the current produced by the dynamo-machine to set free the constituents of chemical compounds which, on the withdrawal of the decomposing current, will reunite, and in so doing produce a current in the reverse sense. Such an apparatus is called a *storage*-battery. Thus, if two plates of lead which are covered with lead oxide be suspended, without touching, in a vessel containing dilute sulphuric acid, and if, then, a current from the dynamo-machine be passed through the plates and through the liquid, the plate connected with the negative electrode of the machine will give up its oxygen to the liquid, while the plate connected with the positive electrode will receive from the liquid an equal amount, in addition to that which it possessed at first. On disconnecting the electrolytic apparatus it may itself be employed as a voltaic battery. When conducting-wires from the lead plates are joined, a current is set up which continues to flow until the plates recover the condition which they had before the action of the dynamo-current. Evidently this electrolytic process of *charging* the storage-battery may be repeated as frequently as occasion may demand, the battery being in the meantime used for any purpose to which it is suited.

It remains now to consider, in the most general way, the scheme which electricians have adopted for the measurement of electrical quantities.

Since we know nothing of the ultimate nature of electricity, but must admit that it is as much a matter of conjecture as that of gravitation, it is clear that we can only base our measurements upon the effects which it can produce, just as we are obliged to do when dealing with the latter agency. Accordingly, we are quite at liberty to express our results in terms of the same *fundamental units* as are employed in physical measurements in general, and if we do so we shall obviously be able more easily to detect any relations which may exist between electrical and other physical phenomena.

It may be of service to the reader to define the fundamental units usually employed, and to point out how these enter into the derived units which must be employed in measuring complex quantities, such as velocity, acceleration, force, energy, etc. When once the method of procedure in measuring these quantities is clearly apprehended, there will be no difficulty in seeing how we are to apply it when we have to measure other related quantities.

Only three fundamental units are needed, and those usually selected are the unit of *mass* or quantity of matter, the unit of *time*, and the unit of *length*. The unit of mass is the *gram;* it is the one one-thousandth part of a standard piece of platinum called the kilogram. Masses are compared with copies of this unit of mass by means of the balance. The unit of length is the *centimetre* [0.394 inch], or the one one-hundredth part of the standard metre. The unit of time is the *second*, or the one eighty-six-thousand-four-hundredth part of a mean solar day. As the simplest example

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of a derived unit, may be mentioned that of a surface, or a square centimetre. It evidently implies extension in two directions, and into our conception of these extensions the notion of a length enters. We might, however, adopt an arbitrary standard of surface as our unit, and when we have occasion to measure a given surface we might find by actual trial how many times this standard unit can be applied to the surface so as to completely cover every part of it and no more. We should thus measure the given surface, but such a measurement would not be primarily based on a unit of length, and thus we should lose sight of important relations. In like manner we might adopt arbitrary units of velocity, acceleration, etc., but great difficulties would be involved as well as obvious disadvantages.

The notion of velocity implies both a time and a length, and a body moving uniformly in a straight line is said to possess *unit velocity* when it moves over one unit length—one centimetre—in one second. If a particle move in a straight line and change its velocity by one unit of velocity in one second, it has one unit *acceleration*. If the particle have a unit of mass, and be subject to unit acceleration, it is acted on by one *unit of force*. Change in the motion of a given mass is thus made the measure of force, and it will be observed that this does not raise any question as to the nature of force itself. The unit of force as just defined is called the *dyne*. It is obvious that a force may be applied to a body which is not free to move by reason of other forces which are acting upon it at the same time. In such cases we have recourse to some indirect method of determining what amount of motion would occur if the body were free to move.

If a body, by reason of its relations to other bodies, is able to exert a force of one dyne, through one centimetre of space, it has one *unit of energy*, called the *erg*. The energy of a body, or system of bodies, is defined as its ability to perform *work*. Since, then, energy and work are convertible quantities, it is clear that the erg is the proper unit of measure for work as well as for energy.

A familiar illustration of work is presented when a heavy body is raised from one level to another, as in building; and every reader is aware that in estimating such work both the amount of material raised and the height through which it is raised are taken into account. The work is numerically equal to the product of these two factors. This method of estimating work is sufficiently exact to meet the requirements of the contractor, but not sufficiently so for the purposes of science. The intensity of the earth's attraction is not the same at all points on its surface, and so it follows that the amount of work which must be done in order to raise equal masses through the same height is not everywhere the same. It is not difficult, however, to determine, by means of the pendulum, what acceleration a body falling freely will be subject to at any place. When this is known we can completely specify the force which acts on any given mass by taking the product of the number of units in the mass by the number of units of acceleration. For New York the acceleration due to gravity is about 980 centimetres per second, that is, a body starting from rest and falling freely will acquire a velocity of 980 centimetres in one second. If, therefore, we multiply the number of grams contained in a given body by 980 we have the value of the force acting on the body. This is called, in scientific language, the *weight* of the body.

Any region in which a mass is acted upon so as to produce, or tend to produce, an acceleration is called a field of gravitational force. In like manner, a region in which a magnet pole is acted upon so as to produce a similar result is called a field of magnetic force, and a region in which an electrified body is so acted upon is called a field of electric force. We must not infer, however, from these forms of expression, or from what we may imagine respecting the regions to which they are applied, that there are several kinds of force. The expressions are in no sense qualitative, but merely indicate the conditions under which a stress will arise such as will tend to produce an acceleration in a body.

Now, the earth itself may be regarded as a great magnet, since it acts on

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magnets just as they act on each other. The earth is accordingly accompanied by a magnetic field, of which the intensity varies at different points, though not according to any established law. The intensity, however, of the earth's magnetic field at any place can be ascertained by a method in general similar to that employed in determining the intensity of gravitation.

The ratio of the intensities of the two magnetic fields, the one due to the earth, and the other to the action of the current, is determined by the position which a needle, hung free from restraint, assumes under their joint action. But the intensity of the field due to the current depends on its strength, on the distance of the needle from the conductor, and on the number of times the conductor passes through the region. If, then, the conductor be coiled so as to form the circumference of a circle, and have its ends accessible so as to be connected with the source of the current, and if a short magnetic needle be so suspended that its centre of form shall coincide with the centre of the coil, we have all that is essential to a *galvanometer*. Of course, such an instrument would be furnished with a divided circle, or similar device, for convenience in determining the position of the needle when under the influence of the current to be measured. It may easily be shown that the intensities of any two currents are to each other as the tangents of the angles of deflection from the magnetic meridian which they respectively cause the needle to make. Hence the instrument is called a *tangent galvanometer*.

By the aid of the tangent galvanometer and the foregoing principles we can do more than to compare one current with another in terms of the tangents of the angles of deflection which they can cause—we can determine the value of any given current in terms of our fundamental units, or in *absolute measure*, as it is called. In order to this we define the unit magnet pole and the unit current in accordance with the conventions already made when dealing with velocity, acceleration, etc.

A unit magnet pole is one which exerts a unit force upon a similar and equal pole at unit distance.

The unit current of electricity, for every centimetre of its length, can exert a unit force upon a unit magnet pole at one unit distance from every portion of the current. The only disposition of the conductor conveying the current which will meet the last condition is that of a circular coil with the needle at its centre. This disposition is found in the galvanometer described above. As the radius of the coil described in the definition of unit current would be too small for practice, we have only to employ coils of any convenient, but known, radius, and make the necessary computations, remembering that the effect of the current is inversely as the square of its distance from the magnet pole.

It will be noticed that our definition of current involves but a single magnet pole, whereas the galvanometer of necessity has a magnetic needle of two poles, since one pole cannot exist without another having exactly opposite properties; and, further, nothing is assumed to be known, in the description of the galvanometer, about the strength of the poles of the needle employed. These circumstances, however, cause no inconvenience, since the only use we make of the needle is to ascertain the ratio of the intensity of the horizontal component * of the earth's magnetic field to the intensity of the field due to the galvanometer coils through which the current to be measured is passing. But the intensity of the horizontal component of the earth's field is known as above, in absolute measure, or, in other words, we know the velocity which it would impart to a free magnet pole weighing one gram. The intensity of the field due to the current, and therefore the intensity of the current itself, is then easily found. Thus it is seen that the intensity of the current is measured in the same fundamental units as are employed in measuring the stress between a heavy body under the action of gravitation. The real standard of comparison is the horizontal component of the earth's magnetism. The number representing this, in the neighborhood of Princeton, is about 0.18 centimetre—in other words, the

* The direction of the earth's magnetic force is oblique to the horizon. By "horizontal component" is meant the amount of force which it can exert horizontally.

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velocity along the magnetic meridian which a free magnet pole weighing one gram would acquire in one second is about 0.18 centimetre. The corresponding velocity which any body would acquire under the action of gravitation is about nine hundred and eighty centimetres, or about five thousand four hundred and forty-four times greater.

The unit of current, as defined, would necessitate the employment of inconveniently large numbers in calculations involving the related quantities, electromotive force and resistance. To avoid this another unit, called the *ampère*, is used in practice. It is one-tenth the *electro-magnetic* unit, as the unit of definition is called.

In order to present an idea of the unit of electromotive force, we may imagine an experiment of very simple character, although its execution would be very difficult. Let a long straight conductor be bent upon itself at its middle point, so that the two straight portions shall be at all other points at unit distance from each other, and let the conductor thus formed be so fixed in a magnetic field of unit intensity that the plane in which the conductor lies shall be at right angles to the direction in which a magnetic needle points; if, now, a second conductor slide along in contact with both branches of the fixed conductor, so that all positions successively assumed shall be parallel, and with unit velocity there will be unit electromotive force set up in the circuit. An equivalent experiment has been carried out in which a coil of wire of known dimensions was made to revolve with a known velocity in the earth's magnetic field. From the data thus at hand the electromotive force was calculated. It is evidently in terms of the known intensity of the earth's magnetism at the place of the experiment and of velocity.

Since there is an electromotive force set up in the revolving coil, there will be a current in it which may be measured by making suitable connections of its terminals with the galvanometer. Both the current and the electromotive force being thus known, the resistance of the entire circuit is readily found by Ohm's law. It is simply the ratio of the electromotive force to the current.

The electro-magnetic units of electromotive force and resistance defined as above are too small for practical use. The *practical* unit of electromotive force is therefore taken 100,000,000 times greater, and is called the *Volt*. The unit of resistance is taken 1,000,000,000 times greater, and is called the *Ohm*.

If the wire of which the revolving coil and the galvanometer coil are formed is of uniform character and diameter, and if we find their joint resistance, we can easily prepare proportionate lengths of similar wire which will represent one ohm or any given number of ohms. Sets of such wires, coiled and so mounted upon an insulating support that they may be joined in any way desired, constitute what are called *resistance coils*. [P. 649.] They are concrete standards of resistance, and in theory they are used just as standards of length, mass, etc., are used.

One of the most obvious methods of comparing the unknown resistance of any given conductor with that of a standard coil will be understood by considering the effect of friction on the flow of water in pipes. If a pipe be selected as a standard, through which, with a given constant pressure of water, exactly one gallon will flow in one second, it is evident that any other pipe which, under the same conditions, will deliver the same amount must offer the same resistance. If the pipe under trial deliver only one-tenth of a gallon, it evidently offers ten times the resistance of the standard. In the case of electrical conductors we may maintain the electromotive force constant, and determine the number of ampères which flow through the standard resistance wire, and that whose resistance is to be measured successively. Their resistances will be inversely as the number of ampères which can respectively pass through them. This would be an inconvenient method in practice, and accordingly others have been devised, but our limits forbid presenting them. [See *Wheatstone's balance* on page 651.]

The energy expended by a current in passing from one point to another of the conductor is due to its loss of potential. The equivalent work may appear in heating the conductor, as in

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electric lighting, in electrolytic work, or in mechanical work according to the devices included in the circuit.

The power, or, in other words, the rate at which work is done when one ampère of current suffers a loss of potential equal to one volt is called a Watt. It is 10,000,000 ergs per second, or about one seven-hundred-and-forty-sixth part of a horse-power.

An example will illustrate the use which may be made of these relations. It requires about ten ampères of current to operate an arc-lamp such as is employed in street-lighting. The current suffers a loss of about fifty volts at each lamp. If there be fifty lamps in the series the entire loss will be 2,500 volts. This number, multiplied by 10 and divided by 746, gives between thirty-three and thirty-four horse-power, which will be required to operate all the lamps.

In conclusion, it may be worth while to emphasize what has already, perhaps, sufficiently appeared, namely, that we can entertain no expectation that electricity of itself will ever in our hands become a *source* of energy with which we can operate factories, drive trains, etc. It can only play a part in our service when there is a difference of potential between the points of its application, and, in order to secure this difference of potential, work must be done, in general, greater in amount than can be recovered from the fall of potential when equilibrium is restored. Similar disadvantages attend the use of other means of applying energy, such as belting, shafting, steam and water in pipes, etc.

It would be quite impossible to forecast the future, even for a single decade, with reference to the applications of electricity, even though discovery were ended. The mere expansion of industries already in some degree established will give them an importance which we cannot now estimate. But discovery is not ended, and it is more than probable that results will yet be reached which, although they cannot be at variance with the general doctrine of energy as now understood, may, to some extent, revolutionize our methods, with corresponding advantages.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

By Margaret Crosby.

Last night I dreamed you kissed me on the lips.
Instead of all the wild and sweet surprise
I feel if you but touch my finger-tips
In waking hours, I coldly met your eyes
And heeded not your fiery words that burn
Too late. . . . To-day you passed me with a glance—
I live—no! starve upon that look, and yearn
For all I spurned in sleep. O hard mischance
That night should heedlessly and without ruth
Tangle anew the daylight's waste and cheat!
Waking or dreaming—which, love, is the truth?
I may not know—yet this one thing were sweet:
That, ere forever vanishes our youth,
My waking self thy dreaming self might meet.

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SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

By Henry Drummond.

THE closing years of the nineteenth century will present to the future a moral phenomenon unique in history, the rise of a great, unselfish International Movement for the abolition of a single wrong—a wrong which endangers no international interest, which affects personally none of those engaged in crushing it, which is dealt with purely on the ground of humanity and Christianity. The greater Governments of Europe are just now combined in forming, not the usual defensive alliance to enrich themselves or diminish the risks of war to those they love and guard, but an offensive alliance to save the land of a stranger who has no claim but his utter helplessness. And what is of greater significance still, the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Churches have met for once on a common ground, and find themselves fighting side by side for the redemption of a country beyond the pale of either. When before did the nations of the world direct their politics, without the desire of acquisition, to a people which was not even a nation, or the ecclesiastics devote themselves, without the hope of a proselyte, to a land without a church?

A spectacle of this importance deserves more than a passing notice, and I shall try in the following pages to present a bird's-eye view of the movement, the nature of the evil against which it is directed, and the steps that are being taken for its remedy.

Notwithstanding the recent influx of explorers, Africa is still almost an unexplored land. Its condition is really known only by what a geologist would call "sections"—lines of survey, struck at several widely different points, with cross-sections here and there connecting them; and it is only by inference from these great travel-routes that the moral and civil structure of the country can be made out. But from the fatal unanimity upon one or two cardinal points among the various observers, and from the constant corroboration of their facts by fresh explorers, there is but too much reason to fear that these sections are typical of the whole, and that the darkness of the Dark Continent must be held to be unrelieved at no single spot. A very brief citation, therefore, of one or two of the more important witnesses will place the facts before the imagination in all their lurid truth and nakedness.

A few years ago the well-known German explorer, Captain Wissmann, found himself within a few degrees of the equator, in the heart of Africa. It was a region of great beauty and fertility, with forests and rivers, and great and many-peopled towns. The inhabitants were quiet and peaceable, and lived a life of artless simplicity and happiness. For generations they had been established there; they grew many fruits in their gardens, and excelled in the manufacture of cloth, pottery, ironware, and wood-carving. No Arab slaver had ever visited this country. Within its borders the very report of a gun had never once been heard. But as the explorer walked among the palm-trees and met the kindly eyes of the country-people who came to gaze upon the white man, his heart sank. This Arcadia could not last. He knew, from what had happened in adjacent districts, from what happens every day in Africa, that its fate was sealed.

And the sequel showed too clearly that his silent prophecy was right. Four years passed. The same traveller led his caravan once more across this sylvan country. "As we approached the villages we wondered that no one came out to receive us with rejoicings, that no merry laughter greeted our ears. We entered the deep shade of the mighty palms, and to the right and left were the clearings where our friends had stood. Tall grass had overgrown all that formerly gladdened us. The crops were destroyed; everything was laid

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waste. The silence of death breathes over the lofty crowns of the palms waving in the wind. We enter, and it is in vain we look for the happy homesteads and happy old scenes. A charred pole here and there, a few banana-trees, are the only evidences that man once dwelt here. Bleached skulls by the road-side, and the skeletons of human hands attached to poles, tell the story of what has happened since our last visit." Some wretched fugitives from them supplied the missing links in the story. "People with long white shirts and wearing cloth round their heads (the Arabs) had been there with their chief, who was called Tippu Tib. He at first came to trade, then he had stolen and carried away the women. Those who had opposed him had been cut down or shot, and the greater part of the natives had fled to the ravines and forests. The Arabs had remained in the place in force, as long as there was any chance of hunting and finally capturing the fugitives in the woods. What they could not utilize they had destroyed or set fire to—in a word, everything had been laid waste. Then they passed on. The fugitives had returned to their former homes, and had endeavored to cultivate and renew their fields, and rebuild what was possible. After three months Tippu Tib's hordes had again appeared, and the same scenes had been re-enacted, and again, for a third time, three months later. Famine and the greatest misery had been thereby produced throughout all the country of the Beneki. In Africa the results of famine are found mostly in the shape of frightful epidemics, especially smallpox. I was told that a few of the fugitives had escaped to the West, but only an imperceptibly small number in comparison with those thousands, I may almost say millions, that I had found there on my first visit."

These statements, told by Wissmann himself to a meeting at Cologne, in October, 1888, might be paralleled by almost any traveller who has any experience of remoter Africa. The following account, by Mr. Fred M. Moir, of the African Lakes Company, refers to a totally different district, and I select it not so much to emphasize the horrors of slavery but to illustrate the Arab slaver's general policy and his method of setting to work.

"Within twenty miles of the station, while we were on our march from Nyassa to Tanganyika, the fertile valley of the Lofu was the scene of a terrible slave-raid. An Arab, Kabunda, who had been settled there for about ten years, having many houses and slaves, determined to go to Zanzibar with his ivory. So he picked a quarrel with Katimbwe, the chief, and took all his cattle; then organized a sudden raid throughout all the valley, and every man, woman, and child who could be found was seized and tied up. Very few managed to escape him or his keen hunters, and a caravan was made up for the coast; but the smiling valley that had been known as the Garden of the Tanganyika, from its fertility and the industry of its people, now silent and desolate, was added to that already long stretch of hungry wilderness through which we had passed." But this is only the first act of the drama. With the slave-march to the coast the real tragedy begins. Here is the procession which a few days afterward filed past Mr. Moir's tent:

"First came armed men, dancing, gesticulating, and throwing about their guns, as only Arabs can do, to the sound of drums, panpipes, and other less musical instruments. Then followed, slowly and sedately, the great man himself, accompanied by his brother and other head men, his richly caparisoned donkey walking along near by; and surely no greater contrast can be conceived than that between this courteous, white-robed Arab, with his gold-embroidered joho, silver sword and daggers, and silken turban, and the miserable swarm of naked, squalid human beings that he had wantonly dragged from their now ruined homes in order to enrich himself. Behind the Arab came groups of wives and household servants, laughing and talking as they passed along, carrying the camp utensils and other impedimenta of their masters. After that the main rabble of the caravan, the men armed with guns, spears, and axes. Ominously prominent among the loads were many slave-sticks, to be handy if any turned refractory or if any likely stranger were met. Mingling with, and

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guarded by them, came the wretched, overburdened, tied-up slaves. The men who might still have had spirit to try and escape were driven, tied two-and-two, in the terrible goree or taming stick, or in gangs of about a dozen, each with an iron collar let into a long iron chain, many, even so soon after the start, staggering under their loads. And the women! I can hardly trust myself to think or speak of them—they were fastened to chains or thick bark ropes; very many, in addition to their heavy weight of grain or ivory, carried little brown babies, dear to their hearts as a white man's child to his. The double burden was almost too much, and still they struggled wearily on, knowing too well that when they showed signs of fatigue, not the slaver's ivory, but the living child would be torn from them and thrown aside to die. One poor old woman I could not help noticing. She was carrying a biggish boy who should have been walking, but whose thin weak legs had evidently given way; she was tottering already, it was the supreme effort of a mother's love—and all in vain; for the child, easily recognizable, was brought into camp a couple of hours later by one of my hunters, who had found him on the path. We had him cared for; but his poor mother would never know. Already, during the three days' journey from Liendwe, death had been freeing the captives. It was well for them; still we could not help shuddering as, in the darkness, we heard the howl of the hyenas along the track."

According to the usual computation of travellers, the mortality during the slave-march from the interior to the coast is set down at fifty per cent. In some cases it may be less, but in others it is undoubtedly more, the difference depending on climate, the nature of the country traversed, and especially the use to which the slaves are to be put when they reach their destination. In some caravans the able-bodied men receive all the attention, the other slaves being left to struggle on and live or die as it may be. In others, the women and children alone are needed, while the men, as a possible source of danger, are either killed or allowed to escape. In either case the loss of life by cruelty, starvation, fatigue, or murder, is an element in framing a count against the Slave Trade which must be seriously considered.

No one who understands how human life is estimated by savage peoples will doubt the shocking and revolting accounts of travellers regarding this phase of the traffic; and no one who knows what an Arab's heart is made of will make any discount even for the exaggeration of an orator, as he listens to the following citation from a speech delivered the other day in London by Cardinal Lavigerie.

"The men who appear the strongest, and whose escape is to be feared, have their hands tied, and sometimes their feet, in such fashion that walking becomes a torture to them; and on their necks are placed yokes which attach several of them together. They march all day; at night, when they stop to rest, a few handfuls of raw 'sorgho' are distributed among the captives. This is all their food. Next morning they must start again. But after the first day or two the fatigue, the sufferings, and the privations have weakened a great many. The women and the aged are the first to halt. Then, in order to strike terror into this miserable mass of human beings, their conductors, armed with a wooden bar to economize powder, approach those who appear to be the most exhausted, and deal them a terrible blow on the nape of the neck. The unfortunate victims utter a cry, and fall to the ground in the convulsions of death. The terrified troop immediately resumes its march. Terror has imbued even the weakest with new strength. Each time someone breaks down, the same horrible scene is repeated. At night, on arriving at their halting-place, after the first days of such a life, a not less frightful scene awaits them. The traffickers in human flesh have acquired by experience a knowledge of how much their victims can endure. A glance shows them those who will soon sink from weariness; then, to economize the scanty food which they distribute, they pass behind these wretched beings and fell them with a single blow. Their corpses remain where they fall,

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when they are not suspended on the branches of the neighboring trees; and it is close to them that their companions are obliged to eat and to sleep. But what sleep! it may be easily imagined. Among the young negroes snatched by us from this hell and restored to liberty there are some who, long afterward, wake up every night, shrieking fearfully. They behold again, in their dreams, the abominable and bloody scenes which they have witnessed. In this manner the weary tramp continues—sometimes for months, when the caravan comes from a distance. Their number diminishes daily. If, goaded by their cruel sufferings, some attempt to rebel or to escape, their fierce masters cut them down with their swords, and leave them as they lie along the road, attached to one another by their yokes. Therefore it has been truly said that, if a traveller lost the way leading from Equatorial Africa to the towns where slaves are sold, he could easily find it again by the skeletons of the negroes with which it is strewed."

Cardinal Lavigerie, be it remembered, does not speak here as the mere rhetorician. As Archbishop of Algiers, he knows Africa personally. As Roman Catholic Primate of Africa, he is in ceaseless communication with the missionaries of his Church in the Sahara region, the Upper Congo, and the Great Lakes from the south of Tanganyika to the sources of the Nile. "Our missionaries at Tanganyika write to us," he says, "that there is not a single day in which they do not see pass caravans of slaves which have been brought from afar as carriers for the ivory, or from the markets of the interior, like human cattle. Never in any part of the known world, or in the pages of its history, has there been such butchery and murder, and such contempt for human life. Already millions of human beings have thus been murdered during the last quarter of a century, but the numbers increase continually, and on the high plateaux of the interior the figures given by our missionaries surpass those given by Cameron for the slave-trade of the Zambesi and Nyassa."

One would have thought the figures of Cameron here referred to impossible to beat. "Every minute," he wrote lately in a magazine, "a fresh victim is seized on by the slave-stealers; not an hour passes without more than fifty being killed or torn from their homes; and during this month of August in which I write, forty-five thousand more victims are being added to the number of those who appeal to us for aid and protection from some of the foulest criminals that ever disgraced the earth."

I should willingly spare the reader the suffering of further acquaintance with the actual facts of the slave-trade, but I am compelled, before closing the evidence, to recall one long dark passage from Mr. Stanley's book on the Congo. The stress of this question must always lie, not upon its advocates but simply on its witnesses, and the importance of Mr. Stanley's testimony forms its own apology for the extreme length of the following quotation.

"Our guide, Yumbila, was told to question them as to what was the cause of this dismal scene, and an old man stood out and poured forth his tale of grief and woe with an exceeding volubility. He told of a sudden and unexpected invasion of their village by a host of leaping, yelling men in the darkness, who dinned their ears with murderous fusillades, slaughtering their people as they sprang out of their burning huts into the light of the flames. Not a third of the men had escaped; the larger number of the women and children had been captured and taken away, they knew not whither. We discovered that this horde of banditti—for in reality and without disguise they were nothing else—was under the leadership of several chiefs, but principally under Karema and Kibunga. They had started sixteen months previously from Wane-Kirundu, about thirty miles below Vinya Njara. For eleven months the band had been raiding successfully between the Congo and the Lubiranzi, on the left bank. They had then undertaken to perform the same cruel work between the Biyerre and Wane-Kirundu. On looking at my map I find that such a territory within the area described would cover superficially 16,200 square geographical miles on the left bank, and 10,500 miles on the right, all of which

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in statute mileage would be equal to 34,700 square miles, just 2,000 square miles greater than the island of Ireland, inhabited by about one million people. The band when it set out from Kirundu numbered 300 fighting men, armed with flint-locks, double-barrelled percussion-guns, and a few breech-loaders; their followers, or domestic slaves and women, doubled this force. Within the enclosure was a series of low sheds extending many lines deep from the immediate edge of the clay bank inland, 100 yards; in length the camp was about three hundred yards; at the landing-place below were fifty-four long canoes, varying in carrying capacity. Each might convey from ten to one hundred people. The first general impressions are that the camp is much too densely peopled for comfort. There are rows upon rows of dark nakedness, relieved here and there by the white dresses of the captors. There are lines or groups of naked forms —upright, standing, or moving about listlessly; naked bodies are stretched under the sheds in all positions; naked legs innumerable are seen in the perspective of prostrate sleepers; there are countless naked children—many mere infants—forms of boyhood and girlhood, and occasionally a drove of absolutely naked old women bending under a basket of fuel, or cassava-tubers, or bananas, who are driven through the moving groups by two or three musketeers. On paying more attention to details, I observe that mostly all are fettered; youths with iron rings around their necks, through which a chain, like one of our boat anchor-chains, is rove, securing the captives by twenties. The children over ten are secured by these copper rings, each ringed leg brought together by the central ring, which accounts for the apparent listlessness of movement I observed on first coming in presence of this curious scene. The mothers are secured by shorter chains, around whom their respective progeny of infants are grouped, hiding the cruel iron links that fall in loops or festoons on their mammas' breasts. There is not an adult man captive among them. The slave-traders admit they have only 2,300 captives in this fold, yet they have raided through the length and breadth of a country larger than Ireland, bringing fire and spreading carnage with lead and iron. Both banks of the river show that 118 villages and 43 districts have been devastated, out of which is only educed this scanty profit of 2,300 females and children, and about 2,000 tusks of ivory! The spears, swords, bows, and the quivers of arrows show that many adults have fallen. Given that 118 villages were peopled only by 1,000 each, we have only a profit of two per cent., and by the time all these captives have been subjected to the accidents of the river voyage to Kirundu and Nyangwe, of camp-life and its harsh miseries, to the havoc of small-pox, and the pests which miseries breed, there will only remain a scant one per cent. upon the bloody venture. They tell me, however, that the convoys already arrived at Nyangwe with slaves captured in the interior have been as great as their present band. Five expeditions have come and gone with their booty of ivory and slaves, and these five expeditions have now completely weeded the large territory described above. If each expedition has been as successful as this the slave-traders have been enabled to obtain 5,000 women and children safe to Nyangwe, Kirundu, and Vibondo, above the Stanley Falls. This 5,000 out of an annual million will be at the rate of a half per cent., or 5 slaves out of 1,000 people. This is poor profit out of such large waste of life, for originally we assume the slaves to have mustered about ten thousand in number. To obtain the 2,300 slaves out of the 118 villages they must have shot a round number of 2,500 people, while 1,300 men died by the way-side through scant provisions and the intensity of their hopeless wretchedness. How many are wounded and die in the forest or droop to death through an overwhelming sense of their calamities we do not know; but if the above figures are trustworthy, then the outcome from the territory with its million of souls is 5,000 slaves, obtained at the cruel expense of 33,000 lives! And such slaves! They are females or young children who cannot run away, or who with youthful indifference will soon forget the terrors of their capture! Yet each of the very smallest infants has cost the life of a father, and

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perhaps his three stout brothers and three grown-up daughters. An entire family of six souls have been done to death to obtain that small, feeble, useless child! These are my thoughts as I look upon the horrible scene. Every second during which I regard them the clink of fetters and chains strikes upon my ears. My eyes catch sight of that continual lifting of the hand to ease the neck in the collar, or as it displays a manacle exposed through a muscle being irritated by its weight or want of fitness. My nerves are offended with the rancid effluvium of the unwashed herds within this human kennel. The smell of other abominations annoy me in that vitiated atmosphere. For how could poor people, bound and riveted together by twenties, do otherwise than wallow in filth. Only the old women are taken out to forage. They dig out the cassava-tubers and search for the banana; while the guard, with musket ready, keenly watches for the coming of the revengeful native. Not much food can be procured in this manner, and what is obtained is flung down in a heap before each gang to at once cause an unseemly scramble. Many of these poor things have been already months fettered in this manner, and their bones stand out in bold relief in the attenuated skin which hangs down in thin wrinkles and puckers."

It is enough. Our hearts are sick with slaughter. Let the witnesses stand down. Is the smoke of this torment to go up for ever and ever? Remember that these deeds of blood and darkness are no isolated facts, no temporary misfortunes, no mere passing accidents of the savage state. They are samples of a sustained, accepted, and carefully organized system of cruelty and murder which pervades and penetrates every corner of this continent. Do not let it be supposed that this horror is over, that this day of tribulation is at an end. This horror and this day are now. It is not even abating. *Slavery is on the increase.* Time, civilization, Christianity are not really touching it. No fact in relation to the slave-trade is more appalling than this. The fact of this increase, for a time denied, then doubted, has at last been reluctantly admitted, even by the Government of England. In a Government Blue-book issued only the other day, Her Majesty's consul for the Somali Coast reports that "the slave-trade has been very active of late. On the 16th of September (1888), Captain Gissing captured three dhows and brought two hundred and four slaves to Aden." The consul at Zanzibar writes (September, 1888) to the Marquis of Salisbury: "There is a marked increase in the slave-traffic carried on under the protection of the French flag." The consul further states that dhows carrying French colors were constantly and regularly leaving for the Comoro Islands, Mayotta, and Madagascar, loaded with slaves. In June, 1888, Brigadier-General Hogg, dating from the Aden Residency, wrote to the Bombay Government: "I have the honor to bring to the notice of Government that I have from time to time received reports of the activity of the slave-trade from the neighborhood of the Gulf of Tajourra, and I deem it my duty to inform Government of this fact with a view to such action being taken as may be deemed advisable." Turning to a very different region, we find Consul O'Neill addressing a letter to the Marquis of Salisbury with reference to the coast of Mozambique; "I have the honor to say that with the opinion that the East African slave-trade has received some considerable impulse, and has greatly increased and strengthened, I am compelled regretfully but entirely to concur. The evidence I have myself received from the interior is of a similar nature." The Portuguese authorities in that district concur in these statements. Thus the commandant of the lately established military post of Mji Mkwali, in his monthly report of the state of the province, calmly writes, under the heading "Commerce:" "The sole trade of this district, at the present, is in slaves."

The cause of this revived activity of the slave-trade is not far to seek. It is the normal expansion of a paying business. More men engage in it; more capital is invested in it. The Arab never retires from business. With the profits of his first small caravan he equips and heads a larger one. As the

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years pass his flying columns grow larger and larger, and fiercer and fiercer. Now he can attack with impunity a region which, in former days, he must have let alone. Formerly he fraternized and traded with the great interior nations; now he overthrows and carries them off bodily. Having much capital and better fire-arms he can push farther and farther into the country, establishing depots as he goes, which become minor centres of the trade. Long ago the Arab dared not venture beyond a limited distance from the coast-line. Now he pervades and almost dominates the continent. As one region after another is drained of its slaves and ivory, fresh and remoter fields have to be sought out. So home after home is made desolate, region after region is ravished, state after state is demolished, nation after nation is mowed down like grass. Such being the state of matters in the interior of the country, to talk of the civilization of Africa, till this butchery is stopped, is but a mockery. No nation has either time, or heart, or encouragement to improve. To be rich is to excite cupidity and invite disaster; to be poor is to be the prey of the first murdering Arab who happens to pass that way.

Where do the slaves go to? What is their final market and destination? These questions are among the first to be asked by those whose interest is awakened in the slave-trade, and the answers are not so easy to put together. In the first place, multitudes are used up as mere beasts of burden. The mortality in a slave-caravan has already been referred to. Now, in all cases where a slave who is a carrier or porter succumbs on the march, a fresh man has to be secured from some neighboring tribe to carry on his load. Vacancies caused by desertion are supplied in the same way. The vacancies caused among the local tribes due to the filling up of these vacancies, again, have to be supplied by fresh seizures of slaves from surrounding tribes, so that a perpetual circulation of this human currency is set in motion. Again, the domestic slaves of the coast-regions were for a long time drained away by shipment from the various slaving ports. The supply throughout vast littoral territories was thus exhausted and had to be continuously replenished from caravans arriving from the interior. These domestic slaves were absolutely necessary to the coast-tribes for household and agricultural purposes, and there can be no doubt that enormous numbers of slaves have lately been absorbed to replace those exported from the littoral zone at earlier periods.

But, in addition to this, it is an open secret that several large and defined markets for slaves exist in many parts of Africa and in the adjoining islands. Off the Zanzibar coast, for instance, the extensive plantations of Pemba are wrought by slave-labor. Owing to the nature of the work and the fatal insalubrity of the climate the death-rate here is terrible, and a ceaseless traffic with the coast has to be kept up to supply the almost daily blanks. The slavers of the Mozambique Channel find a ready market in the Comoro Islands, and even in Madagascar. Abyssinia, again, has many slave-markets, the slaves being taken overland to Roheita, on the south of Assab Bay, whence they are shipped during the night in dhows to Jeddah, Hodeida, and elsewhere in Arabia. Turning to the north of the continent, we find that almost every town in Morocco is furnished with its slave-market. A few years ago these markets existed in all the Mediterranean provinces, and they are still in active life everywhere south of the European boundaries. In a word, it may be said that almost every Mohammedan town in the country is a receiving and distributing centre for slaves.

What, now, is being done to cope with this far-reaching and still-growing wrong? That a cry so piteous and awful should have long ago wrung the heart of the civilized world was to be expected. Let us see in how many ways and from what diverse sources the needed help begins to come. Many great and powerful agencies are already enlisted in this cause, and some are actually embarked upon the struggle. These fall into four classes—philanthropic, political, military, and commercial; but, from the way in which their

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various interests are linked together, it will not be possible to separate them in making a few remarks upon each.

In the foremost rank among those to receive honorable mention in contending with the slave-trade must be placed that venerable and influential institution, the British and Foreign Anti-slavery Society. This society has made it its one aim to focus public attention upon the evils of slavery in every part of the world, and, by agitation at public meetings, by the steady dissemination of literature, and by the personal influence of its few but devoted members, has formed and guided public and parliamentary opinion in England throughout a long course of years. Its monthly magazine, the *Anti-slavery Reporter*, of which the eighth volume of a fourth series lies before me as I write, is the classic of slavery literature and contains a storehouse of carefully sifted facts upon every aspect of the question. The creed of the society may be gathered from a single clause of its constitution:

"That, so long as *slavery* exists, there is no reasonable prospect of the annihilation of the *slave-trade*, and of extinguishing the sale and barter of human beings; that the extinction of slavery and the slave-trade will be attained most effectually by the employment of those means which are *of a moral, religious, and pacific character;* and that no measures be resorted to by this Society, in the prosecution of these objects, but such as are in entire accordance with these principles."

With the first two clauses of this sentence most men will be, in the main, agreed. The abolition of the *status* of slavery, could that be brought about, would of course annihilate the slave-trade. But how could that be brought about? By a Declaration, it is said—a Declaration by all the European powers, including Turkey, in International Conference assembled, that the *status* of slavery was no longer to be recognized, and that therefore any traffic in this commodity must be held as contraband or piratical and punished accordingly. But held contraband by whom? Punished by whom? Enforced by whom? Would not the mere attempt to enforce this throughout the vast territories of the Dark Continent demand the resort to physical force, at least at some point? Not that the thing is not worth trying. In some quarters it would certainly do good. For even some of the European powers are themselves not above suspicion in the matter of countenancing, or at least winking at, the existence of slavery under the shadow of their own flag. But the bulk of the African tribes have no flag, in the political sense. And even where a European power has raised its standard over a native territory, its own existence there is in most cases too precarious to be perilled by any serious attempt to extirpate so ancient a custom as that, for instance, of domestic slavery. That the abolition of the *status* of slavery would be a valuable auxiliary to those means of a "moral, religious, and pacific character" which the Society recommends is not to be disputed. That *in time*, also, these means would together bring about the end will be denied by no one who knows how the leaven of Christianity has wrought in history. But meantime? Are we to stand by and let chance after chance escape us of decisive action at particular points? As emergencies rise, are we not to meet them? As favorable opportunities open of closing markets or of snatching the prey from the very arms of the slaver, are we not to utilize the forces and resources of civilization effectual for that purpose? The slaver cannot be caught *in flagrante delicto* and dealt with effectively without the show, and, if necessary, the application of forces other than moral. The Anti-slavery Society would itself countenance punishment before a formal tribunal after the practice of slavery has been declared illegal. But till that hour has come, an informal tribunal must take its place, and the way be paved for the introduction of the more peaceful, more permanent, and more beneficent influences so justly advocated by it.

At this moment a freshly organized slaving centre has just been erected in the heart of one of the most hopeful districts in Africa—the north end of Lake Nyassa. Civilizing and missionary agencies, after years of work, and after the most serious cost in lives and money, were just beginning to tell upon

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that country. But everything is now disorganized, paralyzed, and put to confusion; and till these Arab intruders are driven from their intrenchment no further progress can be dreamed of. The very existence of the tribes who are there being worked upon is threatened, and those who know the local conditions intimately are compelled, against all their previous policy and inclinations, to call for the help of arms. Fortunately this cry for help has been heard by willing ears, and a Nyassa Defence Fund is now being raised in Scotland to deal practically with this special crisis.

But it is evident that if action along this line is to be taken at all it must not be local or temporary or spasmodic, but an organized system with ramifications in every quarter of the continent. And hence schemes of a larger kind are being discussed. The general basis of these proposals is to have armed boats on the great inland lakes, with depots of men here and there who would act as a sort of police-patrol. To be more than child's play such schemes would have to be international in character; and co-operation between all the countries and agencies at work in Africa would be a first condition of success.

Two things give one hope that some such scheme may yet take definite shape. The first is the formation of Anti-slavery Societies all over Europe. Mainly as the result of the noble crusade of Cardinal Lavigerie, these societies are now organized in Germany, France, and Belgium, and others are following in Italy, Spain, and other countries of Europe. Large sums of money are pouring into their treasuries, Pope Leo XIII. having headed the subscription-lists with a donation of 300,000 francs. What the policy of these various societies may be remains to be seen, but the mere awakening of an interest so widespread and practical must be an important factor in the solution of the problem.

The second hopeful sign is the adoption of the anti-slavery policy by the German Reichstag, and its co-operation with England in the blockade of the Zanzibar coast. Germany has a great and momentous future in relation to this question. Vast tracts of Africa are now under her wing, and if she rises to her opportunity immediate progress may be made. But the practical interest of England and Germany must not be limited to this. Merely to operate on the coast is not even to half do the work. The real mischief is in the interior. It is there the Arab must be dealt with; and even apart from that Arab slavery which finds its main outlet at the various seaports, the raiding of African chief against chief and of larger tribe against weaker is in some regions almost as bad. Nowhere is there any real security to the native either of life or property; and the whole country, in a word, requires administration. Any scheme therefore which is permanently to improve the country must strike at once for its heart. And on the whole, and until the various colonizing and missionary agencies have begun to tell upon the lives and habits of the people, the establishment of some definite police administration throughout the interior seems to be the most rational policy.

We say police administration, rather than military. An international military system would be almost impossible in practice, but that is not the main reason. It would be of the first importance to teach both African and Arab the distinction between a police and a military system. The policeman is a protector, the soldier is an avenger—so, at least, it would be in Africa. Soldiers would necessarily be regarded as enemies; with wise and patient management police-patrols might come to be looked upon as guardians of the peace. The worst thing that could possibly happen, either for the slave-trade, for the African, or for the European in Africa, would be the letting loose upon this continent of expeditions of mere fighting men who from time to time would raid across the country and leave behind them only a trail of blood and hate. To do this is so easy; its cheap glory seems so real; an immediate end is sometimes served—these things are the temptation of the man who has power in Africa. But no man should be given power in Africa who has not learned the greater power of self-control, of a policy of patience,

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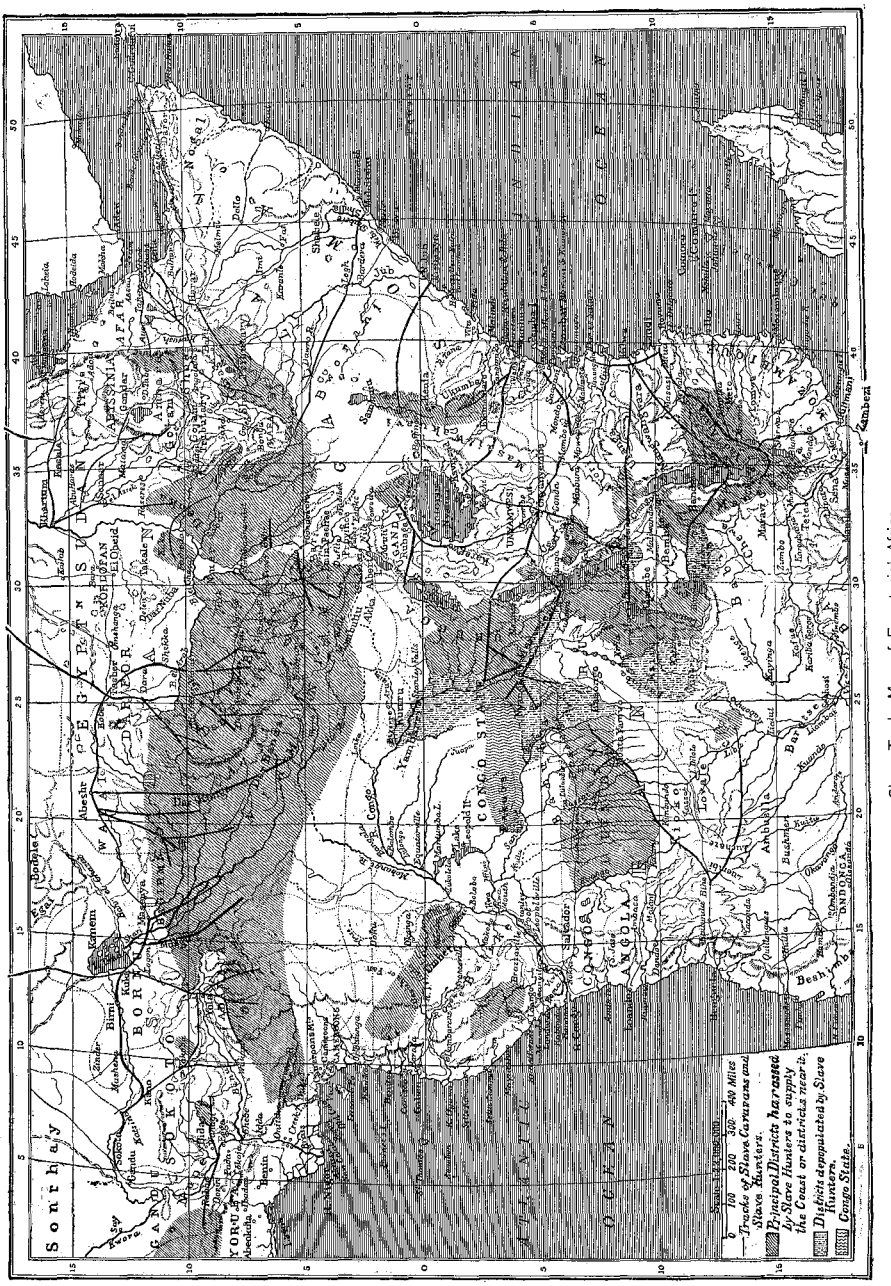

Slave Trade Map of Equatorial Africa.
By permission of Professor Drummond, from his "Tropical Africa."

of the wisdom of quiet work for large and possibly remote ends. A sensational success may here and there bring momentary relief, but only a large, kindly, and restrained effort, carried out by men whose heads are cool and whose hearts are warm, can ever emancipate Africa.

What we look for, then, for Africa is a limited occupation, the most limited conceivable, of picked men, who would ingratiate themselves with the various tribes, who would explain their mission everywhere as they went, and give the Arab to understand that they were there

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for a single purpose. What the native tribes really want is leaders, and access to the munitions of modern warfare. Both of these would be supplied if necessary from the proposed depots, but the mere presence of these agencies in the country would probably render actual warfare an exceptional circumstance.

But the best result would be that under the moral and physical support of these agents the various civilizing, colonizing, trading, and missionary enterprises would advance with rapid strides and overrun the country—in time replacing the very agents which fostered them into being. It is to these enterprises that we are to look for the lasting good to Africa, the military or police element being only an unfortunate preliminary necessity. The men to whom this adventurous and benevolent commission would be given would be selected persons, lay and military, from the different nations interested in the pacification of Africa. Some of these would be paid, others might be volunteers. Is there any reason why a few young men whom Fate, kind or unkind, has rendered independent as regards pecuniary and domestic ties should not espouse this holy cause and find a fitting career for at least a few of the stronger years of their life in delivering this nation of children from their long Reign of Terror? The rank and file of the patrol-corps, under their leadership, might be largely Africans, or even natives of India, judiciously chosen and trained to handle a gun. But the ball only needs to be set rolling. There is knowledge enough in the world, of African ways and habits, to guarantee the details.

Such ideas as these are already possessing the public mind in England. Everywhere meetings are being held to discuss this question. The Government, the Church, and the most famous names in the country are interested in it; and the time for action on the large scale cannot be far away.

What will America do to help? Time was when the United States kept a cruiser on the west coast of Africa to check this trade. But when the attitude of America to the Congo treaty is remembered, and her refusal to touch the question of the exportation to Africa of arms, ammunition, and liquor, can it be said that she keeps her place to-day in that moral reformation of the world which is the duty and privilege of all the foremost nations? Is it true of that Constitution of which she is so worthily proud, that with reference to these questions, and in the words of the Prime Minister of England: "They (the United States) have told us that, owing to the peculiarities of their Constitution, they are not very anxious to enter into obligations with foreign powers?" America has never been provincial. She must not become so. So manifold and pressing are now the interests of her own great country that she might also be pardoned if she did. But the world will be bewildered and disappointed if she separates herself now from the rest of mankind in facing those great wrongs of humanity from which seas cannot divide her and which her poorer brethren in every part of Europe are giving themselves to relieve. America does well in refusing the entanglements of European politics. Let her be careful lest she isolate herself from its humanities. None who know her will fear for a moment that the breadth of her sympathies and the greatness of her national heart will not continue to be shown in her sustained philanthropies, in her joining hand to hand with the advanced nations of the earth in helping on all universal causes which find their appeal in the world's great need and tribulation.

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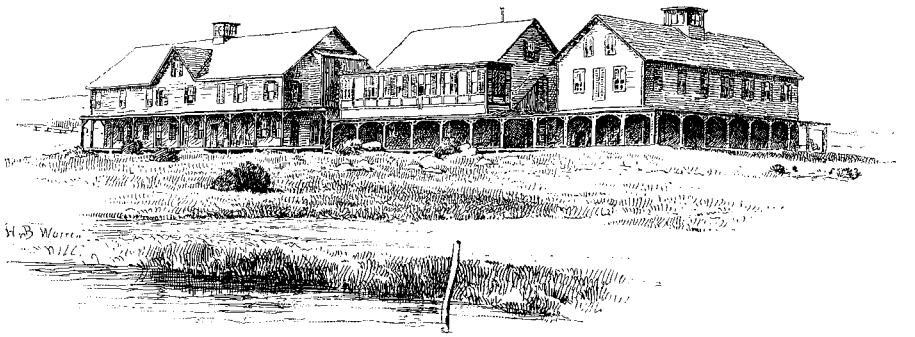
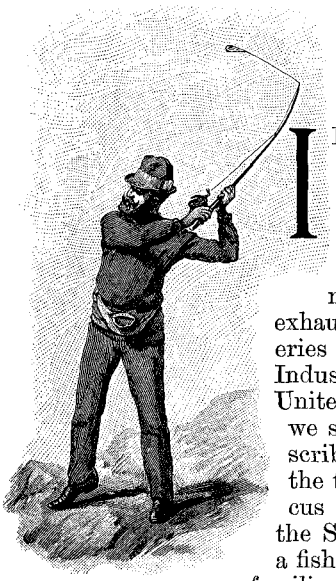


Pasque Island Club House.

STRIPED BASS FISHING.

By A. Foster Higgins.



The Cast.

IF we turn to our national repertory of knowledge on the subject, our admirable and exhaustive "Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States," we shall find described under the title of Roccus Lineatus or the Striped Bass, a fish so perfectly familiar to all who live along the eastern seaboard that, for them, it is hardly necessary to dwell upon his special characteristics. For those who have not enjoyed the precious privilege of being born near the sea it must be pointed out that he is not the same fish that will be found in European waters, nor in the Mississippi, the White River, Arkansas, and in many rivers of the Southern States. The best authorities hold that the Brassy Bass, the "Roccus Interruptus," has probably been there mistaken for the Striped Bass. The Bass of Europe, "Roccus Leibrax," a favorite food fish, is to be found from Tromsöe, Norway, to the Mediterranean, and is very closely related to our "Rockfish" or "Roccus Saxatilis" ("dwelling among rocks"); in which class our own beauty is included. The two species are very similar in form, although the colors differ—the American being conspicuously striped—while that of Europe is silvery gray. Both are strong, active, voracious fishes, and both ascend rivers; although the American Bass seem to be much more addicted to life in fresh waters than their transatlantic relatives, probably owing to the fact that our rivers are more numerous, larger, and more plentifully stocked with the fish upon which the bass rely for food. They ascend the Potomac, to the Little Falls, the Hudson, to Albany, the Connecticut, to Hartford, and the St. Lawrence, to Quebec. In the North he is known as the "Striped Bass;" in the South as "Rockfish," or the "Rock." Large sea-going individuals are sometimes known in New England by the names of "Green-head," and "Squid-hound." There is considerable uncertainty regarding their southern limits, as they unquestionably wander beyond their usual feeding-grounds, and have been caught in schools in Pensacola Bay, while solitary specimens have been taken at various points in the Gulf.

The Striped Bass are not migratory, being found along our coast in winter as well as summer, and in our markets at all times of the year; and one of the most potent causes of their diminution, is the facility with which they are taken under the ice, by nets, spearing, etc. They are voracious feeders, entering the rivers to prey upon the "fry" of the shad, herring, and bluefish—and are particularly fond of crabs, shrimp, squids, clams, and mussels, and even

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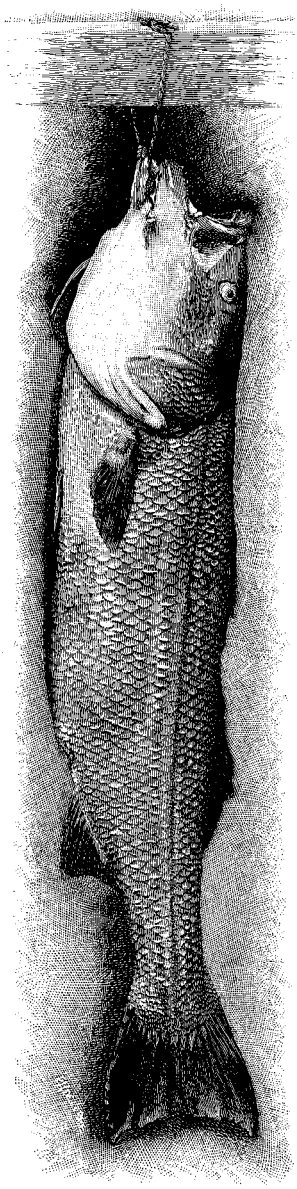
lobsters, when shedding, or of a sufficiently small size to be conveniently "bolted" whole. They spawn in May and June, and as the number of eggs cast has been estimated at 2,248,000 each, it will be seen how rapid and great a growth is possible. Their increase in a month is 1½ inch—5 months, 4½ inches—8 months, 6 to 9 inches. After that from 2 to 6 lbs. per annum. Their average weight does not exceed 20 lbs. In the Potomac, Hudson, and Connecticut Rivers the largest seldom exceeds 30 to 40 lbs. The Fish Commission has for several years had a standing offer of a reward for a 60 lbs. fish from the Potomac, but none has as yet been forthcoming. The largest Striped Bass on record was one weighing 112 lbs., taken at Orleans, Mass. They are caught in large quantities by seines, wherever used, and may be captured by hook and line, either in the more robust style of heaving and hauling in the surf, or in the most dilettante style of rod and reel, and even with the artificial Fly.



A Striped Bass.

My purpose here is to describe more particularly that mode of taking them by rod and reel, adopted by the gentlemen of the Clubs, and other anglers, at Point Judith, Narragansett, Newport, West Island, Cuttyhunk, Pasque Island, Squibnocket, and other places along the coast, chosen for characteristics favorable as feeding grounds for the Striped Bass.—These are, first, an open exposure to the ocean waves—at least to some degrees of the compass; and then, as complete a fringe of seaweed-covered rocks as possible. Wherever groups of such rocks, or extensive reefs are to be found, the diminutive forests of rockweed and the various seaweeds constitute the homes of all the crustaceæ, the small eels, the squid, and the endless mass of the newly hatched fry of all the fish which spawn in the spring. Whilst the water is still and clear, most of these, at least, can hope to escape their enemy; the crustaceæ, the former class, by flying to the shelter of the overhanging rocks, and hiding under the dense thickets of seaweed; the latter, by rising suddenly to the surface or diving to some shelter. This will be at once apparent to anyone who sits near such spots and quietly watches what takes place. Suddenly and with a rush that startles him, the surface of the water for some feet is agitated by a mass of scintillating silver bodies, which disappear as quickly as they came to the surface; and it is evident that some prowling monster has suddenly appeared to their keen visions and they have rapidly ascended—so rapidly that the impetus carries them into the air, whence they swiftly return to their own element, to dart shoreward into shoal water, where their enemy dare not pursue.

Far otherwise is it, when the wind has been blowing a steady blast from the ocean, landward. Harder and still harder pound the rising breakers on rocks, seaweed and bottom; soon the succeeding waves are churned into foam, and the clayey bottom is washed into the undertow, until for hundreds of yards from shore the water becomes white and clouded. Now the poor crabs,

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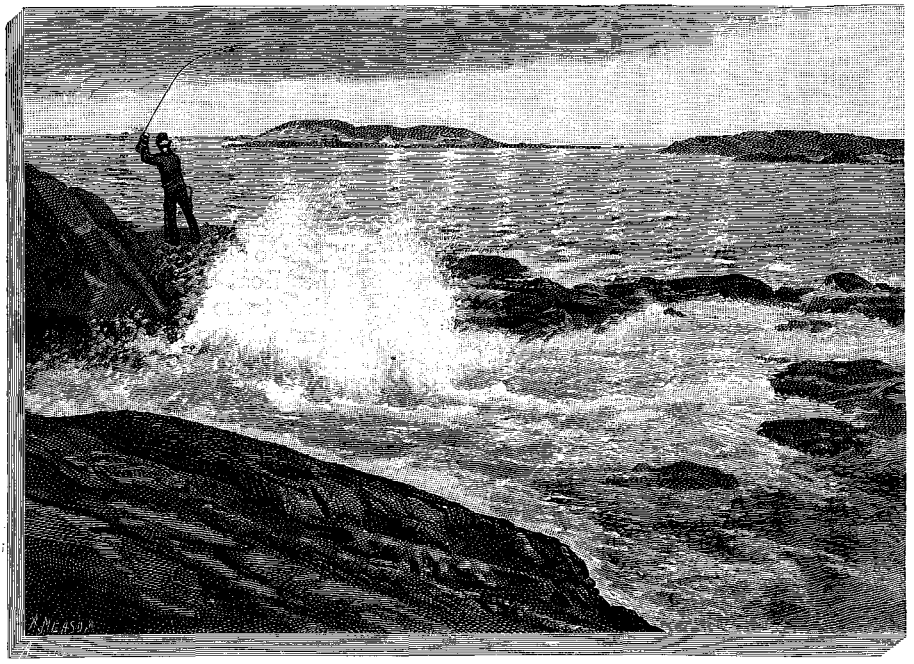
shrimps, lobsters, eels and all crawling life are washed backward and forward until they surrender all attempts to gain safety or shelter and are soon at the mercy of every wave. This is the long awaited opportunity, and now the timid,



Good Water.

nervous, shrinking Bass becomes bold and venturesome—and will follow each wave into shallow places, with the assurance that no eye can see his movements, and that the receding water will carry him out again into safety. Hence all projecting rocks and promontories—where one can sit in safety, and from which a cast can be made into deep water, and where the incoming surf may be permitted to roll under his perch, are the desiderata for bass fishers.

One of the most attractive spots in these particulars—chosen for description here as typical of these fishing-grounds—is the group of Islands known as the Elizabeth Islands, lying between the mainland of Massachusetts, and Martha's Vineyard; a long succession evidently in prehistoric times connected together, and forming a continuous line from S. S. E. to N. N. W., commencing with Cuttyhunk, and continuing with Nashewena and Pasque, to Naushon; which brings us to Wood's Holl and the main—a stretch of say seventeen miles. North of Cuttyhunk, is the little Island of Penekese, where the revered Agassiz started a school of ichthyology, which has been abandoned since his death. Between these Islands and the Main Land on the North lie the waters of Buzzard's Bay, and Southward and toward the Ocean lies the land of Martha's Vineyard, and the water of Martha's Vineyard Sound,—the highway of vessels coming from the West, either outside of Long Island or through Long Island Sound, and bound for Boston—which, at its Western entrance, is flanked on the South by beautiful Gay Head, and on the North by Cuttyhunk.

If we visit one of these resorts we shall see for ourselves, in what consists the fascination which draws young and old men, yachtsmen, merchants and bankers, idlers and busy men, wives and maidens, season after season, from gayer and more fashionable places, to these sober, quiet, and seemingly unattractive spots.

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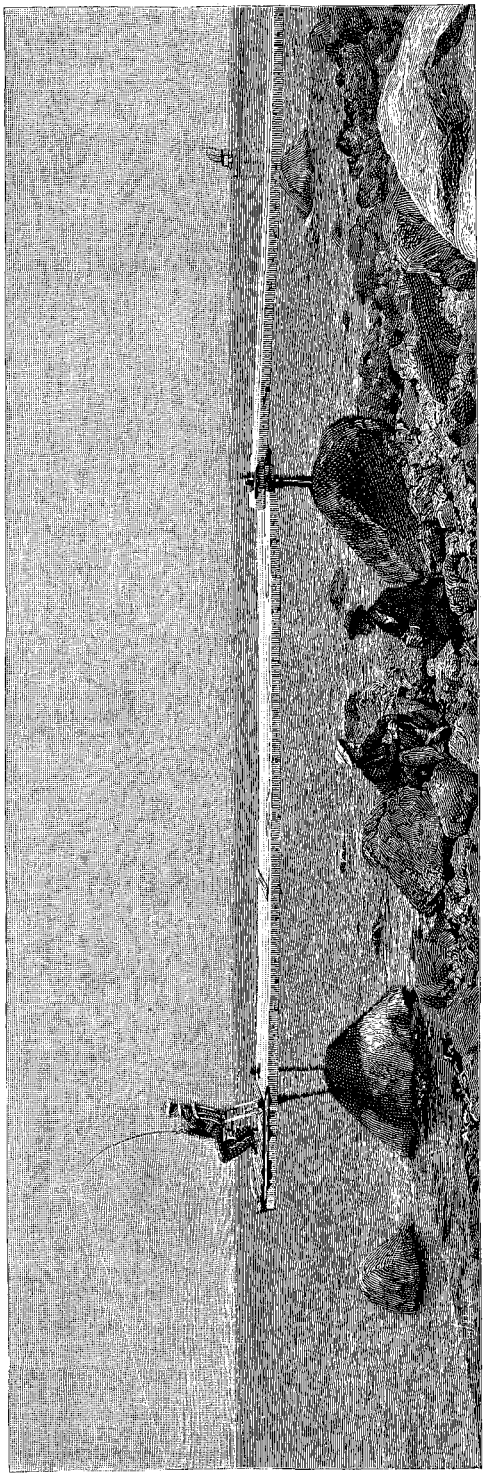

Fishing Stand at Pasque Island.

The home of one such fishing club is reached after a run of an hour and a half from New Bedford; and its situation and the routine of its day are perhaps sufficiently typical of all. The club house, and outhouses stand prominently on a knoll, sentinelled by a lofty flagstaff, from which flies gayly the stars and stripes. The whistle of the little steamer that brings visitors advises by a series of "toots" the number of arriving passengers, who hurry ashore, to be welcomed most heartily by members of the Club, ladies and children, to all of whom the arrival of the Boat is an "occasion," bringing twice a week letters, papers and tidings of the busy cities. It is, nevertheless, with a feeling of relief, and gracious rest, that one waves adieu to the little tug, as after an hour, she speeds her way back, knowing that for a period nothing is likely to disturb or annoy him from the outer world. The house soon settles down after its departure; the ladies return to their bright pretty sitting-room, the gentlemen to their papers, or games of dominoes, and the children to their plays. The visitor is ushered into his bedroom, which may be either a favored private apartment of a member, or one of the Club rooms. Of the latter, there are a dozen or more—all furnished alike with simple cottage furniture, corresponding with the buildings, which are built entirely of Southern Pine, without plaster or any other finish than the varnished wood. It seems, at once, the business of every member to inquire as to the stranger's outfit of tackle, etc., and a smile of delight will be seen to pervade more than one face, if he avows himself totally unprovided. Tenders of rods, reels, lines will speedily be made, until he is more than amply equipped.

Learning that full tide is deemed most favorable, and will serve about 5 P.M., he will put on rough clothes; as he is sure to be more

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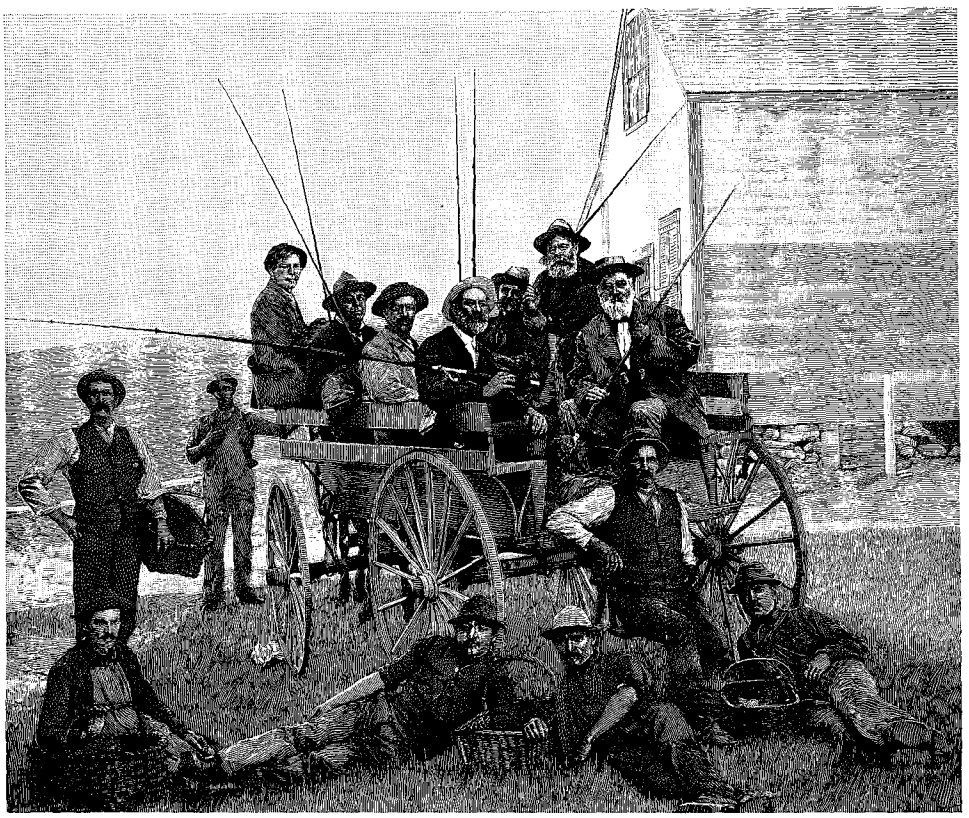
or less wet. A thoughtful member comes in, bearing in his arms india rubber boots and a suit of "oilers," which he advises should be carried along, as one cannot tell at what moment they will be needed. He proposes a walk to the stand, which he has drawn for the day, and hands the oilers and poles to an attendant, who, he explains, is a "chummer," or one who cuts up and prepares the bait. The Island is very rugged in surface, rising into considerable hills and dales, and is covered with a short tough turf, which has a tendency to run into tufts and little hillocks, interspersed with quantities of field daisies, golden-rod, purple Michaelmas daisies, and other wild flowers. As the eye wanders over the hills, huge travelling boulders are seen, and the thought of glacial action, as the creator of these Islands, is suggested, and the suggestion becomes a conviction, as palpable moraines are seen stretching in regular lines across the valleys and hills. Along the cliffs which front the Sound, the whole water front is broken with boulders, wholly and partly submerged, and the shore itself is so entirely a mass of rocks from the smallest size, up to a number having more than a thousand cubic feet of contents, that the conviction is forced upon one that these Islands were, so far as we can surmise, formed by the huge glaciers that Agassiz tells us once covered this portion of our globe, and which in their steady march into the Ocean ploughed up, shoved ahead and deposited as they melted, these masses of land now the subject of man.



"A novel and exciting scene it is to see these loads of eager men."

After proceeding a half mile from the house and turning onto the shore we found, under the shadow of a huge, square mass of granite, halfway between the hill and water, the "chummer" busily arranging his basket, laden with menha-

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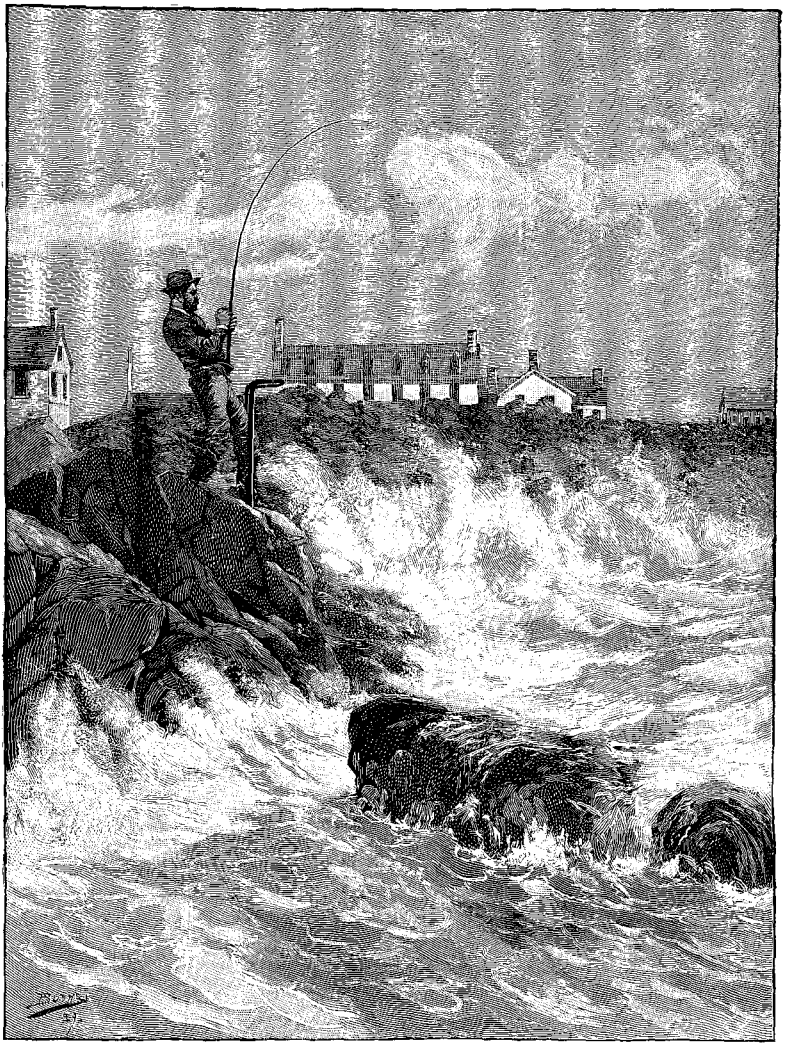

"By George! I've got him."

den packed in ice. He has a square piece of board which he places on a rock, around which are a mass of debris of menhaden bones and heads;—and catching up one of these fish from his basket, he hastily scales it and cuts off the entire side close to the back bone. An incision is made lengthwise through the flesh to the skin, which enables him to double it together, skin to skin and the flesh all outside, and the bait is ready—a mass about four inches in length and weighing about two ounces. The hook, a No. 9⁻°, is then carefully attached to the line; the hook is furnished with a round knob on its upper end and tapers from the shank to this knob. Two half hitches are taken with the line on this taper below the knob; then the end of the line is used to make a third half hitch over the first two; the body of the line then makes a fourth over the others, and the end being taken between the teeth and the line in one hand, the hitches are drawn tight, whilst the hook is revolved by the other hand, so that when the end is cut off short, the hook will revolve without twisting the line. A good fisherman will do this himself, and when passing in his rod to get a new bait put on, will always examine the line, to see if it has been chafed or injured—and if so,

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it must be cut off and refastened—or else he may have the pleasure of seeing a good fish lost by his line giving way at the hook at a critical moment. The "chummer" stands waiting to put on the bait. This is a delicate matter, as the hook is passed first through the smaller portion of the bait, then back again from that side entirely through.

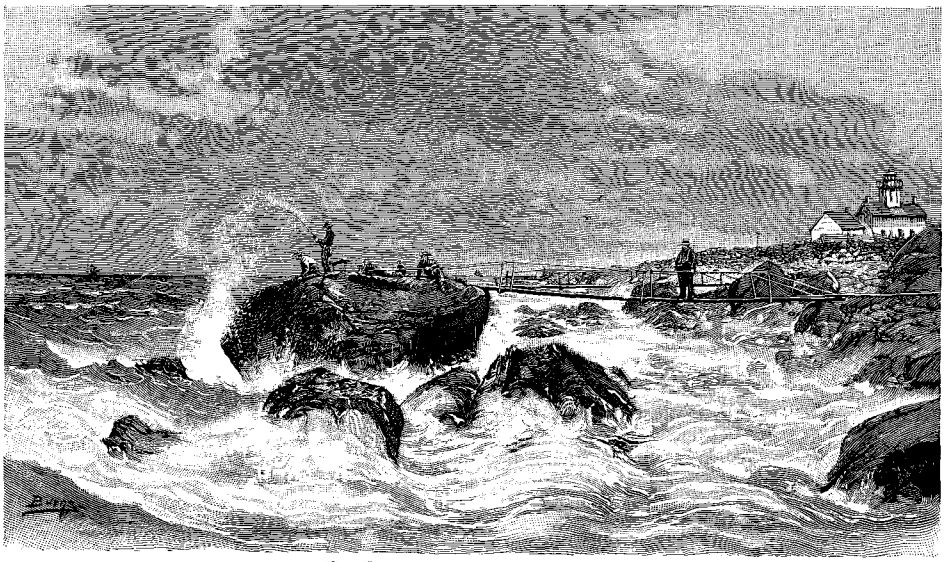
It should then be taken by the bend, and drawn through just far enough to allow the point and barb to be passed a third time through the bait, just far enough to expose the point—and then with a couple of half hitches; one around both the bait and shank of the hook, and the other on the shank below the knob of the hook alone, the bait is ready to be cast. It will be found on examination that the line pulls directly on the hook without cutting the bait, and if the whole thing is seized by a fish, the pull on the line will drive the barb into the fish's mouth without interference of the bait itself.

reel is usually a work of art, in which America excels all other nations. It is quite large, holding from 700 to 900 feet of line, multiplying, and will run freely one minute and a half with a twirl of the finger. The best makers strive to adjust a perfect balance between the handle and its revolution, so that the slightest pressure will stop its motion and so prevent "overrunning."

Following our friend's suggestion we will go out on the stand and watch his movements, and thus learn first, what is to be done, and then how to do it. He puts on his oiled trousers, to catch the drip of water which always runs off the reel on to knees and legs; and adjusts two thumbs, fingers of crocheted wool, termed "thumb-stalls," with which pressure can be put on the reels, without experiencing the burning its rapidly revolving surface would otherwise produce.

"Tom, have you any chum ready?" to the "chummer."

"Aye Aye, sir."



The Fishing Stand at Cuttyhunk, Mass.

One's interest is now centred on the rod, and this is seen to be short—not exceeding 8 feet in length—with large free guides and tips of german silver; sometimes of agate. Generally the rod consists of two pieces, a butt of, say, 22 inches and a tip of 5½ to 6 feet—or it may be one solid bamboo rod—of size, taper and flexibility to suit fancy. The

"Well throw it out." And Tom runs rapidly out on the planks, which extend out from the shore a distance of thirty to fifty feet, at which point the ends are supported by two iron stanchions embedded in one of the huge boulders there submerged. Upon the ends about three feet inside, is *lashed* a wooden chair, secured firmly by staples to the stand;

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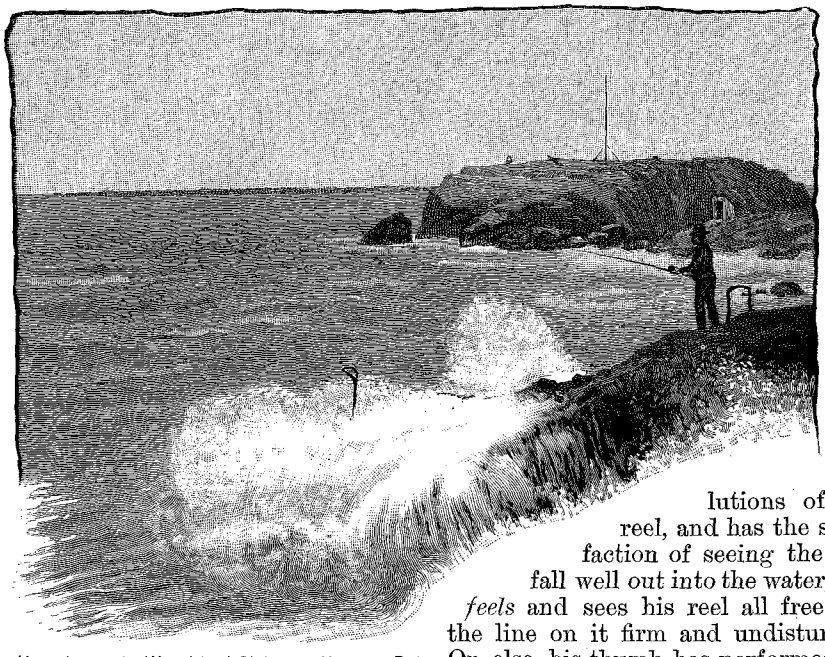
and after making his cast, here the fisherman takes his seat. Tom throws vigorously out as far as he can all the remains of the fishes he has cut up—heads, tails, and backbones, and entrails—all full of oil, which soon creates on



The Horseshoe at the West Island Club, near Newport, R. I.

surface of the water a "slick," and as the tide sweeps these particles out and the odor pervades the water and air, the fish are attracted, and follow up the "slick," looking eagerly for the food it promises. Our friend now examines his reel, and finding it is slack and the line lying loosely on it, he unreels quite a quantity, rewinding it with great care tightly and very evenly, layer by layer, until he has only an end of about two feet from the tip, to which hangs his bait, looking firm, fresh, and inviting. He now walks to the end of the stand, steps carefully in front of the chair, braces himself with his left foot on the strip clamping the two planks together, and with his right inboard towards the chair, swings the tip and bait back toward the plank. His left hand grasps the butt, his right has the thumb on the reel and fingers around the handle—then with a quick wrist and forearm movement, largely partaking of a jerk, he impels the bait outward at a slight elevation—his eyes fixed on the flying bait, his thumb barely touching the face of the reel, until he sees its flight decreasing and the bait falling; at this instant, by his thumb's pressure, he stops the revolutions of the reel, and has the satisfaction of seeing the bait fall well *out into the water*, and *feels* and sees his reel all free and the line on it firm and undisturbed. Or else his thumb has performed its office of checking, by reason of his seeing the outward flight suddenly and forcibly arrested and his bait flying backward towards the stand, which may always be attributed to over confidence in the reel's condition, and the lack of the precaution of unwinding and rewinding with care. Or if it is not the first cast, undue haste in winding in to get a fresh bait, or for any other purpose, will be the cause. Dear reader, if you aspire to be a bass fisherman, religiously examine your reel before casting, always and in every case, and unless you see and know that it lies firmly and regularly on the reel, never hesitate, but at once unreel it and lay it on carefully; and thus you will save yourself many an impatient word and action.

At last, we have a beautiful cast, the bait has shot out at least 150 feet and fallen gently into the water, the slack has been gathered in, so that you feel the bait and know that each movement of the reel moves it slightly; and now

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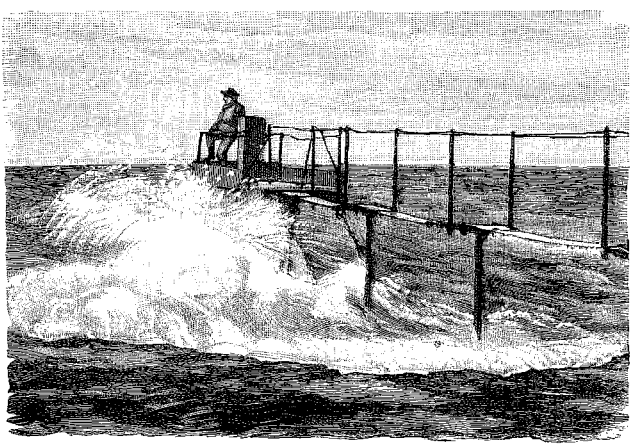
comes in the trait of a true fisherman—patience. That kind of patience which does not lose heart, even though, for days in succession, bait after bait is cast out without return, until the fisherman feels as if he is only feeding blackfish and "cunners," with which the water abounds, and which will eat off the bait sometimes before it is fairly settled in the water. Our chances this afternoon are rather slim, still there is a freshening southwest breeze, blowing from Gay Head and the swash of the surf begins to be heavier; but on looking over the side of the stand, the bottom, with its folds and waving ribbons of yellow seaweeds is too plainly visible, and as you look down you see a huge eel slowly glide from one rock to another, and schools of green cunners chase a little atom of bait the tide has brought back.

"By George! I've got him," exclaims our friend in the chair, and as we hastily look up, he is seen apparently fighting to keep his rod erect, whilst something at the other end is convulsively dragging it downward, with such jerks as threaten to part the line or break the rod. The reel is whizzing in a threatening way, and our friend has a hard time to keep his thumb on the barrel of the reel, and at the same time avoid having his knuckles rapped and torn by the rapidly revolving handle. His left, as yet, grasps the rod above the reel and forces the socket into his groin.



Mr. Davis's Stand, Brenton's Reef, Newport, R. I.

"Bring out that belt, Tom," he yells, and Tom comes jumping down the rocks, in one hand his gaff-hook and in the other a leather belt with a short round pocket sewed on its centre. This Tom hastily buckles about the waist of the fisherman, when, carefully shifting the pole, he places the butt in this pocket and is thus protected from possible injury, which the great leverage of the fish's pulling on the top of the rod can easily produce. The fish, in the meantime, has succeeded in getting away, say three to four hundred feet now, and shows some hesitation. Our friend has carefully kept a pressure on the reel, whilst indulging his majesty in imaginary freedom of running—but which he begins to realize as "uncanny,"—and as our eyes follow the slender thread of the line in its distant entry into the water, it is seen to rise, and presently with a whirl of his tail, the fish shows himself; looking then to our unskilled eyes a very monster, and as he again disappears we unhesitatingly pronounce him full six feet long. "Oh, no," says our friend in reply to our exclamation, "he is not over a thirty pounder, but he is a good one—see him fight!" and the victim tugs and tugs, with a desperation born of a foresight of his calamity; but in vain, and in another ten minutes he loses heart, and sheers in towards the shore, when our friend is put to all his skill to check and reel him in before he reaches a huge rock inshore for which he heads—just in time! The next wave moves him bodily this side of that rock and the road is clear to warping him in. This is done by forcibly elevating the pole and keeping it as far over the shoulder as control will permit; then rapidly reeling and lowering the pole until nearly horizontal, and continuing to repeat the process; thus avoiding the terrible strain on the reel itself which any attempt to reel his dead weight in shore would produce. And now he is slowly dragged to-

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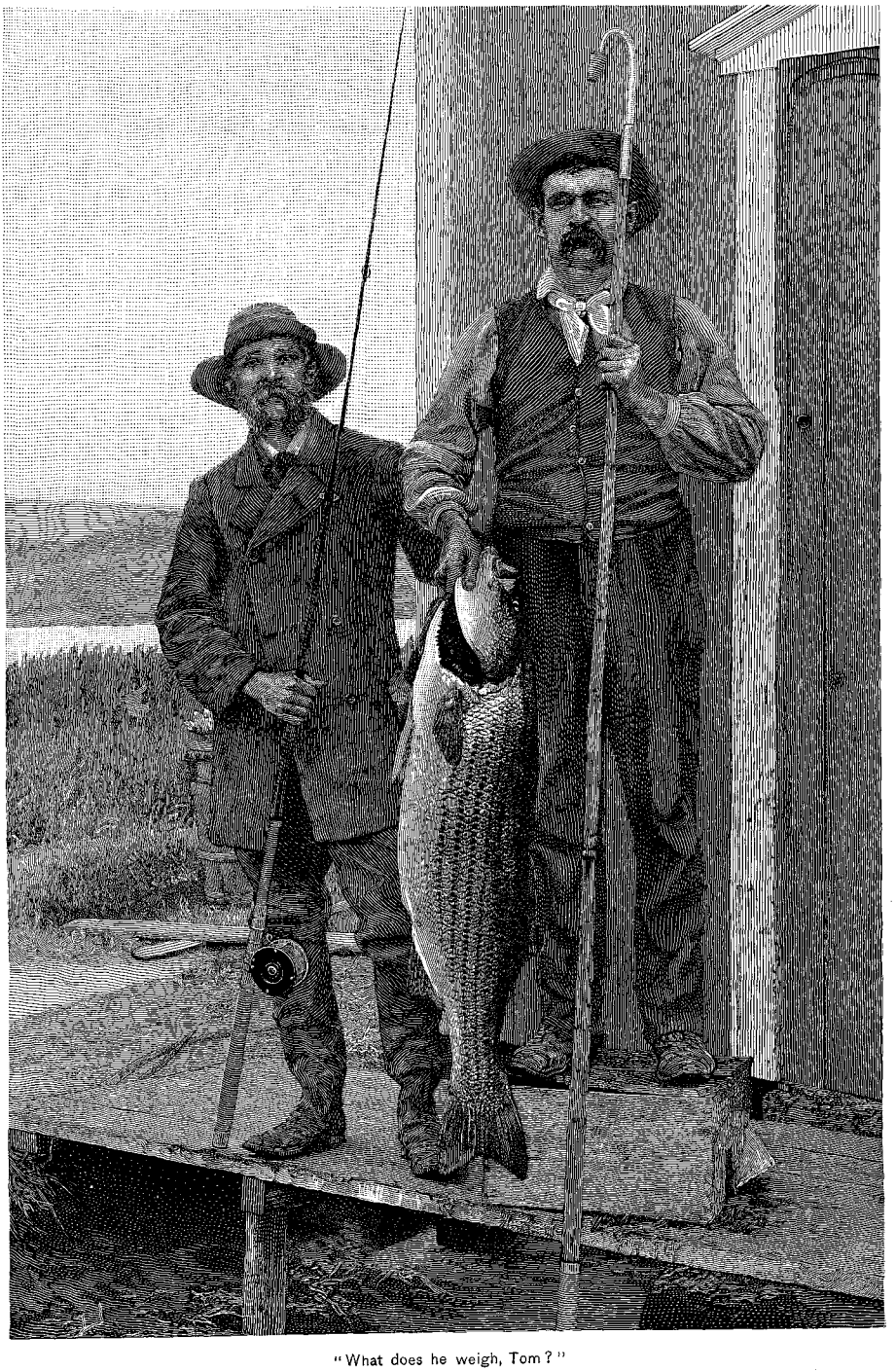

"What does he weigh, Tom?"

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wards the stand and his beautiful color and stripes are plainly seen, but he still strives by ineffectual runs, first to one side and then the other, to avert his fate; though all in vain, as Tom is now bending low down from the outer end of the plank with his sharp shining gaff-hook extended.

"A little more to the left, sir," he says, and as the fisherman inclines his pole and turns the fish's head, his gaff is extended down, under and across the fish's body; a rapid jerk upward and backward and it sinks into his silver belly. He is raised from the water, convulsively hugged by Tom, who reaches for the rod, and all of us hurry inshore to inspect and gloat over him. "What does he weigh, Tom?" and with judicial eye Tom measures and lifts him. "I say, thirty pounds." "Well, I think thirty-five," says the fisherman, the inexperienced looker-on being under the conviction that he should weigh fifty, at least, and impressed with a sense of awe —his huge mouth and head when seen for the first time, thus affecting one. It is now too dark to be worth while to fish longer, and we are in fact a little eager to get home and exhibit our catch. So Tom puts him in the basket, covers him carefully with fresh seaweed, recklessly throws all his cut up bait for chum, and we start for the house, Tom gladly lugging his heavy basket for the glory and triumph he will have on exhibiting him. The "chummer" becomes part and parcel of his "boss," participates in all his excitements, honors and disappointments, and constitutes no small element of comfort or discord, as his temper and capacity turn out. As we arrive at the club-house, windows go up, heads are thrust out, eager questioning follows, men and ladies turn out and go to the fish house to admire the beauty and guess his weight. After the solemn ceremony of ascertaining his exact weight has been performed, he is carefully packed away in the ice-box, to be sent to your most valued friend, or disposed of by the club steward. It is now the judgment of connoisseurs that the flesh of this fish is improved by being kept on ice two or three days at least.

Such are the general features of this noble sport, but subject to great variation. Another day, a "cloudy Sou'-Wester" is prevailing, and the dull roar of the surf with its heavy pounding, and the crash of the cobble stones rolling downward on the beach, as the sea recedes, is plainly heard. On looking from the club-house, over at the point of Naushon, one can see the successive waves rolling on shore, and the "white water" is plainly seen extending hundreds of feet from shore. "A superb bass day!" is the greeting from one to another. And both the wagons are brought into service to take out the fishermen to their respective stands. A novel and exciting scene it is to see these loads of eager men. Some, who in their varied and important stations in life and business, have been wont to look upon financial panics and disturbing causes unmoved, are now excited and anxious about stands and bait, and rods, and "chummers," as if their living depended on them. Down we all go, and all the stands on the south shore are quite sure to be manned that day. Altogether different is the scene and also the work to-day. As the tide and sea rise, the huge breakers get heavier, until finally they dash over the stands; some of the more daring, still stick to their chairs and with oilers and rubber boots defy the waves; being excited with the momentary expectation of catching a huge fellow. But this by no means follows even the most propitious conditions; nor do the most adverse state of wind and weather always work adverse results. The most remarkable catch of bass ever made at Pasque Island was with the water as clear as crystal and perfectly smooth. There happened in a school of huge bass, and they were very hungry and took the bait without hesitation for over twenty-four hours after arrival; and one member comparatively inexperienced as a fisherman caught nine fish in one day aggregating 170 pounds.

Nearly, if not quite all bass fisherman agree in the opinion that the steam menhaden fishermen have greatly injured the bass fishing—both by depriving them of the food they most eagerly seek, and also by driving them off their feeding grounds, by their huge nets.

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A few years ago, from the first of July to the first of November, one could reasonably expect any day to hook a large bass, at any of the noted places. Now, they can rarely be caught even where systematically chummed.

But there are many enjoyments in the suroundings. The delicious, exhilarating, health-giving air from these pure sea-waters, the soul-inspiring scenery, and varying panorama of vessels constantly moving, creates in all frequenters of these islands a real love for them. If you doubt it, come and try it.

I recall one occasion—when on visiting the club, I learned on arrival that no bass had been caught for three weeks past—on which with the eagerness invariably accompanying even the sight of the stands and shore, I proceeded with little loss of time, to one of my old haunts. The bait had been duly cast—when on settling myself in the chair and looking about me, to study the water and its indications—I saw in the slightly lapping surf about thirty feet below the stand, what appeared to be the tail of a fish slowly waving, in response to the movement of the waves. With an exclamation of surprise, my "chummer" was summoned in conference, and we concluded it was a fish of some kind—and both of us rushed ashore, down the beach, and out on the rocks, and in a few more minutes into the surf, where by aid of the Gaff-hook, we slowly hauled ashore a superb bass, which on examination showed by his pale gills that he had literally "fainted away." A scrutiny of his body soon brought to light the cause. One of his side fins was found bitten off nearly in its full size, close to his side. He had evidently been chased by a shark or some other voracious fish, which had bitten him in this manner, and in desperation the poor fellow had rushed into the shoal water, where stranded and almost lifeless he lay, when I saw his tail. After being ashore for fifteen minutes the color of his gills slowly returned to their natural brilliant scarlet. Of course a comparatively short, because unsuccessful, sojourn on the stand sufficed, and we returned to the house in triumph, to experience not the least of the pleasures of the sport, in the congratulations and rejoicings of fellow-members. The fellow weighed 42 lbs., and the facetious Secretary of the Club, in solemn voice announced that he "had been appointed a special committee of six, to invite me to immediately leave the Island, as for any member to come down and catch a 42 pounder within a few hours, when all hands had been fishing three weeks without results, was not to be borne!" I plead in extenuation that I thought when the circumstances of the catch were narrated, I might be pardoned; and then told to the wondering group the story, and showed the damaged fin. I was graciously accorded the pardon of the Club, and the record book was made to duly recount the incident.

Each day some different state of the water required the change of bait from menhaden to lobster tail or small eels. All vary the sport, and furnish the endless narratives with which a group of old fishermen beguile the placid hours spent in the sitting-room and on the long piazzas. They tell of the enormous fellows they have lost; how this one ran nearly the whole line off his reel when it was cut off by a bluefish, how that one was so great, that the utmost pull on the line could not stir him after he had run to the bottom and "sulked," and finally how the line parted, by being chafed off against a rock. A third tells you how his fish sulked and then pounded his head on the bottom to "spring" the hook out, and succeeded. A fourth tells triumphantly how, when having seen his fish and knowing him to be a "good one," on his taking to the game of sulking, he had sent his "chummer" back to the house, obtained a boat and another man, rowed outside to the stand, carefully followed the line out until over the fish, and thus secured him. The scarcity of fish is discussed, and every imaginable cause is carefully weighed, steam menhaden fishing, "night seiners," scarcity of "fry," change of feeding grounds, etc.

I was once favored with a scene that indelibly printed itself on my memory and furnished a yarn for one of these councils. A strong northwest wind had been blowing all night, and a lively brisk sea was setting on the North

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shore. I had been fishing for some hours without success, and as the now large waves rolled in, my eye followed them in, commenting on their remarkable clearness and transparency. I made a new cast and sat down, when on my left, heading for the bait which I had just thrown out, was a beautiful bass, his stripes and silver side plainly visible, his brilliant eyes staring at me, precisely as mine were fixed on him; the wave rolled him up until he was in bold relief against its green depths, and had he been artificially held there, the picture could not have been more perfect or animated. His impetus and intention both carried him as far as the bait, and he took it into his mouth, but only held it for an instant. His terror was too vivid to admit of forgetfulness, and I in vain reeled in, and threw again and again.

Another time, I had hooked and successfully sustained the run of a large fish, had turned him, and had warped him in, until he was within fifty feet of me; quite a heavy surf was running, of which I was availing myself to aid in bringing him in—when my "chummer" called attention to the seaweed which was running in on the line and threatened to choke up the tip. Hardly had he spoken, when it jammed the line so that I no longer had the slightest control over the fish; the next wave moved him about ten feet in shore, and on the other side of a huge sunken boulder; and as the line became taught, although I tried all I could to extend the rod and give it play, it parted as if a thread, and there I stood; stamping with vexation, utterly helpless, the heavy surf forbidding any attempt to get to him, and looking on his huge majesty rolling from side to side, nearly drowned and quite unable himelf at the moment to make any exertion; but gradually he gathered power, and a sudden conviction that he was no longer a prisoner, and I had the comfort of seeing him slowly glide about, and out to sea. My feelings were much added to, by having one of the fair sex, sitting on the bank above me watching the whole operation, and perhaps more amused at my discomfiture, than distressed at my loss.

Such are the prominent and prevailing features of the sport. Each locality however has its own features and advantages or disadvantages. There can be no doubt that of all the places, the advantages afforded by Brenton-Reef are supreme, especially when aided by the long and strong stands erected by Mr. Winans, now owned by Mr. Davis—and next may be classed the rocks at Narragansett known formerly as "Anthony's." The east end of Montauk has also developed well, and we hear good reports of "catches" made there. At Block Island also and at "No Man's Land" at times, remarkable catches have been made, and even down at Cape Cod and Nantucket; but all of them are subject to variation, and the true sportsman finds his enjoyment in all the surroundings more than in the fish itself, or even its capture.

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VESPERS.

By Ellen Burroughs.

The robins call me sweet and shrill:
"Come out and fare afield;
The sun has neared the western hill,
The shadows slip down sure and still,
But in our meadow wide and wet
There's half an hour of sunshine yet;
Come down, come down!" Who would not yield?

Across the road and through the lane,
Where buttercups grow tall and bright
With daisies washed in last night's rain,—
Beyond the open bars I gain
An angle of the rude rail-fence,
A perfect coign of vantage, whence
Wheat-field and pasture stretch in sight.

The cows, with stumbling tread and slow,
One after one come straggling by,
And many a yellow head falls low,
And many a daisy's scattered snow,
Where the unheeding footsteps pass,
Is crushed and blackened in the grass,
With brier and rue that trampled lie.

Sweet sounds with sweeter blend and strive:
In its white prime of blossoming
Each wayside berry-bush, alive
With myriad bees, hums like a hive;
The frogs are loud in ditch and pool,
And songs unlearned of court or school
June's troubadours all round me sing.

Somewhere beneath the meadow's veil
The peewee's brooding notes begin;
The sparrows chirp from rail to rail;
Above the bickering swallows sail,
Or skim the green half-tasselled wheat
With plaintive cry; and at my feet
A cricket tunes his mandolin.

High-perched, a master-minstrel proud,
The red-winged blackbird pipes and calls,
One moment jubilant and loud,
The next, to sudden silence vowed,
Seeks cover in the marsh below,
Soft winds along the rushes blow,
And like a whisper twilight falls.

The Frontispiece illustration drawn and engraved by Elbridge Kingsley.

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MONSIEUR NASSON.

LEAVES FROM AN OLD JOURNAL.

By Grace H. Peirce.

I.

IN the summer of 1817 I made an extraordinary acquaintance in Switzerland. On a certain July day I found myself at Grindelwald, and soon set out from the hotel, intending to take a stroll of about an hour, and with no other object in view than to get as near the glacier as possible. I mounted continually, and at last reached a narrow path on the rock where I was high above the glacier, with a wall of granite on the one hand and a sheer precipice of some hundred feet on the other. I had just made the reflection that a misstep might have serious consequences, when I slipped, grasped at the rock as I fell, and the next instant hung by my hands over the precipice. To raise myself was impossible, the rock sloped inward, and in that most horrible position I remained for a time which was long enough for the suffering of a hundred deaths in anticipation.

At first I called for help, though in despair of anyone hearing me in that lonely place, but soon gave that up and simply clung in an agony, awaiting the terrible moment when I could cling no longer. Already my senses had nearly left me, when I was suddenly brought back to life by hearing a human voice singing, and that not far away. I called once more, then, with all the strength I could muster, and, a moment later, saw —for my head was just on a level with the path, as I held with one hand to a projection in the middle of it and to the edge of the rock with the other—I saw a man rush up, who, as he got to me, threw himself on the path and reaching down seized me below the arms. But now, whether I had held on so long that I could not let go or whether I dared not, he, at any rate, had all the difficulty in the world to induce me to loose my gripe on the rock and put one arm around his neck. At last he lifted me a little by main force; I grasped him then, felt my knee against something, struggled, and the next thing of which I was conscious was of lying at full length on the path while my preserver bent over me and talked solicitously. It is singular how distinctly I can recall the sensations of that moment. I felt as I should suppose an infant must feel when people talk to it. Gradually, however, I began to derive some ideas from what he was saying, and found that he proposed to make me as comfortable as the circumstances permitted and then go in search of help. But while he divested himself of his coat and folded it together to put under my head, I found my voice and began to thank him feebly for his blessed intervention to save me from an awful death. He disclaimed at once any especial credit in the matter, declaring that while he was rejoiced to have been at hand, yet as what he had done had been without risk to himself, there was no occasion to make much of it. With regard to the risk, I was not so sure of there being none when once I had clutched him, and, in any case, I was bound to have my say out.

I have not yet mentioned that my preserver spoke French, and never in my life was I more glad than then of such knowledge as I possess of that language. For certainly it would be more endurable to be silent at a dinner-party or even in a bevy of pretty girls, than to be reduced to dumb-show with a man who has just saved your life. I said, therefore, as best I was able, what I felt on that subject and then begged him not to think of going for help, inasmuch as I had sustained no injury whatever beyond a few scratches and bruises, so that I should presently be able to get back to the hotel with no other aid than his, if I might venture to claim it. In this,

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seeing that I was really recovering rapidly, he acquiesced, advising me, however, to lie quietly for some time yet and make no effort to speak.

So I watched him silently as he stood leaning against the rocky wall and looking at the wild scene about us or turning to me with, as I thought in my gratitude, the sweetest smile and the most amiable expression of countenance I had ever beheld.

He was a fine, tall, broad-shouldered fellow, of a stronger build—to my good fortune—than one often sees among his countrymen; very young—I decided at once that he must be two or three years my junior—and with a face which, if not actually handsome, was, by reason of a fresh complexion, dark eyes, and curling brown hair extremely taking and agreeable. I observed further that his clothing was fashionably made and his linen fine and delicate.

Before long I was able to get up and then to walk; so we set off, he a step in advance, I with my hand on his shoulder and keeping as far from the edge as possible lest I should turn giddy. When we were past that ticklish place and stopped awhile for me to rest, I bethought myself that it was time we knew what to call each other, and accordingly took out my card. He followed suit with his, and, smiling at the absurdity of such civilized compliments amid the wilds of nature, but both of us doubtless glad to find out whom we had there, we exchanged. On the card I received was, *M. Henri Nasson.*

After this little interlude we went on steadily, for I was quite recovered. Dwelling, however, all the while, on what I had gone through, I asked him how he happened to be there just in the nick of time. He said there was a fine view of the glacier not far from the scene of my accident, and he had started for that point, having visited it already the day before and been much struck with the grandeur of the spot.

"Indeed!" said I. "Then let us go there together; to-morrow if you like."

I could feel a hesitation in his manner, as if this proposal took him by surprise, but when he said merely that he had arranged to leave Grindelwald the next day, I thought no more of it.

By the time we got back to the hotel the hour for the table-d'hôte was long past, and I asked my companion to give me the honor and pleasure of his company at dinner. That seemed to me the merest matter of course, but again there was a decided hesitancy. I might have taken it ill, only that I conceived his backwardness in accepting was due to a certain reserve, a sort of shyness which I began to notice in him. Altogether, he was not just what I had thought at first; flushed then with the pleasure of having rendered such timely service there was a brightness about him which faded afterward; I was quite surprised to discover in the course of our walk that his expression was naturally grave, almost sad; that made him look older. However, as before said, I was not hurt when he suggested that I might still be feeling the effects of my accident too much to desire his society; I only insisted that his society was precisely what I desired. I would take no denial, and he yielded.

We passed a pleasant evening together, though all I now remember of our conversation is an amiable diversity of opinion as to the merits of Mlle. Georges and Mlle. Duchenois; I thought the latter the better actress, while he was all for Georges. Naturally we were of one mind about Mlle. Mars and Talma. But it is not surprising that I recall so little of what he said, for he was no talker; on the other hand, the most flattering listener I ever met in my life. I can see him now, his dark eyes fixed attentively, his serious face relaxing into a smile in the right places, always ready with whatever sentiment was called for—wonder, indignation, sympathy, or with the question that helps the story on. And this quite simply and unfeignedly, as I have reason to know since.

One thing he did say, however; he told where he was going next, namely, straight to Geneva and thence home to Paris, and upon that there passed a momentary shadow over our harmony. It happened that I also was going to Geneva, for my aunt, who had been taking the waters at Aix-les-bains, had arranged to join me there, with my sister Frances, in order that they might visit Chamouni under my escort, and now, hear-

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ing of Nasson's plans, it instantly occurred to me that I should do well to go with him rather than stay a few days longer around Interlaken and Thun, as I had proposed. I was not quite sure, either, just when my aunt meant to reach Geneva, and it was advisable that I should be on hand to receive her; also it would lessen my expenses considerably to take a carriage with Nasson, but my chief reason was for the companionship's sake. There are times enough when one must be alone, and I am for company when I can get it—if it is agreeable, as his had been thus far. So I was now really annoyed to find him once more apparently taken aback by my advances. After all that evening together! After he had shared my bread and salt, so to speak, and when he seemed to find pleasure in my society! I could not understand it, and let him see that I did not. It was my turn to be stiff. But he flushed up then, and was so evidently concerned at my thinking his manner ungracious, that he said something about having been, by force of circumstances, all his life much alone, which made him awkward in responding to friendly advances, and assured me so earnestly that indeed my company would be most welcome and agreeable to him if his were to me, and so on, that I soon relented, and it was settled we should travel together.

When we parted for the night I remember it came over me again, in full force, how I owed it to him that I was to sleep in my bed, and that, instead of lying out there shattered on the rocks, I had a good many years of life before me that, God willing, I meant to make something of. That all came over me, with a warm feeling around the heart, and I suppose if I had been a Frenchman I should have embraced him, but he was not demonstrative, either, and I think he knew what I meant when I held his hands hard, for there was something at the same time in my eyes that I was a little bit ashamed of—though I verily believe there was in his, too—and so we said good-night.

One little incident only of the journey I will recall. There was often a motley company of beggars collected around the inn where we dined or slept, to see the strangers off and scramble for such small cash as they had to distribute. It was a nuisance, at least I thought so, but Nasson really laid in a stock of coins, I believe, for these occasions, and seemed to enjoy the delight of those who got them.

What I started to tell was a pretty kindness of his to one peculiarly wretched old woman. She was so decrepit as to have no chance at all among the swarming children; every time she hobbled to pick up something, one of them got ahead of her, and made off with it. But when Nasson saw that, he was indignant. "For shame!" he cried, "for shame! Have none of you a grandmother? Stand out of the way and let that old woman come up here!" She came, and he slipped his fingers into another pocket, and leaning well forward so that I should not see, dropped something into her hand. She had barely time to look at it and burst into blessings on "his lordship" when we were off, but her shrill voice quavered after us, wishing him "a long life and a happy one!"

I glanced at him just then, and such a grave look on that young face! One would have supposed length of days was a deplorable prospect. Then suddenly it flashed upon me what might be the matter with him. For when a man is young and has plenty of money what on earth should make him look solemn unless the one he loves is wedded to another? That was precisely what I wanted, to explain his pensive airs. And I knew all about it myself, having been through the agony before I was out of my teens, although now I was heartless enough to mingle amusement with my silent sympathy. All the same, I felt not a little interest in his love-affairs, even to reflecting that his affliction, if such he had, might be due to cruel parents rather than a rival; possibly she was not rich enough or grand enough; or perhaps he had aspired too high. Had he been only half as expansive as some of his country-people, I should have known all about it long before the journey's end; but no! he was as mum as to what presumably lay next his heart as the veriest Anglo-Saxon of us all.

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The same day that we reached Geneva, my aunt and sister arrived there; and, of course, the first thing to tell them was my adventure, and they were all eagerness to see and thank my new friend. He was not aware that they had come, for, feeling too much fatigued to appear in public, they had been served in the pretty suite of apartments which I had chosen for them, so that after dinner I was able to take him to their room as if it had been mine and introduce him to the ladies before he knew where he was. It was a necessary ruse, for he was so shy that he might not have gone at all had I explained beforehand.

His confusion was extreme, but he made a good impression in spite of that; indeed his blushes were becoming. Meanwhile, my aunt, long accustomed to French society, expressed very elegantly her sense of obligation to him as the preserver of my life, and Fanny was not behindhand with her tribute, he protesting as usual that it was nothing, but still looking pleased and happy, as well he might. And when that was all over, I was quite surprised to see how they drew him out and discovered gifts and graces in him which had remained unknown to me. He could sing, for instance, and he could sketch. Frances of course did both, just released from school as she was and expecting to be launched in society in Paris the next winter, under my aunt's protection. Fanny sang first to the piano, but when Nasson modestly said that he could only accompany himself on the guitar, the ladies were charmed with the idea of hearing him sing to that instrument, and insisted that he must fetch it, which he finally did and gave us some old French *chansons*. They were the only things he knew, he said. And he probably sang them well, for my aunt and sister were much pleased with the performance.

There was now nothing more said about an immediate return to Paris; that idea appeared to be abandoned, and for the next two or three days Nasson walked with us, drove with us, and sat with us quite as a matter of course, and sketched with Fanny from the balcony or at the places of interest which we visited.

I was rather surprised therefore when my aunt asked me one day abruptly and, I thought, even a little severely:

"Robert, who *is* this Monsieur Nasson?"

"Why, aunt," I began, "he is a man who saved my——"

"Yes," said she, "and very much obliged to him we all are, but who is he? What are his connections? Where does he live? Who are his parents?"

And at that I could only look blank. Being something of a talker myself, I dare say I had given him a pretty good account of my life—past, present, and even future, so far as I could forecast it, in that I was to follow the law, as my father and grandfather had done before me, but that he had told me anything I really could not remember. No, certainly he had never said a word about what *he* meant to do—leaving his father and grandfather quite out of the question. Upon a little reflection, however, I thought he must expect to be a gentleman of leisure, for the few remarks of his that I could recall which bore in any way upon himself went to prove that he had considerable spare time on his hands. With regard to music and drawing, for instance, he declared that he had no pretensions to excel, but having received some instruction in those accomplishments as a child, had kept them up merely to pass the time. And again, a fancy of his which he mentioned for taking long walks in Paris and finding out old streets and curious landmarks, he had pronounced to be another excellent way of passing time. Also, he had read a good deal, not very profitably, as he said, but for the same cogent reason—*pour passer le temps*.

That was all I could tell my aunt, and she did not appear very well satisfied. The cause for her disquietude was naturally not far to seek, but it seemed to me ridiculous. Little Fanny! And if *I* understood anything of such matters, there was no sign of danger. While my aunt and I wrote letters at the centre-table and they two, on the balcony, were sketching a view of the lake—the boats with their graceful lateen sails and the Jura in the distance—it was just as quiet outside as in. And when the works of art were finished, and Fanny's left some-

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thing to be desired, he would point out her errors as seriously as any old drawing-master; she looking down on her paper and making little idle flourishes with her pencil, and he—looking at her, to be sure. But what of that? Who would not look at a pretty young girl?

In the hope of easing my aunt's mind a little, I imparted to her my suspicions that Nasson had had a disappointment, but she only replied dryly that she observed no indications of that, and I could see that she grew more and more dissatisfied with the existing state of things; she never was content when they were on the balcony until she had discovered that it was damp and Fanny must come in. Then she, herself, would take the chief part in the conversation with Nasson, and I used to admire the cleverness with which she led up to this or that opportunity for his giving some account of himself. But he never did. He simply listened to her accounts with just that charmingly interested manner which I have already described.

However, in spite of his reserve, we were destined to get a glimpse of one of his ancestors; which happened on this wise: He had brought his portfolio, at Fanny's request, to show his entire collection of drawings, and in the course of turning them over there was discovered among them a picture in pastel of a child. Nasson uttered a slight exclamation at the sight of it, and murmured that he had not known it was there. It was really a remarkably pretty thing and very well done, a little boy in a brilliant old-time costume of black and scarlet, while for a background there was an indication of wainscoting and portraits on the walls which gave the impression of a fine room in an antique mansion.

"This looks as if it might be a family portrait," remarked Fanny.

"It is," he said briefly, and then added, after a moment, "it is from a picture of my great-grandfather at the age of seven. I found it a good subject to copy."

So there was something we knew of him, at last! He had a great-grandfather. And I passed that little gentleman over to my aunt, feeling that he could hardly fail to produce an agreeable impression upon her. As I held the picture in my hand, however, and looked at it closely, I happened to notice that two or three words had been written under it and erased. She also noticed that and said to me afterward:

"One does not like to be suspicious, but it is very easy to claim a great-grandfather in pastel. That looked to me as if it had had a title written and carefully rubbed out."

I refused with some warmth to think so ill of him, and declared that there was nothing about him which suggested an adventurer. She admitted that he was not exactly her idea of an adventurer, but added that as she had not often been in a position to meet such gentry, she of course could not judge.

I felt the reproach in that, and she presently continued:

"Besides, my dear Robert, your Monsieur Nasson has really very peculiar ways. I cannot at this moment instance anything in particular, and you men never observe such things; but I assure you, he does not make the impression on me of having been used to such society as ours. Not that he is not courteous, for he is—very, but in a fashion of his own, not like other people."

"Ah well," I said, "I could explain that, for he had spoken himself once of having lived much alone."

"But why?" inquired my aunt. And that, to be sure, I did not know.

I fancied I saw what she meant, though, by his "ways." He had not perhaps the very latest fashion in saying and doing certain little things; it was possible that he did not enter and leave a room in just the style affected by the exquisites of the diplomatic circle in Paris. But if he was courteous, was not that enough? For my part, I was glad that, as my aunt said, we men did not notice such trifles.

Since he was "my" Monsieur Nasson, however, it plainly behooved me to take care of him, and this I resolved to do. Our departure for Chamouni was fixed for the day after the next, and I thought it would be a pity if, during the short interval, I could not keep him out of the way, and by means of all possible friendliness on my own part conceal from him the fact that he was not precisely a *persona grata* to my aunt.

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. And still, what she had said did make a certain impression on me. I found myself thinking afterward how very reticent he had indeed been, and that it *was* singular I should not have the slightest idea even of where he lived in Paris. But it appeared as if he must soon reveal as much as that, for knowing that I should be in Paris before I went home, he could hardly fail to say that he hoped to see me, which would necessitate his giving some address. As for my aunt, it was plain that she intended to pass no compliments, and I wondered how she would get over the leave-taking without asking him to call. But that she would be equal to the occasion I had no manner of doubt; it was I who did not expect to be equal to it, picturing to myself beforehand poor Nasson's mortification.

Altogether, I felt quite guilty when I went to his room to ask him to take a stroll with me, and rather relieved that he should be out, probably taking a stroll by himself—*pour passer le temps*. It must have been rather a long one, for he did not appear at all until the close of the day, when he presented himself in the dining-room looking very low-spirited.

I had registered a vow that if the town of Geneva afforded any public entertainment that evening, of no matter what description, I would carry him off to it, and as soon as we rose from the table I went to consult with our host on the subject, and then to my aunt's room to inform her that she was not to have the delight of our society. It was all in vain! Not only Nasson had stolen a march on me and was established there—as he certainly had a right to be, when I had taken him with me so often—but Mr. and Mrs. C—— L——, who had but just heard of our being in Geneva, had come with their two daughters to call, and going out was no longer to be thought of.

Poor Nasson was much out of place among us all, talking eagerly as we were of home and things and people unknown to him, though to be sure, as we spoke English, which he did not understand, the subject of our conversation was neither here nor there so far as he was concerned. I really quite forgot him until I heard Fanny trying to make him talk, and noticed Miss Caroline L—— turning her bright eyes in that direction. Quick-witted and good-natured as she is, she soon saw what was the matter, and declared that we younger members of the company must have a game; that would bring us all together, she said.

So we were presently seated around the table, and she indoctrinating us into the mysteries of *Lyrics*, as she called it. Each person wrote a word on a slip of paper, then doubled it out of sight, and changing the order of the letters that composed it, wrote them at the head of the slip; upon that the papers were shuffled; each player drew one and made of the letters some word or words which must be incorporated in a rhyme. If you could guess the original word it was so much the better, but anything that made sense, or, more properly speaking, nonsense, would answer.

Here, also, there was the difficulty of two languages, which we had heedlessly taken no account of at first, but it was finally pronounced that Fanny, just out of a French boarding-school, and I with my "known proficiency" ought to be able to support the French end of the table with M. Nasson, who, the L——'s declared, would lose nothing by not understanding their English rhymes, while they could perfectly appreciate the French poems which we should be sure to produce.

So we played one round pretty successfully, except that the person for whom all this had been set on foot took it as seriously as if he had never "assisted" at a game before in his life, and seemed bewildered by the laughter and *badinage* that went to and fro. Even when Miss Caroline L—— addressed him in her English-French, which from her lips sounded so excessively pretty, he answered in monosyllables and looked no more animated than a tombstone. It was only when Fanny spoke, whether in French or English, to him or to anyone else, that his interest was aroused. I could not help seeing this, and it was from some rather serious reflections on the subject that I suddenly woke to find everyone waiting for me to write my word for the second round. And I

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could think of nothing at all! My mind seemed absolutely vacant. The situation was fast becoming ridiculous, and they all laughing, so in desperation I hastily scribbled *Nasson*. The next instant I could have found fifty words instead, and would have given a good deal to get my slip back again, but it was too late. I knew what a mistake it was to introduce a chance for personalities, and presently, as ill-luck would have it, I recognized, from the manner of its folding, my paper in Fanny's hands. Instead of seeing at once, however, what the two *n*'s, two *s*'s, an *a* and an *o* stood for, I found to my surprise that she had made something else out of it, for I heard her say to Nasson, in a low voice:

"*Aidez-moi, monsieur!* Who was Sanson? I connect him disagreeably with your Revolution, but I can't remember what he did."

He looked at her and was so slow in answering that it was I who said:

"He chopped heads off."

"Oh, yes, the executioner!" She reflected a few moments and then began to write. I was a good deal relieved, thinking no harm could come of that, at all events, and when it was her turn she read,

> "Il y a du bourreau, O Sanson,
> Jusqu'en ton nom;
> Car il s'y trouve vraiment
> Un son de sang."

Then turning the paper, she exclaimed, with an air of disappointment:

"Why, I thought, of course, I had guessed it! It is *your* name, monsieur."

I was just preparing to criticise her poetical effort and ask what sort of a *sound* she conceived blood to have, when Nasson suddenly pushed back his chair with more noise than was at all customary to his movements, started up, and rushed rather than walked out of the room, leaving amazement and consternation behind him.

Everybody began to exclaim, What could be the matter! and then to declare that he had been taken very ill—that he had looked terribly pale—that he was faint.

Fanny spoke last and, I thought, was probably right when she said she feared it was her rhyme that had been taken ill, that it was very thoughtless in her, and she ought to have known it might be a painful subject, for he had perhaps lost all his family and friends in that dreadful time.

There seemed a sort of light to dawn on me with that—it would explain so much—and even my aunt, who at first had kept very cool and worn an expression which I interpreted to mean that any kind of disturbance might be expected from "my" M. Nasson, looked now a little interested.

But if this conjecture was correct and he was not ill, there seemed to be no necessity for hurrying after him immediately. The excitement had broken up our party, the L——'s began to take leave, and I offered myself as a supplementary escort to the young ladies, and was accepted. It was just as well to give Nasson an opportunity to compose himself before I went to express our regrets that so unfortunate a topic should have been touched upon.

It was some little time, therefore, before I stopped at his room on the way to my own. I knocked very gently, on the just possible chance that he *was* ill and had gone to bed; then, as I seemed to hear "*Entrez!*" I opened the door. But I was mistaken, the room was dark, or rather there was only the moonlight that fell across the floor and showed the bed untenanted, and pieces of furniture looming up dimly around the walls; it was a large chamber and, at first, I did not see Nasson at the further end of it, kneeling at a window, with his head on his arms and the moonlight streaming over him.

I went out and closed the door softly, feeling shocked at my intrusion.

I kept thinking of him while I lay awake. He was too young to have known anything himself of the Revolution, but it might easily have altered the whole course of his life and left him alone in the world. I don't know why, seeing that the victims of that insane fury were of every class, it should just then suddenly have came into my head that perhaps he was not what he appeared to be. I remembered that pretty little great-grandfather with his lordly posture and picturesque costume, and it occurred to me that if my aunt thought

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Nasson unused to such society as ours, there might be more ways than one of accounting for that. What if he had never found himself before in circumstances so lowly? What if his odd, simple name covered a distinguished *incognito?* What if he were—— But that thought never took any actual shape in my mind. I suppose I was asleep the next moment.

II.

I AM an early riser and often take a walk before breakfast, so the following morning I was up while the house was yet quiet, except for some preparations for departure—persons moving cautiously about and the porter carrying luggage down-stairs. Later, the French *diligence* came jingling along and stopped before the hotel to pick up a passenger, as it often did. I was dressed by that time and went to the window, but all I saw was our host making his bow on the sidewalk, and the coach rattled off again. He and a number of the servants were still standing about when I went down-stairs, the latter with the satisfied air of those who have just received ample proof that their services are appreciated; but our host advanced to meet me with an expression of condolence on his countenance.

"Ah, monsieur, if you had come but a few moments sooner! Your friend is gone! He received news last night which must have called him immediately to Paris, and he asked me to give you this," handing me a letter he held. "I told him you were often up early and offered to send to your room, but he would not have you disturbed."

I took my letter and walked away with it toward the lake-shore, where I generally went of a morning. I was in no haste to open it. It was sealed with a coat-of-arms, which confirmed my suspicions that he was something other than he appeared, and my first feeling was that the termination of the masquerade was not precisely flattering to me. For it amounted to this: So long as he could pass himself off as Nasson, I was good enough for him, but in his proper person, the acquaintance would apparently be troublesome, wherefore he took French leave and our pretty little friendship was over.

Nevertheless, curiosity soon got the upper hand—it was a good thick letter, he had told the whole story now, at all events—and coming to a bench beside the lake, I sat down, broke the broad seal and proceeded to read, in indescribable bewilderment, what follows.

"MONSIEUR: What shall I say? My conduct of this evening will have explained itself, you know all, and I am only too well aware that you will consider excuses impossible. Yet I cannot help but write, not to defend the tacit deception I have practised, but at least to show how strong the temptation was to which I yielded. And I even believe if you could know how little I have gained by my stolen pleasure, how inexpressibly bitter the ending of it is, you would hardly grudge it to me. Those lines—all the more cruel that the intention was so innocent! And then, when my guilty looks betrayed me, the sudden, terrible suspicion, the change on every face as I glanced around—these are things, monsieur, which will be with me to my dying day.

"But first of all, lest you should think me more culpable even than I am, and suppose me pretending to an ease of circumstances impossible for a family so situated as mine, let me say that my father has a sufficient private fortune to enable him to give his only son any advantage which it is possible for him to enjoy. In this I am no cheat, I have a right to travel on the footing you have seen me assume. Indeed, had it been my intention to deceive and give myself importance, I might have taken quite another name. It is a well authenticated tradition in our family that the first of our race to devote himself to the office which has since descended among us from father to son was a nobleman of the name of De Longval, whose coat-of-arms we still possess. I will not trouble you with the story of how he fell from his estate to the position his descendants have since occupied; my only reason for mentioning this fact with regard to my origin is in order to show that if I had wished to play a part, I might have been to a certain extent justified

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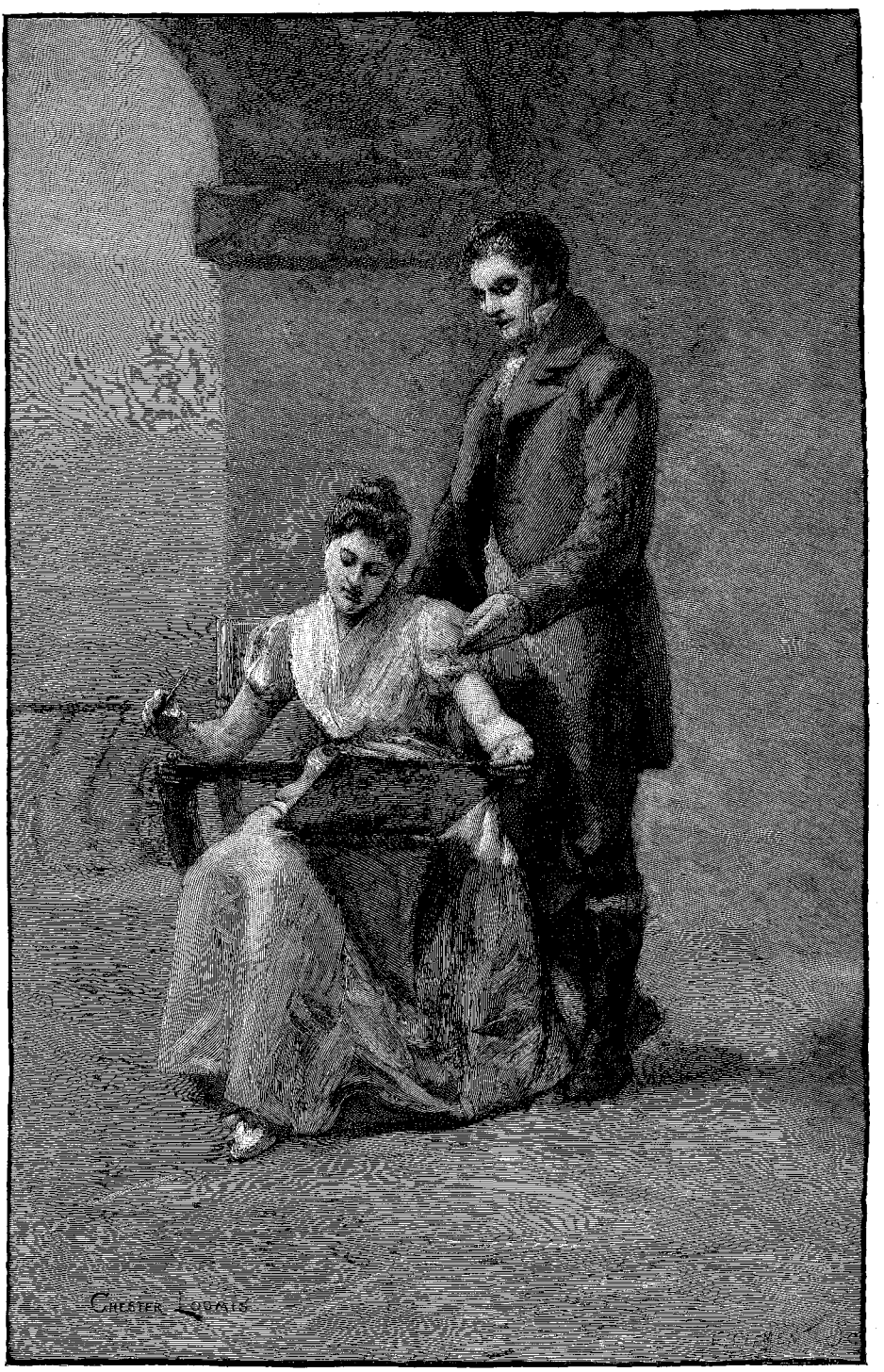

"They two on the balcony sketching a view of the lake."—Page 688.

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in assuming a title, even though the only one my father can now claim is that of *Monsieur de Paris.*"

"Gracious powers!" I exclaimed to myself aloud, and the letter sank in my hand. For until I saw it in black and white I had not been able to believe it, I had hoped there was some mistake. And then it came to me in a sudden flash of recollection that I had seen his father!

It was only a few months before that I was riding out to St. Denis with a young nobleman who, including me in his admiration for everything American, had undertaken to show me the sights of Paris and the environs. It was the first spring day of the season, one of those lovely mornings full of promise, when the sky is blue and the air soft and everything is fresh, after a long rain.

In a narrow street of the Faubourg St. Denis we came upon a little crowd collected near one of the rather imposing houses that are found in all the older parts of Paris, imposing because very little is seen of the house itself; it stands back from the street in aristocratic seclusion, with a courtyard in front and a glimpse of garden behind—perhaps some blossoming trees looking over a wall; so it was in this instance as I glanced in at the open gate. My companion uttered an impatient exclamation, touched up his horse and sprang ahead, while I, on the contrary, with the curiosity of a stranger, reined in a little to see what was coming.

Directly, there rolled out of the courtyard a large, old-fashioned coach, in which sat a man bolt upright in the middle of the back seat, with his arms folded and looking straight before him with a singularly impassive expression of countenance. On the opposite seat were two other men, evidently satellites of this dignitary. As the coach turned into the street, the rough-looking assemblage of men, women, and children parted to let it through, while a peculiar sound passed, as it were from lip to lip, like a prolonged *ah!* It was plainly not an expression of good-will.

When I rejoined my companion, he looked half-annoyed and half-amused at my delay.

"That was the *executioner!*" he exclaimed with an emphasis of contempt. "I called to you to come on, but you did not hear. He is going to the Conciergerie for some poor wretch."

And then he added that that man's father had beheaded Louis XVI., and that his ancestors had done the hanging and burning and torturing and breaking on the wheel in Paris and the surrounding district for years and years back, until the family of Sanson had become a species of aristocrats among hangmen. Once involved in the infamy, they had clung to it, so that when one of them died leaving a son only seven years old, the mother solicited his father's place and emoluments for him and had her prayer granted, and though the child could not perform the functions of his office, executions were legalized by his presence on the scaffold. In those bygone days the dishonor was, at all events, well paid.

The executioner lived in a certain style, and even practised the amusements of a gentleman in his leisure hours. For there was a story of his hunting one day and seeking shelter from a storm, at a château where he was taken for a man of quality and invited to sit down to .supper with the host and his friends. He, nothing loath after a long day's hunting, shook the rain from his feathered hat and went bravely in to the feast, and it was, "A *couvert* for monsieur!" and they filled his glass. But in the end somebody recognized him, and then they shattered at his feet the glass he had drunk from, and he fled from their scorn out again into the night and storm.

All this came back to me as I sat there holding the letter. The executioner did not hunt any more nor swagger about in a plumed hat, but his son might employ his elegant leisure in playing the guitar and singing songs and sitting on the balcony *with my sister!* When I thought of that I was ready to tear the letter to bits and toss it into the lake. For the fellow had deceived me vilely! Did he think, perhaps, that Americans would take up with a man whom the very ragamuffins of Paris scorned? He had talked more than once about "the beauty of republican simplicity." But

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republicans were not quite so simple as *that*! So I worked myself into a rage, until I remembered that the tone of the letter was not that of impudent confidence. Then I picked it up again and went on.

If he had wished to play a part, he might have called himself a nobleman. Then the letter continued:

"But I had no such thought. My only idea was to mingle, for once, freely with my fellow-creatures. And I believed it could do them no wrong. For wherein were they injured to exchange a few chance words with me, if they did not know and could never know that it was the executioner's son? Alas! I may say, too, wherein was I benefited? I found I had lived too long in a world of my own to be able to meet other people in theirs.

"But with *you* the case was different. First, no doubt, it was the happy part assigned to me in your accident which put me at ease. And then, you were so grateful, you thanked me so warmly, you looked at me with such interest; I knew you *liked* me—and I had never had a friend! But also I began to feel now, for the first time, that I was practising deceit. I seemed to see that here I *was* doing a wrong. For I said to myself: 'If he knew who you were, would he ask you to his table? Would he claim your company? Would he choose out the executioner's son to give him his confidence, to tell him his joys and hopes, his memories and prospects, —his whole happy life?' It was a temptation of which you, who have troops of friends, will hardly be able to form an idea, but I struggled against it. I think, if you recall the circumstances, you must do me the justice to admit that it was you who kept me when I would have gone. And I was weak and yielded. I yielded time and again when I fought the battle over with myself. I said always, 'Just one day more, only one.' And so the end came. It was just one day too many. But for that, I might have carried home with me memories which, in spite of all the pain they must have had, would yet have made a bright place in my life for ever after. And would you really have been the worse? In all I have said I have been looking at the matter as from your—from the world's point of view. I know the estimation we are held in, and I accept it as a fact, but that is not to say I acquiesce in it. Far from that, I consider it a burning wrong. For if the office of executioner is a necessary one, if he is a functionary of the state, the state should see to it, for its own honor, that the office is not reputed vile.

"But I waste words in demonstrating this; I am persuaded that neither you nor anyone who thinks logically would defend an opinion which makes the man who pronounces a capital sentence entitled to especial honor, and the man who executes it the basest of the base. I know, however, that argument is powerless against prejudice, and therefore I accept the popular estimation of my position as a fact, at the same time that I reject it as an injustice. I confess willingly to as much pride as that, or rather—I mistake my word—to as much self-respect. Even the executioner's son may have *that*—nay, he must have it or he would be lost.

"I would write no more but that I think I hear you ask: Why, then, expose yourself to the injustice? Why remain in a position against which such an invincible prejudice prevails? Let me try to tell you why.

"In doing so I must go back to a time when I had yet no idea who I was. Up to my twelfth year I received instruction from a good old abbé, who thought no shame of teaching the executioner's child. I lived in absolute seclusion; our house having a garden attached to it, I never went into the street except when my mother took me with her to church or, more rarely, for a walk. But on these occasions I saw neglected, ragged children and beggars, to whom my mother allowed me to give alms, and at that time I lived in the belief that I was one of the fortunate of the earth. Surrounded by every comfort and, above all, by the tenderest affection, what could a child want besides? But when the good old man who had charge of my education died, my father, knowing no one who would take his place, formed the hazardous project of sending me to school. There was an excellent institu-

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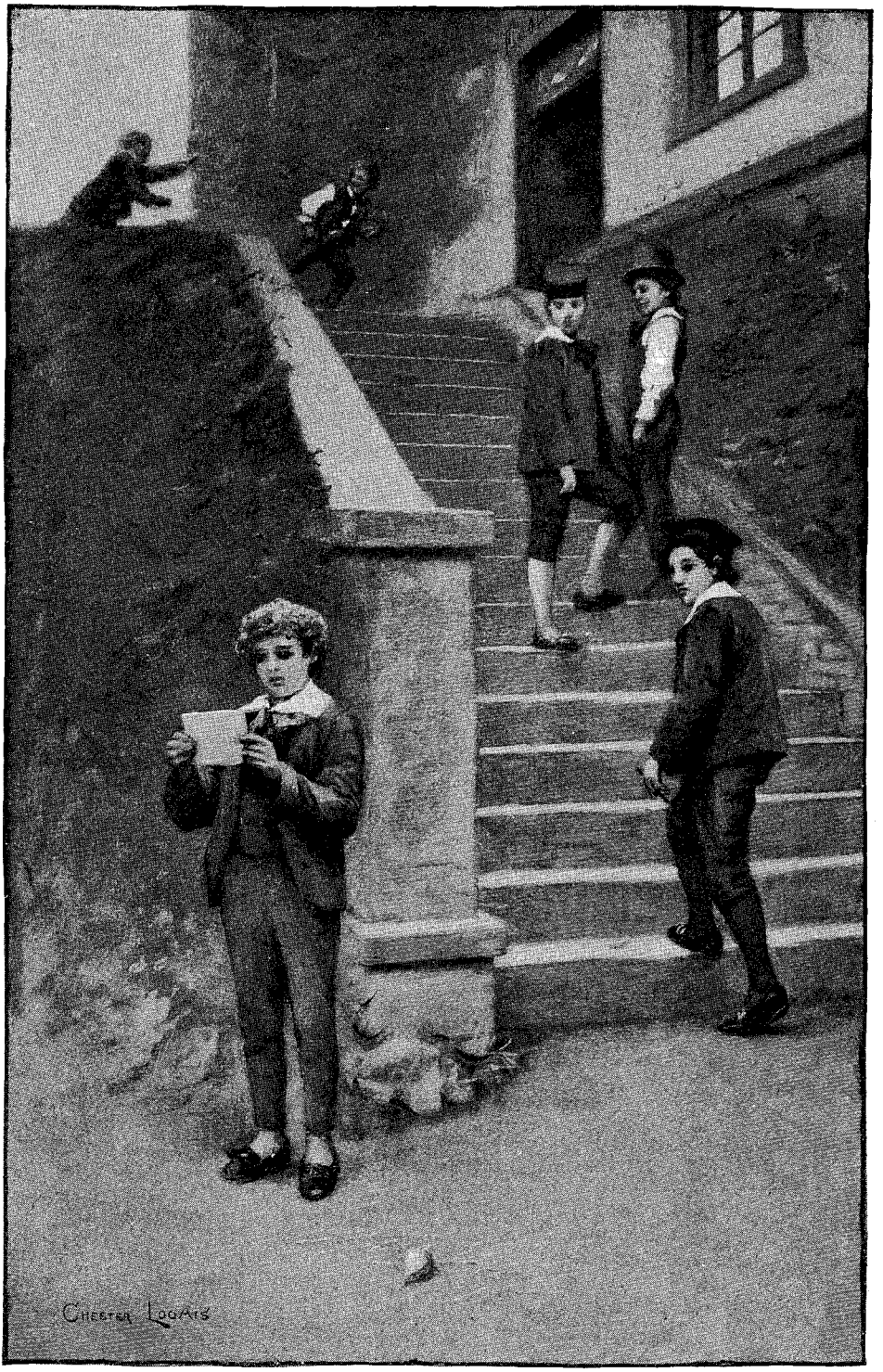

"It was a rude sketch of two upright beams with a great knife between them."

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tion in our quarter, the principal of which was an enlightened, kind-hearted man, who made no objection to receiving me. Of course, both he and my father hoped that my identity would remain unknown, and this seemed possible since the school was at some little distance from our house, and the children who attended it were unlikely to have any thought of the executioner or to be acquainted with his name.

"I went to school, then, and was supremely happy. For I must take back what I said just now—that until I saw you, I had never known what friendship was. Perhaps if I had not walked arm-in-arm with a boy friend, I should not have known how to feel it when you pressed my hand or leaned upon my shoulder. It would have been too late—as would to God it had been.

"The boy who became my inseparable companion lived in the next street to ours and I used to call for him daily and leave him at his door when we returned from school. Once, however, when we had been dismissed earlier than usual, I invited him to go home with me. I had told my mother of him and she had asked if he was a good boy; I wanted her to see what a nice boy he was. I was very proud of my friend. Judge of my dismay, therefore, when he was received with the greatest coldness. I supposed my parents were ill-pleased that I had brought him, especially as, when dinner was put on the table they did not even ask him to sit down. Poor X—— went away surprised at the reception he had met with and leaving me intensely mortified by it.

"The meal that followed was so silent and constrained that I could remember nothing like it since my grandfather died, and I fell to fancying some one must be dead; perhaps the old man who had been a contemporary of my grandfather and who still came sometimes—our only visitor—to pass an evening with my parents. I have thought since that there really was some one dead, and that was a little happy boy, though he did not yet suspect it.

"After dinner my mother took me aside and told me it was not best to bring my friends home, that grandmother was old and did not like strange faces about her or company at the table. That was explanation enough for me, and I went to school next day prepared to tell X. how it happened that he had not been more kindly treated. But he would not speak to me or even look at me, and moreover the other boys were evidently bent on avoiding me. Pride came then to my assistance; if X. would not speak, neither would I. I endured this state of things for a day or two, but my heart was very sore all the while at my friend's unkindness, and at the more and more openly displayed intention of the boys to slight me, and at last, when I could bear it no longer, I went to X. in recreation-time, made my poor little excuse for my family's inhospitable behavior and told him I was sorry. Still he did not speak! I implored him to say if I had done anything to offend him. He only turned his head away and began to draw on a bit of paper. I grew angry and declared that he *should* speak. He simply finished his drawing and put it in my hand without a word.

"It was a rude sketch of two upright beams with a great knife between them and a man bound to a plank. Underneath was written: *Tuus pater carnifex.*

"I had never seen the guillotine, but I was long past *carnifex* in my Latin and I understood a look of contempt on a childish face. With the paper in my hand I ran through the streets, straight home, never stopping till I sank down at my mother's feet in such a passion of tears and sobs as brought the whole house in alarm. I gave her the crumpled sketch, she smoothed it on her knee and I remember yet her startled look; then she, too, was in tears, heart-broken with compassion.

"When I grew calmer, my father requested my mother and grandmother to leave me to him, and he told me everything—who we were and how people regarded us. But he said there must be an executioner and our family had furnished that officer of the state since 1688; we must think of that, and do our duty, and let people behave to us as they would. And then he said that as he had stood by *his* father, so he hoped that I should stand by him.

"I promised. Little I knew what I was

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promising, but my childish vanity was flattered to find myself of such importance and my father talking to me as if I were a man. And who knows? perhaps I felt a pride that our family had furnished that officer of state for so many years! But chiefly, I promised because it was my father, the man whom I loved best and the man who loved me best, who set the case before me, and those are reasons that hold good when one has come to think differently about all the rest.

"So my fate was fixed. I never went back to school. The teacher informed my father that he had talked seriously with the boys and believed I should have no further trouble; but when it was left to me to decide, I instinctively knew that it could not be the same to go back on sufferance and as an object of compassion. Pride and defiance were astir in me, and I continued my education on a plan of my own, in my father's library, amongst novels and travels and whatever else I was able to devour. I was not miserable; yet I had had a taste of something that I often missed and never could enjoy again; and now, when I went out with my mother, I used to think if people knew who she was they would not be so courteous to her.—Everything was changed. It was a turning-point in my life. The happy child that I had been was dead.

"But in all this I am not blaming my father. He was right when he said that in Paris or in France the only position open to me was his. For if, in spite of every difficulty, he had bred me to the law, would anyone have intrusted his case to the executioner's son? The Parisians would have made a *bon mot* on my pretensions; they would have said, if the son did not succeed with his client, the father would, no doubt—it was all in the family. And that would have been the end of my career. Such a plan could only have been carried out if my parents had had me brought up far from them and under another name. And it is not for me to wonder that they could not do that with their only child. One other chance, indeed, might be open to us all; with such private means as we possess, and glad as I should be to do my part toward increasing our resources, if this were necessary, we might make ourselves a place in a new country; but my father is too fixed in his habits and has too little energy for that. The mere thought of it disturbs the repose and equanimity he has cultivated. For he, too, had his season of revolt, as he has told me.—Perhaps I shall have mine of resignation or indifference!

"At all events, while my father and mother are left to me, my place is with them. It would be sad, indeed, if, when everyone turns from us, we were not united among ourselves; if, at least, so far as love and duty go, the executioner's family were not like any other.

"I have written an immeasurably long letter and have no right to expect that you will find in it any excuse for the advantage I have taken of your amiable character and kindly disposition. All I dare to hope is that some little lingering of the friendly sentiments you professed for the man you thought I was, will have enabled you to read it with patience and then—since our ways have parted and we shall never meet again—will help you to forget, without rancor, HENRI SANSON."

I gave this letter to my aunt to read, saying only that it contained something which would shock her. I don't doubt there were things in it that touched her, too, as they had me, in spite of the fact that when she gave it back her chief preoccupation seemed to be as to my intentions. She did not reproach me, the *dénouement* was altogether too terrible for that, but she thought the letter needed no reply and that he expected none. And she earnestly begged me to observe that this was a case for the utmost discretion. For her own part, she must say, she had not come abroad to associate with the hangman, but that was of little consequence; it was my sister who was to be considered. If this story became known she could not be responsible for Fanny's success in society. It was quite true that the Parisians delighted in *bons mots*, the more malicious the better; and anything ridiculous would be fatal! Besides which, I must be aware that in this adventure there was far more than the ridiculous for us; she was sure I felt all

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the unseemliness in my sister's having been brought, even by chance, into contact with such a personage.

And she was right; I did feel it. Nevertheless, the letter gave me no peace till I sat down and tried to answer it. And that was as difficult a composition as I ever attempted. I could not tell him that his "tacit deception" was of no consequence, and thus imply that he was a fitting acquaintance for Fanny. Besides, there was a complication there—on his part—which it was impossible to think of without indignation. And what was the use of writing if it was only to agree with him that his conduct had been unpardonable? One thing I was thankful for—he had not attempted even to mention the ladies. Indeed, I could not help thinking that in that world of his own which he lived in, he was a man *comme il faut*. Ah, if the matter had been only between him and me, there would have been no difficulty. I could even fancy myself, in that case, going under cover of night to make a mysterious visit at the house of the executioner of Paris!

As it was, I wrote; and trust I wrote in such a way as to give him no pain. All I said was that while he had anticipated some of the sentiments that his letter might call forth, there was one of which he had seemed to feel some doubt, it was the only one of which I cared to assure him. I begged him to believe that he had my heartfelt sympathy, and that though, as he said, our ways had parted, yet I should never forget what I owed him and if, at any future time, I could do him a service, not in return for his to me but as from one man to another, he would find me ready.

How Fanny might be affected by all this, I did not know until she asked me, the first time we were alone together, if I had answered "that unfortunate man's" letter. "Why, what was there in it to answer?" I said, just to try her. "You might, at least, tell him you are sorry for him!" she exclaimed, indignantly. And then I was glad to say I had told him just that, and still more glad to perceive that she spoke without the least embarrassment. He was simply *that unfortunate man*, for her.

But she was anxious to respect him in his misfortune and inquired further whether I thought that picture we had seen was really of one of his ancestors. Whereupon I related the story of the little executioner, for I have no doubt that was he. His fond mother probably wanted her young headsman painted in his official dress! And I can even imagine how poor Nasson—for so I still call him—might have written under his copy, in a moment of bitterness, *Le petit Bourreau*, and then effaced it afterward with a sort of pity for the pretty child. If we had had our wits about us though, we must have reflected that that was no Louis XV. or Louis XIV. costume, such as his great-grandfather might have worn, but a survival from an earlier period—the slashed doublet, the long, red hose, and pointed shoes.

Fanny has had a great success in Paris this past winter, and has been *la jolie Americaine* everywhere. No one of the thousand possible chances has ever brought him before her eyes again. In writing to me they have never mentioned him, and I have been discretion itself. Only now, just lately, the first allusion there has ever been to his existence fluttered out of a letter from my aunt to me. It was a little slip cut from a newspaper and enclosed, without a word of comment, a brief notice of an execution which had taken place in Paris. The concluding paragraph was as follows:

"A notable feature of the occasion was that Monsieur de Paris, prevented by illness from performing his office, was represented by his son and associate, a young man of apparently not much over twenty years of age, who was observed to be as pale as the patient and considerably more agitated."

That was the last—an unlooked-for ending to my strange acquaintance. Will the finer or the coarser part of him prevail?

As memory pictures him through all the various circumstances of our intercourse, down to the last time I saw him—kneeling there in the moonlight—I hope the best.

It is true, he may not be in the least a devout man; that was perhaps only a chance posture of his despair. But I like to think otherwise, and to believe that for his probably long and certainly lonely life, he has already begun to seek the consolations of religion.

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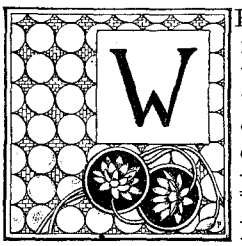
BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATIONS.

By W. A. Linn.



HEN men of small means found out that a business enterprise which no one of them could conduct alone was possible for them by uniting their labor and their capital, they discovered the secret of co-operation.

When they found out that by uniting their surplus earnings they could provide themselves with homes of their own, instead of remaining subject to the demands of landlords, they put co-operation to one of its most beneficent uses.

This kind of co-operation is most popularly known under the name of Building and Loan Associations; but the official title differs in different places. In England the common designation is "Building Societies." Those formed under the New York statute of 1887 must be called "Co-operative Savings and Loan Associations." In Massachusetts they were first styled "Co-operative Saving Fund and Loan Associations," a title which was changed by a later act to "Co-operative Banks." But, whatever their title, the object and general plan of operation are the same.

Exactly how long ago this kind of co-operation was devised is uncertain. But if we discard as unverified the statement that the essential principle of our modern Building and Loan Association system was known and employed during the Greek republic and among the Anglo-Saxons in England, we can still find for it a verified origin ancient enough to prove that it is no novel scheme of a speculative age.

H. F. A. Davis, a very intelligent writer on the subject, gives Birmingham, England, as the place, and the year 1781 as the date, of the first known association formed for the object of assisting its members to build or purchase houses. In the earliest association described, each member paid in 10s. 6d., on each share of stock he held, every month. A subscriber for three shares was entitled to have "one or more houses built for him of the value of 200 guineas;" a subscriber for two shares, one or more houses of the value of £140; and a subscriber for one share, "a single house, value £70." By 1795 "Building Clubs" had become common in Birmingham. The rules or by-laws of the "Greenwich Union Building Society" have come down to us from those early days; and it is curious to note how closely they resemble the by-laws of the best-planned associations in this country to-day. A notable difference is, however, that the membership was limited to fifty. The legality of such organizations under the common law seems first to have been called in question in some proceedings in which this last-named society was a party. And, the suit having terminated in its favor, we are told that "similar societies were formed in other parts of the country, Scotland, Lancashire, and South Wales being the districts where they were most popular." The Earl of Selkirk, a philanthropic man of wealth, was instrumental in establishing a society at Kirkcudbright, Scotland, in 1815. The system must have proved a steady success, for the number of societies or associations has kept on increasing throughout Great Britain, reaching 2,050 by the year 1851, with an annual income of £4,000,000; and returns made to Parliament show that, in July, 1888, the societies numbered 2,404, with assets of £54,200,620 and a membership of over six hundred thousand.

Edmund Wrigley, a leading American writer on the subject, fixes the date of the introduction of the Building and Loan Association system in this country at about the year 1840. Philadelphia seems to have seized most readily on the idea; but associations were also formed not only in other Northern cities, but in Charleston, Savannah, and other cities in the South and West. At first they

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were organized without the assistance of special statutes regarding them; their managers, for instance, being trustees appointed by deed. But as experience gave wisdom, the aid of the Legislatures was sought; and now in almost, if not quite, every State where interest in the matter has been excited, there are laws governing the organization and management of such corporations. As this legislation generally has not yet reached a state of perfection which requires exact statistical returns, as in the case of bank legislation, the number of these organizations in this country, their membership, and their assets, cannot be given precisely. The following figures are, however, taken from the latest attainable sources.

In New England the number of associations is between 90 and 100. Of these there are 66 in Massachusetts, 15 in Maine, 4 in New Hampshire, 3 in Rhode Island, and 6 or 7 in Connecticut. The assets of the "Co-operative Banks" of Massachusetts on October 1, 1888, were $5,505,072.19, a gain of $1,293,123.33 during the year. The open accounts numbered 983,202. The assets of the Maine associations at the close of the last fiscal year were $187,967.77, a gain in one year of $92,556.58. The shareholders numbered 972. The New York statistics are very inadequate, as only 24 associations filed reports with the State Banking Department in 1888. Judge Seymour Dexter estimated the number last September at 275, and many have been organized since. The report of the New Jersey Labor Bureau for 1886 estimated the total number of associations in that State at 170. The complete returns sent in by 156 of these showed 37,730 shareholders, holding an average of 5½ shares each, with net assets of $9,349,517.46. The number of associations in Pennsylvania is estimated at 900, one-half of which are in Philadelphia. Their shares are estimated to number 1,000,000, with a cash value of $60,000,000. Mr. F. B. Sanborn, in his report to the Social Science Association last September, estimated the number of associations in the old slave-States, outside of Delaware and Maryland, which support a good many, at 250. The first association in Ohio was organized in 1867, and now their number in that State is estimated at over 600. In Illinois, where the first association was organized in 1849, there are more than 450, which lend some $36,000,000 a year to their members. In Minnesota —and especially in St. Paul, where the system dates back to 1869—the associations have proved wonderfully successful. They now number about 125, with an estimated investment of $18,000,000. It is stated that "from eight to ten thousand homes in St. Paul have been in whole or in part secured to their owners with money advanced by the building societies." Michigan supports about 50 associations; California in 1887 had 11, with assets of $2,595,488, and they have found a lodgement as far west as Oregon.

Taking Mr. Sanborn's calculation, there are now from 3,000 to 5,000 of these co-operative organizations in the United States, with a constant investment of $300,000,000; while the accumulation under this plan of saving during the last forty years has amounted to from $500,000,000 to $750,000,000. It is not surprising that the savings banks look on this system as a formidable rival to their own. Mr. Sanborn, estimating the investment in the Minnesota associations at $18,000,000, says: "The deposits in Minnesota savings banks hardly exceed $2,000,000; and the rapid growth of these associations has certainly checked the growth of savings banks there, as it has in Rochester, N. Y., in Buffalo, in Pittsburg, and in every State west of the Alleghanies." A decrease of $893,703 in the deposits of the New York City savings banks in 1888 as compared with 1887, and of $346,322 in those of Brooklyn, is attributed to the recent increase in the number of associations in those cities.

What, now, is this system of co-operation which has stood so long a trial, has won its way so steadily and generally into popular favor, and has produced so wonderful financial results? Why does it commend itself to so many persons of small incomes, and why have failures under it been so rare?

A Building and Loan Association is a corporation, regularly formed in ac-

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cordance with the law of its locality; generally, as I have explained, a statute especially adapted to this form of business. Its officers consist of a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, board of directors, and a counsel. There may be slight variations from this list. For instance, in some associations auditors and appraisers are included in the number of officers annually elected; while in others the auditors are chosen just previous to the close of the official year, to examine the secretary's accounts, and appraisers are appointed from time to time as loans are made. In small towns the secretary is the only salaried officer; in other places a salary is paid both to him and to the treasurer, and in some large associations in New York City and in the West the president receives compensation. Aside from the salaries, the expenses consist of the rent of a room for holding the meetings and receiving the dues, the cost of the necessary printing, and incidentals. Small associations pay rent for a room only one or two evenings in a week. Larger ones require more permanent accommodations. I can cite an association in a suburb of New York City which, in the first two years of its existence, issued 1,869 shares of stock and accumulated assets of $33,061, and whose total expenses for those years were about five hundred dollars. In cities like Philadelphia, where associations are very numerous, and the accounts of many series have to be kept in each, it is customary for one person to be employed as secretary by several, his duties becoming those of a professional accountant. To show the responsibility of such a position, an instance may be mentioned in which the secretary of six associations handled $4,939,728 from 1879 to 1886, inclusive.

The persons composing a Building and Loan Association agree to pay into their treasury a certain sum, at fixed periods, on each share that they own, until their shares through such payments and the accumulated profits reach their par value, or, as it is technically termed, "mature." The stated payments (called "dues"), their frequency, and the par value of the stock vary. The general rule is that $1 shall be paid on every share once a month until a par of $200 is reached. When the shares "mature" the assets in the treasury are divided among the shareholders. Just as fast as the money is paid in it is offered in the shape of loans to the members—and to the members only—the security taken being a mortgage on real estate and an assignment to the association of the borrower's stock. The amount which a member is entitled to borrow equals the par value of his or her shares. Thus, in an association where the par value is $200, a member who wants $1,000 must own five shares. As every member has an equal right to become a borrower, the disposition of the loans is made by putting the money up at auction, from time to time, and awarding the loan to that member who will give the highest premium above the regular interest rate. The Building and Loan Association laws provide that the acceptance of these premiums shall not constitute usury. In order that the dues and interest shall be paid regularly, the by-laws provide that they shall be received only by the secretary, and by him only at the stated meetings; and there is a small fine for a non-payment, which is increased from meeting to meeting, a delinquency for a certain period causing the forfeiture of the stock, or giving ground for the foreclosure of a mortgage.

The interest is paid monthly, and the interest money, with the dues and any other receipts, goes into the treasury, to be loaned at once. It is apparent, therefore, that a Building and Loan Association whose money is in demand not only receives interest constantly on the dues paid in by all the members, but that *it compounds this interest monthly.* Herein lies the chief secret of the profitableness of this system of investment.

To explain more in detail the operations of one of these associations: The regular meeting night finds the secretary seated at his desk, with one or two of the directors at his side as tellers. The members, who are provided with pass-books, as in the case of savings bank depositors, hand in their dues (and interest, if borrowers) to the secretary, who enters the amount, receipts for it with his initials, and announces the name and

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deposit to the tellers, each of whom enters the same in a separate blotter. At the close of the evening each of these blotters must balance with the amount of money in the secretary's hands; if there is any error it is looked for at once. Thus a perfect check is placed upon the secretary. When the money is counted, the secretary pays it over immediately to the treasurer, who is required by the by-laws to deposit it in a designated bank within twenty-four hours. As the treasurer is under bonds, the money is safe while it is in his hands. For greater security it is customary, with some associations, to require the signatures of two directors to the association's checks, in addition to those of the president, secretary, and treasurer. During the course of the evening, when there is money on hand, some officer, usually the president, announces that a loan, or loans, will be made to the highest bidder or bidders. A member who thus becomes entitled to a loan, at once gives to the counsel a description of the property, with a plan of the house, if he intends to build a new one, and the premises are examined, as soon as practicable, by the association's appraisers. When the directors receive the appraisers' report they decide whether the loan is a safe one or not. In reaching this decision each application is considered on its own merits. A private lender would simply inquire if there was a good margin of value above the amount of the loan; but in the case of an association borrower the directors inquire into the applicant's personal character, and find out his employment and his salary or wages. If this results satisfactorily, and the premises proposed to be bought are not beyond the applicant's means, then the directors can take into further consideration the facts that the borrower will begin to pay off his debt at the very next meeting of the association, and that experience has proved that a person who is securing a home in this easy way will make, in most cases, almost any sacrifice rather than see the property pass out of his hands. I have never seen a happier man than a German laborer who stood in front of a little house, just finished, which his Building and Loan Association had put up for him. And the pleasure expressed in his countenance seemed to me a better assurance that he would clear the debt from that house, than the bond of many a richer man would be that the latter would meet his payments. Dr. Keck, the pioneer organizer of these associations in Cincinnati, had to complain a few years ago that the desire for membership there was so great that "many people suffer by it—the butcher, the baker, the doctor, the tenant, the landlord." While this is an admission that the business may be overdone, it also shows how strong is the desire "to own a home" when once the way to do this is opened up to a man to whom it has seemed an impossibility.

Loans are made to members either to purchase houses already erected, to build houses, or to remove existing encumbrances. If a member borrows to build a new house, the money is not paid over to him in bulk, but is paid over to the contractor, on the audit of the owner and the association's building committee, as the work proceeds.

One of the great advantages of these associations as assistants of persons of small means is, that they can safely lend very close to the appraised values. Seventy per cent. to a man of good habits is considered an excellent risk, and Mr. Paine, the Superintendent of the Banking Department of New York State, in a work recently published, says: "It is seldom that a loan of more than eighty per cent. of the appraised value of mortgaged property is absolutely secure."

The earliest Building and Loan Associations contemplated the issue of stock all of the same value, members joining at any time after the date of organization paying back-dues sufficient to effect this; and all the members were to continue the payment of their dues until maturity was reached, when the mortgages of the borrowers were to be cancelled, the non-borrowers would receive the par value of their shares in cash, and the life of the association would end. This was a perfectly feasible scheme, but there were reasons why it did not work with entire satisfaction. As an association grew older, the cash payment required of new members steadily increased, and the growth of

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membership ceased. In the course of time the list of would-be borrowers was exhausted, the funds remained inactive, and at best a large sum had to be accumulated to pay the shares of the non-borrowers. So the life of the association was prolonged beyond the original calculation.

To obviate this difficulty it has been found best to issue shares in successive "series," the present value of the shares of each series being kept equal, the funds of all being loaned together, and the profits being apportioned among the different series according to their age and assets. Such an association is called a "permanent" or "serial" one, the first mentioned a "terminating" one. The frequency of the issue of new series is regulated by the demand—as quarterly, semi-annually, or annually. A "serial" association, too, presents this advantage: A member of an older series who has not borrowed on his shares may withdraw the amount to his credit when it equals the price of a lot, buy his land, enter a younger series, and in it borrow the money to erect his house. Thus a "serial" association is constantly creating for itself a body of borrowers, and borrowers, it must ever be kept in mind, are the life of the system.

The "terminating" plan still finds favor in some places, associations of this kind in Philadelphia being, it is said, for some unexplained reason, most popular among the Germans and Irish. In Reading, Pa., where there are a number, a reason given for not discarding the older plan is that members like to know that "an association *can* wind up and pay all its members," and that the fixing of a date for termination is a check on the concealment of mismanagement. To obviate the disadvantages above referred to, a new association, instead of a new series, is started every year, with practically the same officers, one secretary, for instance, acting for a dozen associations. But with honest management and intelligent book-keeping the serial plan is much less cumbersome.

In some States the total number of shares which an association may issue is limited by law. There are two statutes governing these corporations in New York. The older one (that of 1851) contains no limitation of this kind. By the statute of 1887 the outstanding shares of the value of $200 each cannot exceed 10,000. In Pennsylvania the limit is 2,500 shares of $200 each, and in Massachusetts 5,000 of the same value. In New Jersey, by an amendment passed in 1888, all limitation as to the number of shares to be issued by an association working under the serial plan is removed. Careful writers on the subject point out danger to an association whose shares become too numerous; but this danger, I would say, would be realized only in a large city where the number of associations did not increase, as usual, with the demands for stock. If 2,500 shares seem a small limit, it must be remembered that in a "serial" association there are constant transfers from one series to another, as well as voluntary withdrawals from membership and compulsory retirements.

A word of explanation about the latter. The essence of success in a Building and Loan Association is to keep all the funds in active operation—to have no money lying idle in the bank. But even in a "serial" association, if, as a series approaches maturity, any considerable number of non-borrowing shareholders remain, the officers will have to accumulate a cash fund to meet the matured value of their shares. The number of such investors is in practice found to be smaller than might be supposed, owing to the voluntary withdrawal of shares. But, to provide for an emergency, directors are—or should be—given authority to retire the shares of non-borrowing members from time to time, as their series grow older and the condition of the treasury warrants. The Massachusetts statute requires such withdrawals, and its text on this point may be cited as an illustration:

"The directors may, at their discretion, under rules made by them, retire the unpledged shares of any series at any time after four years from the date of their issue, by enforcing the withdrawal of the same; but whenever there shall remain in any series, at the expiration of five years after the date of its issue, an excess above one hundred unpledged shares, then it shall be the duty of the directors to retire annually

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twenty-five per centum of such excess existing at said expiration of five years after the date of its issue, so that not more than one hundred unpledged shares shall remain in such series at the expiration of nine years from the date of its issue; and thereafter the directors may in their discretion retire such other unpledged shares as they consider the best interests of the bank to require; provided, that whenever under the provisions of this section the withdrawal of shares is to be enforced, the shares to be retired shall be determined by lot, and the holders thereof shall be paid the full value of their shares, less all fines and a proportionate part of any unadjusted loss; provided also that shares pledged for share loans shall be treated as unpledged shares."

To show how, in actual practice, the number of existing shares in older series decreases, I have compiled the following table of the existing number of shares, in six New Jersey associations, from the report of the State Bureau of Statistics of Labor and Industries for 1886:

Number of Shares.

Oldest series....	63	12	48	71	99	5
Next oldest.....	57	17	21	67	76	5
Next oldest.....	62	17	10	55	97	1
Next oldest.....	59	22	10	40	101	8
Next oldest.....	160	18	7	31	161	5
Next oldest.....	207	45	11	97	252	12
Next oldest.....	135	64	31	100	274	29
Next oldest.....	336	44	29	189	197	52
Next oldest.....	385	85	38	411	283	27
Next oldest.....	425	183	55	753	530	96
Next oldest.....	543	257	86	924	608	150
Next oldest.....	...	682	274	...	...	189

Members are allowed to withdraw their shares as they wish, so long as the total demand of this kind does not exceed a fixed limit at any one time; as, for instance, one-half of the dues of a month. This provides against a possible "run" on the association. Withdrawing members receive back their dues paid in, less fines and their share of any losses, and such proportion of accumulated profits as the by-laws of their association may provide. As it is not customary to pay young members who withdraw their full share of profits earned, there is a profit to the remaining members from such voluntary withdrawals. The earlier associations made no provision for the cancellation of mortgages before the maturity of the borrowers' shares, or none except where other members stood ready to borrow the money paid in. But experience showed that many persons were deterred from borrowing of an association without the privilege of removing the encumbrance at their convenience; as, for instance, if an opportunity occurred to make an advantageous sale of the property to some one who wanted to pay cash in full. It is coming to be the practice, therefore, to permit a borrower to pay off his mortgage at any time on a given notice, the money being either loaned again or used in retiring shares.

The most perplexing problem that presents itself to a person whose attention is first directed to the Building and Loan Association system of borrowing is this: How can a member be benefited by a loan on which he pays *a premium*, in addition to the regular rate of interest? It is well, therefore, that this feature of the system be perfectly understood.

At the start it must be remembered, first, that this premium is in reality only a payment made by a borrower for the privilege of having the immediate use of the par value of his shares, for which the non-borrower is obliged to wait a term of years; and, second, that the money in the treasury is put up at auction, in quest of a premium, only in order to give all the members an equal chance to secure it.* In England, and, I think, in this country, other plans of assigning loans have been tried. Sometimes they have been assigned by lot; but, under this scheme, the money would often go to members who did not care to use it, and they would dispose of it to other members at a premium which went into their own pockets. In other associations a list of applicants for loans has been made out, and the money paid over to them in turn; but this did not prove satisfactory.

Again, in considering the premium feature it must be remembered that, as the premiums all go into the common treasury, each payer of a premium shares

* Associations in which a minimum premium is fixed are, I think, very exceptional.

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the premiums paid by all the other borrowers, and that the larger the average premiums, the greater are the profits of the association, and the sooner is the stock matured and the borrower's mortgage cancelled. I have heard the statement made, "I would rather belong as a borrower to an association whose money brings thirty per cent. premium than to one which gets only three or five, because my debt would be so much the sooner discharged." Practically, this only means that such a person is able to make larger payments in order to shorten the time. By the majority of members of such organizations easy payments are most desired.

Courts have held that the fixing of a minimum premium is illegal, but they have held that usury cannot be pleaded when the premium is determined by open competition. Thus the Supreme Court of New York (25 Barb., 263) held: "The statute of usury is repealed as to the taking of premiums, and also to interest on premiums although previously deducted. The greater the premiums and the greater the amount drawing legal interest, the sooner will the association have the necessary funds to pay off all the shares, the shorter will be the life of the association, the number of payments by the borrower will be less, and the mutuality of the whole scheme removes the ordinary objections to the unusual interest." The New York Court of Appeals (1 Abbott's Appeal Decisions, 347) has sustained this reasoning.

But let us look further into the profits of these associations, which premium-paying borrowers share.

If each member of a Building and Loan Association, the par value of whose stock is $200, contributed $1 a month to its treasury, and there were no expenses and no profits, the shares would mature in two hundred months, or sixteen years and eight months. But in a prosperous association, while the expenses are very small, every dollar that comes into the treasury is kept earning other dollars, the interest, as I have explained, being compounded monthly. The profitableness of this system of lending may be seen from the statement that while $1,000 at six per cent., simple interest, will earn only $300 in five years, it will, if the interest is compounded annually, earn $\$338.22\frac{6}{10}$, and, if the interest is compounded monthly, will earn $\$348.83\frac{2}{10}$; and the gain goes on increasing with every successive year. From this cause the members of a Building and Loan Association, instead of waiting sixteen years and eight months for their shares to become worth $200 each, find the par value attained in a much shorter period. And just as soon as this is attained a borrower's mortgage disappears.

Exactly how long a series of shares must run to reach maturity cannot be calculated precisely in advance, because it is impossible to foresee the rate of premiums offered, the expenses, the number of withdrawals, etc. An association—to use Wrigley's illustrations—that (1) makes a profit of ten per cent. per annum on the average time will mature its stock in ten years and ten months; (2) making thirteen and a quarter per cent., will mature in ten years; (3) making twenty-seven per cent., will mature in eight years. In calculating the withdrawal value of shares in associations using the "gross" or "net" system of paying premiums (to be explained hereafter), it is customary in this country to estimate the life of a series at ten years, and in England at twelve years. Albert Shaw, Ph.D., in his papers on "Co-operation in a Western City," published by the American Economic Association, says of the Mechanics' and Workingmen's Loan and Building Association of Minneapolis, which began business in 1874 with a membership of forty-five, and whose receipts are now from $80,000 to $90,000 a year: "The average premium bid for loans has been forty-two and one-eighth per cent., and the final cost to the borrower is about eight per cent., while the 'free holders' (those whose shares remain unpledged to the close of the series) gain about twelve per cent. annual compound interest on their savings." These statements are sufficient to show that the premium need not be a cause of alarm to borrowers in these associations.

But I may illustrate this fact very clearly by simple figures.

Suppose that A and B each borrows $3,000 at the same time, A of a Build-

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ing and Loan Association on fifteen shares at five per cent. premium and six per cent. interest, and B of a private lender at the same rate of interest but without any premium, B to pay his principal at the same time that A's shares mature. Supposing that maturity is reached (1) in ten years and (2) in thirteen years, the two accounts will stand as follows :

1.

A, Paid in monthly dues	$1,800
Paid in interest.....	1,800
Paid in premium	150
Total payments.....	$3,750
B, Principal	$3,000
Interest.....	1,800
Total payments.....	$4,800

2.

A, Paid in monthly dues	$2,340
Paid in interest.....	2,340
Paid in premium	150
Total payments.....	$4,830
B, Principal	$3,000
Interest.....	2,340
Total payments.....	$5,340

Under the first example A pays $1,050 less than B, and under the second $510.

If the person of whom B borrows permits him to pay the interest and $180 (the amount of A's annual dues) of the principal annually, under the system of partial payments, it will require between thirteen and fourteen years to liquidate the debt.

A further analysis of these figures, that is sometimes made in Building and Loan Association prospectuses, is this: A's total payments in ten years being $3,750, and the principal actually borrowed on being $3,000, the total amount he has to charge to interest is $750 for the ten years, or $75 a year, which is at the rate of two and one-half per cent. per annum ; or, if his series runs thirteen years, his interest charge is $1,830, or $140.77 a year, which is at the rate of four and seven-tenths per cent. per annum. Expert accountants, who have been employed by savings institutions to find flaws in the Building and Loan Association system, have made haste to point out that a member of an association continues to pay interest on the whole amount borrowed, while his dues are constantly decreasing that amount, and hence that this is only an apparent interest rate.* But the vital question with a person who borrows a few hundred or thousand dollars with which to secure a home, and which is to be paid back in small instalments, is, " How large a sum out of my income for the next ten or twelve years will be required to make my payments ? " If anyone will lend him the required amount, with the understanding that he is to pay the principal at the end of ten or twelve years and only annual interest meanwhile, can he find any way in which to invest his accumulating principal (if he *does* accumulate it) which will so rapidly increase it to the required amount as the Building and Loan Association increases it for him ? If he is A in the above examples, he will be a good way ahead of his neighbor B financially when their respective debts are paid. A's payments are small, systematic, and at the same time imperative. When he goes home from every meeting of the directors he says, " My house is so much nearer being my own." And when he attends a quarterly or annual meeting of his association at which the profits are reported, and he finds a sum to his credit beyond any that he has paid in, he learns, perhaps for the first time, the secret of making money saved earn other money.

It is quite as easy to show by figures the economy of buying one's house with the assistance of a Building and Loan Association as compared with paying rent. The following statement is only given as a form of comparison ; every prospective borrower can change the figures to suit his own locality.

C and D occupy houses worth $3,000 each (lot, $600, and building, $2,400). C is a tenant, paying $25 per month. D, with $600 in cash, has borrowed $2,400 on twelve shares of a Building and Loan Association, and built his house. Supposing that D's shares mature in twelve

* In what has been called the " Ohio system " the dues paid in are deducted at stated periods from the principal, and interest is charged only on the remainder. As this necessarily prolongs the life of a series, the benefit to the borrower is more figurative than actual.

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years, their accounts at the end of that period will stand thus:

C has paid out $3,600 in rent, and has nothing to show for it.		
D has paid out:	Monthly dues	$1,728
	Interest	1,728
	Premium, five per cent.	120
	Search	50
	Taxes	260
	Insurance	100
	Interest on value of lot.	432
	Total	$4,418

The neighborhood must be a very inactive one where the increased value of the property will not more than offset the cost of repairs. We find, then, that D owns his premises by paying out only $818 more than C, who, at the end of the period named, has nothing to show for his money.

One or two things remain to be said in explanation of the premium system. There is constant discussion among writers on the subject about the advantages and disadvantages of very large premiums. As I have pointed out, *average* high premiums mean larger payments for a shorter time. An element of trouble comes in when high premiums in the early years of an association are followed by low ones later on. Then, evidently, the earlier borrowers pay a higher rate of interest than those who follow them. In actual practice, where no minimum premium is fixed, the amount bid will be regulated by the law of supply and demand. Start a pioneer association in a place of considerable size, where, for the first time, an opportunity is afforded to secure homes under this easy system of payments, and competition will probably run the premiums offered to a high figure; and this rate may be kept up for a good many years in places like St. Paul and Minneapolis, whose growth is rapid and whose accession of wage-earners is constant. But with the demand for loans will certainly come new associations, an enlargement of the loan fund, and a diminution of premiums. Take, for example, the cities of New York and Philadelphia; the former has been very slow to take advantage of this kind of co-operation, most of its existing organizations being only a few years old. Premiums of sixty per cent., and perhaps more, have been paid for loans in New York within the last year. In Philadelphia, Mr. M. J. Brown, editor of *Building Association and Home Journal*, writes me: "Very few associations are obtaining any premium on loans. Good borrowers can obtain all the money needed without a premium. The premium is no longer a factor here."

There are about thirty-five associations in New York City, and some four hundred and fifty in Philadelphia. Hence the difference. High premiums were once as eagerly offered in the latter place as they now are in the former.

There are different ways of paying the premium. Under what is known as the "gross plan" the premium is deducted in advance from the sum that is loaned, while interest is charged on the whole amount. Under the "net plan" the premium is deducted as before, but interest is charged only on the sum which the borrower receives. Under a third system, known as the "instalment plan," the premium is paid in monthly instalments. This last plan avoids many difficulties encountered under the others, as in calculating the value of shares at any time, and I think it would be well for every new association to adopt it. A fourth method, sometimes practised, is to issue to a borrower additional stock whose par value shall equal the premium paid; this makes his payments of dues on the additional stock instalment payments. Still another plan which has been tried is to have the rate of interest determined by competition. This is again the instalment plan. A premium of five per cent. on the gross plan is equal to about eight cents per month on the instalment plan.

At first glance it might seem as if there was unfairness in the positions occupied in an association by the two classes of members, the borrowers and the non-borrowers, the former sharing the premiums and interest paid by the latter. But this is a superficial view. I doubt if any association is ever organized in these days in which those members who wish to borrow at one time

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supply the requisite sum in dues; so that immediate borrowers require the non-borrowers' assistance. Besides, a large class of borrowers is supplied from among those who may be mere investors at the start. As most associations lend only on first mortgage, requiring a borrower to own a fee in the land, many persons purchase shares who own no land and have no money to buy any, and very likely never would have any without the aid of some systematic plan of saving. But after they have been non-borrowing members for a certain time, they find that their savings are large enough to enable them to buy the coveted piece of land. So they withdraw their accumulations, secure their lots, take shares in a new series, and become borrowers in turn. The non-borrowers, too, are, or should be, liable to peremptory retirement whenever their assistance is no longer necessary.

Considered abstractly as a beneficial feature in a community, an association of this kind would be commendable if it only induced a number of persons to lay aside small sums every month, without paying them any profits. And it is the cultivation of the habit of saving which is one of the best arguments in favor of the Building and Loan Association system, especially as such associations can be formed where the establishment of a savings bank would be impracticable.

If complete statistics of these associations in this country and in Great Britain were available they would prove the safety of the system by showing the very small number of failures under it. But this plan of investment has not, in every case, worked satisfactorily, and it is well to consider the disappointments in order to warn investors and managers that it is possible to go astray.

I am informed that in the Western States and in Massachusetts, where so many associations have been for years in operation, no instance of a failure is on record. In the early history of the associations in Pennsylvania some of them did not work out satisfactorily; but this was because of ignorance in their Board of Directors. The premiums were paid on the "gross plan," and early retiring members were allowed so large a share of the apparent immediate profits that those who remained "came short," and the date of maturity was unduly prolonged. The largest list of failures and the fullest history of their causes are to be found in New York State.

Before the year 1851 several associations were organized in this city without the assistance of a legislative enactment. The popularity of the idea became so great that an "act for the incorporation of building, mutual loan, and accumulating fund associations" was passed by the Legislature in 1851, and it is stated that by 1856 one hundred and twenty-four of them were doing business in this State, while already it appears that more than thirty had gone out of existence. A reaction set in, and complaints by members were so frequent that the Legislature in 1855 appointed a special committee to investigate the subject and ascertain the cause of the trouble. Their report is numbered 46 in volume iii. of Assembly Documents. This report specifies two causes "which have had much to do with the creation and embarrassment of these associations." The one "was the commercial activity which followed the discoveries on the Pacific," and the other, "the commercial crisis consequent upon an extended trade which those discoveries had seemed to warrant." In the time of inflation almost everybody felt able to assume the responsibility of the payment of dues and interest, as well as a liberal premium. When hard times came members could not meet their payments, and when they found that their investments were likely to be lost through foreclosure, they appealed to the courts and the Legislature for relief. This cause of trouble might have affected only the defaulting members, and not the associations as a whole, but many of the early associations accepted second mortgages as security, and this, the report says, was one fruitful source of complaint. Mismanagement by the officers was also charged. The rush of withdrawals was so great that in some associations the receipts were put up at auction, and the person who would take the smallest sum for his

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shares was paid off first. The evils of the system seemed so great to this committee that they recommended a repeal of the act.

Judge Seymour Dexter, in a paper read last autumn before the Social Science Association, cited some failures outside of New York City. The first association organized in Rochester, in 1852, was wound up, having failed to realize the expectations of its members, probably from the causes just named. The next effort in that city was made nineteen years later, and in the ensuing years a number of associations were organized there; but some "Building Lot Associations," which had in view a real-estate speculation, were also founded there at the same time. The latter came to grief, and having been confounded in the public understanding with Building and Loan Associations, these received much injury. Two or three associations in existence in Albany in 1871 lost heavily through bad management, some of their loans having been made on second mortgages. One association organized in Elmira and another in Waverly, in 1871, were closed before maturity, with consent of the stockholders. An association started in Elmira, in 1875, began with by-laws accepting no premium of less than $40 a share (twenty per cent.). There was great demand for the stock at first, but when, after four or five years, the borrowing slackened, the minimum rate of premium was reduced one-half without obviating the trouble. Eight years ago the minimum premium was abolished entirely, and, we are told, "from that time the association began to grow in popularity. Its money was readily loaned, and, while it received only $62 on $40,750 borrowed in 1887, and $232 on $60,000 borrowed in 1868, it is maturing a series of shares every year to the satisfaction of its shareholders, ninety-five per cent. of whom are wage-earners." The age of each series is about eleven years. This Elmira example is worthy of study by anyone who thinks that large premiums are necessary to an association's prosperity.

Of the unsuccessful early New York associations, all, I believe, were organized on the "terminating and gross premium" plan.

The Legislature of Connecticut caused an investigation of the associations in that State to be made some thirty years ago, and in 1860 they were forbidden to receive deposits after January 1, 1862. In 1865 they were required to return their deposits to the shareholders by July 1, 1886. The system is, however, becoming popular again in that State.

Mr. C. F. Southard, of New York, who is assisting in the organization of many associations in this State, read a paper on "The Dangerous Side of Building Associations" before the American Social Science Association last September. In this he pointed out, as "the three leading dangers which menace this plan of banking in all the States to-day," the following: (1) Permitting a single member to hold a large number of shares of stock and borrow on them; (2) the plan in general use of deducting the bonus bid from the sum borrowed; (3) the almost utter lack of knowledge by directors of the simple principles governing finance, and a criminal carelessness in the matter of informing themselves in reference to the same. But, when well managed, Mr. Southard calls this system "the grandest, simplest, and most successful plan of co-operation ever made practicable in the two hemispheres."

The safety or the risk of this system of investment is increased directly in proportion as its original purpose is adhered to or departed from. As a means of speculation it should take no part. Well-managed associations limit the amount of stock which one member may hold, and, consequently, the amount of money which he can borrow. In some States this limit is fixed by law, as in Massachusetts, where the maximum is twenty-five shares; the New York act of 1875 limits the number of shares which a person may hold in one series to ten unpledged and twenty pledged.

Some localities are much better adapted to this form of co-operation than others. It would have a poor field in a Newport or a Lenox, where there is no considerable body of wage-earners. The more expensive land is in any place, the larger are the loans required by each member and the greater is the risk to the lender. The limited area of New York City makes it a less available

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field than Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Paul, and largely, for this reason, it has been called a city of tenements, while the others boast that they are cities of homes. Where the membership is made up principally of persons who are not strictly wage-earners the officers are likely to be men on whose time there are many demands, and who are not, therefore, regular in their attendance on the meetings. Complaints on this ground are made in regard to some New York City associations, and they are serious.

Another warning ought not to be overlooked. Attracted by the success of the honestly co-operative associations, corporations have been formed in several States to carry on the business on a "national" plan, as it is styled; that is, to conduct a money-loaning scheme under the guise of a Building and Loan Association, but to lend money in all parts of the country, and to secure profits to persons who are not contributors of dues. These "national" associations are attracting much attention in the West, and the genuine Building and Loan Associations, realizing that they must suffer from the unsatisfactory dealings of such imitators, are moving against them. In Illinois an act is now before the Legislature, and will doubtless be passed, prohibiting associations organized outside of the State from doing business in it, and the State associations from doing business outside of the State's limits. The Savings Bank Commissioners of Massachusetts have ruled that loans can be made by the co-operative banks only on real estate within the State.

Building and Loan Associations have a value to any community aside from their pecuniary aspect, which is always recognized wherever they have been established.

Albert Shaw, Ph.D., in vol. i., No. 4, Publications of the American Economic Association, says:

"The success of the Building Societies in St. Paul is quite as complete, all things considered, as in the Pennsylvania cities. They have become an accepted local institution, destined to play a growingly important part in the building up of the city, and in the development of thrift and providence among wage-earners. . . . But even more important than their mere material achievements for the city, and for their members individually, has been their social and moral value, in counteracting the tendency of a city population to wider divergence between rich and poor, and to the development of a proletariat class. The typical American citizen is a free-holder, and has a home which is his castle. His independence and his virtue depend not a little upon his worldly condition. The Building Society is above all things to be commended as a conservator of the home and family institutions that underlie all our national greatness and power."

F. A. Richards, Bank Examiner in Maine, in a report of this year on the associations of that State, says:

"The key to the almost uniform success of Building and Loan Associations is to be found in the intimate relations which they hold to shareholders, and especially to borrowers. Not only do they make it possible for persons having but small incomes to build homes for themselves by loaning money on unfinished property, as the money is needed to advance the work, repayable in small instalments, but they exercise a scrupulous supervision over the interests of the borrower. The condition and situation of his property, the plans of the architect, the estimates, the character of the contractor, the building material, the work of the builder—all are carefully inspected by competent judges, and subject to their approval. The Building and Loan Association thus forms a supervisory board, whose assistance to the borrower is invaluable. . . . The educational character of these institutions is far from being one of their least important features."

Willis S. Paine, LL.D., Superintendent of the Banking Department of New York State, in the introduction to his recently published work on the New York laws relating to Building Associations, says:

"These associations serve as a barrier against the dangerous paternalism urged on the State by men of questionable statesmanship, and they become likewise the foes of communism, creating habits of accumulation and assuring the privacy of homes. Such organizations become

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indirectly valuable moral agencies as a partial solution of the tenement-house problem, and hence are worthy of careful attention. The independent home secures removal from immoral tendencies, the adornment of domestic life, and full sway for the influence of wise training and good example. Whatever helps to remove the youth of the nation from the terrible and ever-present temptations of many of the crowded tenement-dens, from the accustomed debaucheries of drunken wretches in neighboring rooms, and from the shamelessness of those who oftentimes exist in them, works blessings for the peace and prosperity of the State. They are not a cure-all, however, but may, if loosely managed, prove a serious injury to the frugal and industrious wage-earners who invest in them."

The Chief of the New Jersey Bureau of Statistics of Labor and Industries said, in his Report for 1886:

"From the reports which have been forwarded to the Bureau these New Jersey associations are generally in a very prosperous condition, and a great benefit, not only to the individual members, but to the community at large; for they are increasing the number of tax-paying, property-owning citizens, and making it comparatively easy for an industrious working-man to own a home."

AT THE TOMB OF A POET.

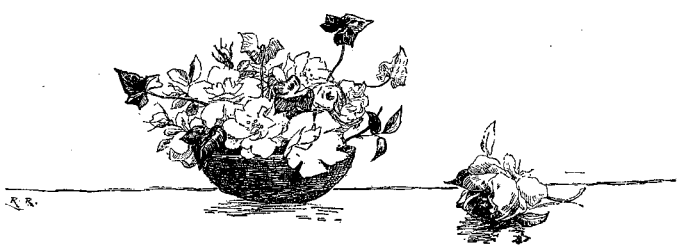
By Mary A. P. Stansbury.

Here lies Hipponax, the poet; if thou art worthless, draw not nigh his tomb; but if thou art honorable and of fair descent, come! sit here boldly, and, if thou wilt, slumber.—*Theocritus.*

Standing at Hipponax' grave
By the ever-sounding wave—
Silent singer, centuries three
Sleeping at Clazomenæ—
To the passing stranger thus
Spake the wise Theocritus:
"Soft! the poet lying dead
Sought no favor, knew no dread.
If within thy soul abide
Evil which thou fain wouldst hide,
Venture not! lest waken here
Eyes that, living, saw too clear.
Leave him of late peace possest,
Draw not near to break his rest!

"But if, named from worthy line,
Thou hast kept thy birthright-sign,
And a heart unstained with guilt—
Come, and linger as thou wilt!
Suit the question on thy lip
To this mute companionship.
Wiser-tongued this silence is
Than the schoolmen's rivalries.

"Tremble not, though slumber press
On thy lids forgetfulness;
Sleepers twain shall Nature guard—
Draw her coverlet of sward
Closer o'er his quiet bed,
Screen from garish light thy head
With the boughs of olive-trees
Sighing to the sighing breeze;
Thou above, and he below—
Which the sweeter dreams may know?"



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SPRING IN WINTER.

By Edith M. Thomas.

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

Deep in the heart of savage Winter lies,
  Untracked and fair, a realm of halcyon dreams.
  Limpid and free run on the talking streams—
With bloomy drift the stooping tree replies.
Ofttimes a wood-sprite in a thrush's guise
  Eludes all search, though near its rapture seems;
  And morning meadows, where the dew yet gleams,
Look heavenward, vivid with a thousand eyes.

Last night Sleep bore me to this charm-wrapt place,
  Where thou (sovereign of joy and peace alway)
    Wast gathering cool white florets born of May.
Of these one dazzled with so strange a grace
  That I besought thee tell its name and race.
    Thou smiling saidst, "It is the Eye of Day."

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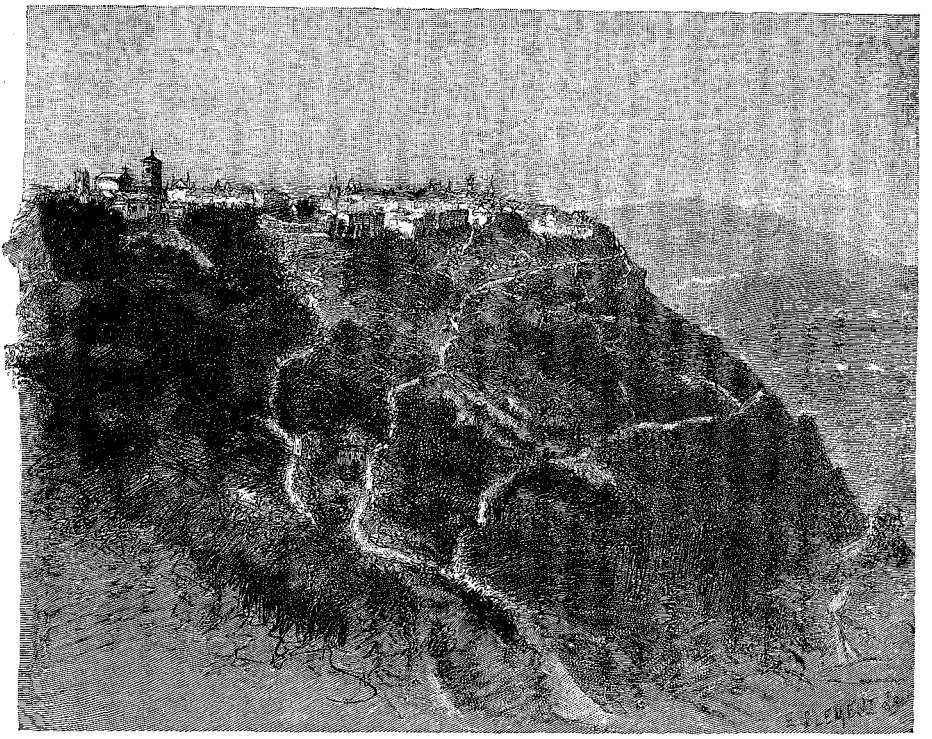

View of Castrogiovanni from Careo Rock.

CASTROGIOVANNI.

By A. F. Jacassy.

IN order to appreciate the giant strides toward civilization and progress that southern Italy has made, we should read the authors—Taine, for instance—who described it before the Unification.

The abolition of the autocratic dynasty of the Bourbons (whose home policy might be described as: "Give the people perfect liberty to amuse themselves, but forbid them absolutely to think or to educate themselves") has been the signal for the transformation of a decadent feudal society into a living modern society—a real revolution, as radical as the French Revolution of 1789, but infinitely better, inasmuch as it has been accomplished gradually, without violent shocks and without riots. Of course it is quite evident that the regeneration of a people which has been enslaved and degraded for centuries is a question of time, but we must also take into account that in Italy, and above all in southern Italy, the work of regeneration is aided by the lively intelligence of this half-Greek, half-Roman race of which Alfieri could say that perhaps nowhere else in the world does the human plant flourish mentally and physically in such vigor and completeness. To-day, as during the time of the Bourbons, the social and political struggle is between education and ignorance, but the sceptre has passed from the hands of the nobles and the clergy into those of an enlightened and liberal middle class; accordingly all has changed, and parliamentary institutions have begun to show results that have surpassed the most sanguine expectations. The army, for instance, which everywhere else in Europe is only a blood-tax, a crushing burden that devours the resources of the state, and paralyzes during their best years the energies of its most precious citizens, is here a great school which teaches the meaning of Fatherland and effaces narrow and provincial ideas. The railroads,

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built, as in America and contrary to European custom, in districts where there are no highways, are like great connecting links that bind together and give a common life to the scattered members of the fatherland; and now this sacred name, a symbol of union, is revered everywhere, and provincial appellations have lost their narrow antique meaning.

A recent event proves this. The writer was in Sicily when the news of the massacre of the Italian troops at Dogali in Africa wrung the heart of the nation. Even in the humblest cottages the sad event was discussed and resented like a personal injury, and the whole country declared itself energetically willing to make great sacrifices to avenge the national honor. Compare this with the state of public feeling twenty years before, when the struggle with Austria for the liberation of Venetia hardly aroused even a feeling of curiosity in the mass of the Southern population.

Freed at last from her fetters, proud of her unity, conscious of her increasing strength, and of the progress that she has made, young Italy feels stir within her an ambition, descended from that ambition which made Rome so great and so redoubtable in the history of the world. Under this powerful and vivifying impulse all is transformed; waste territory is reclaimed; agriculture, which was unprogressive, becomes intelligent and scientific; great manufactories are started all over the peninsula; Rome, Naples, Palermo, Catania, are fast becoming great modern cities where the constantly increasing value of real estate has enriched as many far-seeing business men as in our young Western towns, St. Paul or Kansas City.

This material transformation has only encountered one class of bitter enemies—the artists, those eternal lovers of the crumbling, the wretched, the old! When they saw the cutting of wide streets through the old, unhealthy, but picturesque quarters they shrieked like devotees who saw the axe raised against a venerated sanctuary. Looking at the matter from their point of view, and avoiding exaggeration, one can but admit that they were right to protest against an abuse of utilitarianism, and against those straight lines of tall houses which have neither character nor beauty, and after all look like nothing but boxes pierced with holes. To do them justice, their opposition has prevented many excesses, and it is to be hoped that they may guide the modern current; but as to stopping it, as some fanatics desire, that fortunately cannot be done. The old monuments will be respected, but the rags of the past are bound to disappear.

At the present time it is only in a few remote corners of Calabria or of Sicily that one can still find the customs and manners of the past, scarcely modified by contact with the ideas of to-day, set in a frame of ruins, and as untouched by modern improvements as the most fastidious artist could desire. Ruined cities—Syracuse, Selinus, Agrigentum, Sybaris—that have shrunk into a corner of their antique foundations remain like the vestiges of a bygone time, just enough of them left to mark a place wherein to localize famous episodes, or the illustrious men with whom we lived so familiarly in our college days, whose names awake deep and powerful echoes in the memory—Archimedes, Regulus, Hannibal, Scipio, Belisarius, etc.

Of all such cities there is not one which is as little known, and which nevertheless has played such a continuous and varied rôle on the world's stage, as Castrogiovanni, the ancient Enna, which had the great honor of giving birth to the first civilization within the memory of Europe, that same civilization that a small Greek nation was to bring to perfection and to light the world with.

From the sublime crater of Etna, raised into the upper regions of air, looking over sky and sea, the eye takes in the whole perimeter of Sicily, and in the midst of its mountain-ranges and its valleys,—that resemble the waves of a stormy sea petrified by some mysterious power,—there appears as a great vessel, solitary and mighty, anchored in the midst of these petrified surges, a crag shaped like a truncated cone. It is on this rock, whose situation in the centre of the island caused it to be called by the Greeks the navel of Sicily, that Castrogiovanni is perched, like a true eagle's nest, in an impregnable position. We reach it from the rail-

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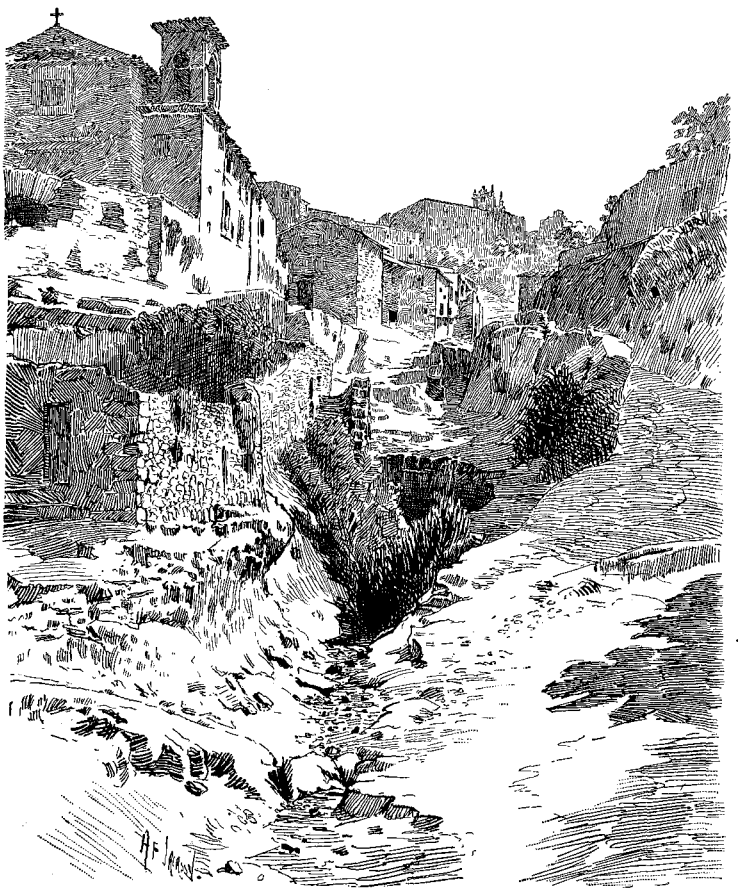
way station in the valley below by means of an antediluvian diligence, springless and creaking, that makes us



An Old Street.

think of and regret our old Concord coaches. There is some compensation, however, and if the means of transport are rather primitive the view at least is superb. As we rise from the burning atmosphere of the plain the air becomes fresher and cooler, the road stretches out before us in tortuous windings, like a white ribbon, dappled alternately by sun and shadow, through dark woods, by fine wheat-fields, kitchen-gardens filled with wild-flowers, and gladdened by a multitude of singing-birds. Noisy brooks dash through the ravines. Nothing can be more prosperous and fruitful.

Caravans of asses and mules, men, women riding astride meet us, and already in these brief encounters the Sicilian character reveals itself. These people do not speak nor smile; they have nothing of that Southern exuberance that makes such unexpected meetings so gay in Italy; foreign domination, especially that of the Arabs and Spaniards, who occupied this country for several centuries, has left deep traces on this people. Instead of the gay songs that one hears everywhere in the Italian provinces there comes to us, quite melancholy and softened by the distance, a plaintive chant, a kind of melopœia in a minor key much akin to the Arab Cantilena or the Andalusian Malagueñas. Still we climb; sombre walls stand out on the height; the horizon grows wider. Calascibetta, a neighbor-

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ing village, spreads out beneath us its mass of formless buildings like the scales of a gigantic saurian on its crumbling rock; the mountains stretch out farther and farther, and the mighty and calm forms of these colossi expand in the infinite azure; each has its own individuality and a different color; some are dark and tawny, with great patches of verdure, others in the distance are blue and violet, the farthest are airy and diaphanous in their vaporous robes of light, here and there are a few white peaks, and the moving shadows of the clouds dapple them superbly.

We arrive, finally, where in the calm of lofty summits the poor fallen city sleeps. No sign of life, no sound disturbs her, and one seldom sees an occasional passer-by, a horseman with his gun on his shoulder, dressed in dark clothing, who watches you out of the corners of his eyes as though you were an enemy. The grass grows between the broken paving-stones of the streets; climbing plants cling to the half-ruined walls; we feel as though we had entered a necropolis, and involuntarily we become thoughtful. Scattered about everywhere old convents and monasteries attract the attention by their massive walls; their windows of divers shapes have most fantastic iron gratings which formerly served to protect their inmates from the curiosity of the public, and which to-day are only handsome ornaments. There are also many churches; but, with the exception of several palaces, dwellings of the old families of the aristocracy, the rest of the houses are very small and mean. This is a significant commentary on the life of past centuries, and on the conditions that lasted until the middle of this century in many European countries; the churchmen and a few great lords were all-powerful, the wretched and enslaved populace was a mere beast of burden. We can form some idea of the burdens that weighed down the people, when we learn that there was in this little town of barely twenty thousand inhabitants, according to the largest estimate, something like three hundred convents, monasteries, and churches; which, including the women and children, gives a proportion of one of these institutions to every sixty-six inhabitants; and when we consider that in certain monasteries there were great numbers of monks, and that most of them were supported by taxes and local alms, it will be readily understood that the condition of the people was anything but prosperous. All this is now ancient history. The possessions of the clergy have been declared national property by the new government, and have been sold at auction; only a few buildings have been spared, and in them the last monks may die in peace. As to the churches which have become the property of the communes, three-fourths of them have been abandoned.

A Fair-time Study.

The handsomest buildings are in the rich quarter of the town, which is built on a plateau of the mountain; if one only walks through this part of the city one has no idea of what Castrogiovanni really is—to see it we must go to where the hovels, piled up one above the other, cling to the side of the rock, and into the little alleys—for more fantastic or more filthy streets than those that separate these lines of houses it is impossible to imagine. They are winding paths only practicable to goats and chamois, always going up or down hill; now they run between two walls where there is hardly room to pass, now one side of the street overhangs a real precipice; a loathsome

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channel crawls between the rocks that obstruct its passage; to cross it we must jump from stone to stone, and woe to him who is not sure-footed; poor overloaded asses timidly pick their steps on these slippery slopes, and pigs, in spite of the municipal decree, splash about in the filth in the middle of the path. Doors are open here and there, and in the gloomy depths beyond them we can just make out some formless objects, broken household utensils covered with dust; dirty, tattered children wallowing in the mud; lean and decrepit old women; young girls, clothed in rags, with unkempt black hair and brilliant eyes, who run away at our approach like shy animals vaguely alarmed by an unfamiliar object. Seeing all this, how the heart swells with pity and disgust. Is this, then, all that is left of a great and glorious past?

A Fortune Teller—Fair Time.

To recover ourselves we must go to the Belvedere, from which a magnificent panorama is to be seen, or, better still, to the castle which lies at the culminating point of the plateau. There the old fortress, built long before the days of Athens and Rome, and restored in turn by the Greeks, the Romans, the Arabs, and the Normans, lies sunk beneath the weight of centuries in a heap of weather-beaten ruins; the bright verdure of the young trees, the grass that has overrun it everywhere, give it a venerable and charming aspect. If we climb to the top of a tower, built by the Greeks and still well preserved, we shall find at our feet the ruins of the first temple in the world that was built to Ceres, to the Goddess who was the personification of organized labor, of civilization, and of the city. On the southern slope of the mountain are the caverns in which lived the men of prehistoric times, which sheltered later and continue to shelter the unfortunate who are too poor to pay the rent of even a hovel. All around are deep valleys, and the immense horizon shows us range upon range of mountains, with the majestic snow-crowned pyramid of Etna towering above them. How pleasant is the peace, the grand serenity of nature in this landscape that is so eloquent in its silence, and with what gentle philosophy one can look back on vanished centuries and generations, on the great individuals who have lived and thought here, on the multitudes they influenced, and the institutions they established!

Science has retraced in the most conclusive manner the history of the first steps of humanity, in the instruments of rough stone, of polished silex, of coarsely worked iron found in many

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localities, and proving the presence of man in such regions. The soil of Enna, its many grottos, the construction of which shows them to be of remote antiquity, are full of these sacred relics that prove that on this very mountain primitive men felt the first needs and began the hard struggle for existence. Fable, that personified allegory retaining the substance of facts, has transmitted their earliest traditions and preserved their memory: thus Homer poetically, and no doubt with exaggeration, describes the primitive Sicilian in the myths of the Latophagi, who wandered about in the woods, the Lastrigoni, who were shepherds, and the Cyclops, or cave-dwellers. They were veritable savages, living alone or in families with no law except that of might, and with no social relations except those entailed by necessity. According to history, reinforced by the testimony of Thucydides, this prehistoric epoch was followed by the invasion of the Sicani. All that we know of them is that they were of Asiatic origin, and though it is almost impossible to fix the date of their arrival in the island, the German and Italian scholars agree in placing it toward the year 2200 B.C.* History and fable unite in connecting the introduction of the worship of Ceres with the invasion of the Sicani. Naturally tradition has fixed a definite period for the establishment of a civilization that must have stammered and struggled for centuries before attaining definite expression; the legend tells us that Ceres married the chief of the Sicani and taught him how to make the soil tributary to him.

Ceres, the personification of agriculture, loses Proserpine, the seed, because the seed is confided to the earth; it is taken from her by Pluto, because fire, the generative force of the globe, preserves and develops the seed. After six months Ceres recovers her daughter, because in this period of time the seed germinates, grows, and matures. From this we can conclude that the Sicani became agriculturists and as a natural consequence land-owners, for if the ground, according to Locke and so many others, is common to all, cultivated ground, that which alone is fertile, becomes the property of him who cultivates it. The sacerdotal caste, after having interpreted for the people, in a manner calculated to strike the imagination and to be easily understood, the marvellous transformations of the seed, and having in so doing established a religion, continued the work and organized a society, assigning his place to each man, defining the duties of citizens to each other, and establishing law. It was not until this was done that barbarism disappeared; it was then only, according to Diodorus Siculus, that "instead of brute force the voice of the judges put an end to disputes, then property became inviolable, and under the protection of the laws man was encouraged to perfect his work; then the hearths of the father-land became inviolate" (Diod., lib. i., chap. ii.; lib. v., chap. ii.; lib. xii., chap. ii.).

The Belvedere.

The government of Enna was oligar-

* Cesare Balbi, Somm. Ital. Hist., and G. B. Niebuhr, Roman Hist.

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chic, but wisely tempered by the supreme authority of the people; it was composed of a senate and of executive magistrates, nominated by universal suffrage, but their authority was sensibly limited; on important occasions all the citizens met to deliberate and decide the matter at issue (Cicero and Livy). Such wise institutions formed a proud, moral, and self-respecting people. Cicero, who knew them well, pays them this high tribute: "They are not only citizens, but all are priests," showing what a civilizing influence the worship of the gentle Ceres possessed. This homogeneous society was so solidly established that it resisted the influence of centuries of invasion, and of changes in the supreme power. Its form of government was respected by all until the arrival of the Normans in the eleventh century, and the worship of Ceres was publicly exercised until the year 1413 A.D., when a Spanish and Catholic king (two terms that are almost always synonymous in history), Martin I., desirous of supplanting it, employed a curious stratagem, which shows how deeply rooted this religion was in the hearts of the inhabitants. He had the revered statue of the goddess secretly burned at night, having provided to replace it a magnificent image of the Virgin, painted and decorated with gold and silver. The dates of the old legendary festivals were scrupulously respected, and the statue of the mother of Christ presided over almost the same ceremonies. The names alone were changed. The feasts of Seed-time and Harvest took the names of saints, and they are still celebrated to-day with pagan details.

Her early days were the happiest period in the history of Enna. Her inhabitants had the rare good sense to be satisfied with what they had and to refrain from fighting except in self-defence. The title of Urbs applied to Enna proves that her domain extended over a large neighboring territory. This tributary land was fertile and enriched the citizens, who, protected by the impregnable position of their town, peacefully enjoyed the benefits of well-organized social conditions.

Old Saracene House—A Remnant of the Arab Occupation.

But the tiny nation of the Greeks (whom these inhabitants of Enna had civilized, since it was from Sicily and consequently from Enna that the worship of Ceres passed into Greece), stirring and ambitious, feeling the need of expansion, a passion for which in the end all the governments of the world have paid dearly—the Greeks conquered southern Italy and passed into Sicily. Enna was too rich a prey, her military position was too important, to be disdained; and after many battles she succumbed. Several centuries later the Carthaginians drove out the Greeks and in their turn were succeeded by the Romans. In the ninth century the Arabs took the city from the feeble grasp of

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the Lower Empire, and she submitted to the yoke of all the powers that succeeded them in the island, the Normans, the French of the house of Anjou, the German Emperors of the house of Suabia, the Spaniards, and the Bourbons.

All around the old castle on the steep slopes of the mountain, in the depths of the valley lying just where they were hurled by the catapults, are huge stones. Small leaden missiles thrown by the slings, marked with Greek and Roman letters, Norman and Arab arms, helmets, horse ornaments, lie here and there on the ground or scarcely covered by a little earth. The peasants who pick them up sell them for a few pence; several years ago they disdained them. In a short time only a few specimens will remain, scattered about in museums or the cabinets of collectors. It is to be regretted that some loving hand has not gathered up these relics of the past, and left them here where they could preserve all the eloquence of mute things and serve as a kind of living commentary on the ruins and the reminiscences of Castrogiovanni. But one reflects that a time will come when even these relics will fall into dust and when Nature, that invincible conqueror, will reign absolute mistress, while not the slightest trace will remain of the efforts of many generations of men. Occupied as we are by the trifling details of our short life, we do not understand this eternal goddess, who is hardly stained or scratched by the ephemeral constructions that we lay upon her and that in our pride we believe built for centuries. Such reflections in such a place make one feel something of the sadness that oppressed the heart of Leopardi the evening of a feast-day when he heard, dying away in the distance, the solitary song of the peasant that recalled to him the voice of the people of other times, and he thought that everything on earth passes away like a dream.

How many summer days have I spent on the summit of this tower, re-reading the accounts of the historians and seeking to reconstruct in the calm of the present the tumultuous scenes of former times! Nothing can describe the marvellous splendors of the landscape. In the morning when the sun pierced through the mist, and the distant gorges, ravines, mountains, valleys, watercourses, lakes, forests, and fields, all the riches of the fruitful mother came clearly into sight. Darting forth and striking the stone foundations of the temple of Ceres, the first beams of the sun kindle a conflagration there, which is instantly reflected, dispersing its splendors on all sides. The gray-blue of the sky changes to a lively even-tinted azure, and the glowing earth is resplendent. Scattered over the verdure the tears of night burn like diamonds. All nature feels the fiery yoke of the sun, and as if to salute him the trees, touched for the last time by the dying night-breeze, bend their rustling branches. Later in the day the overheated earth cracks and splits, the details of the landscape are obliterated under a sort of bluish veil, and the mountains rise one behind the other as far as eye can see bathed in a warm light like that the poet describes in the Elysian field. *Lumine vestit purpureo*—it is literally true to nature; it swathes the mountains like a thin gauze.

It was there right at my feet upon a bare plateau, where, on a level with the

soil, stones arranged in a circle denoted the site of a theatre, that the Romans gave one of those proofs of the clever policy and cold-blooded cruelty in which their history abounds. One of their writers has left us the story of it. Toward the year 214 B.C., at the time when the Consul Marcellus besieged Syracuse, Enna, allied with the Romans was occupied by the Prefect Lucius Pi-

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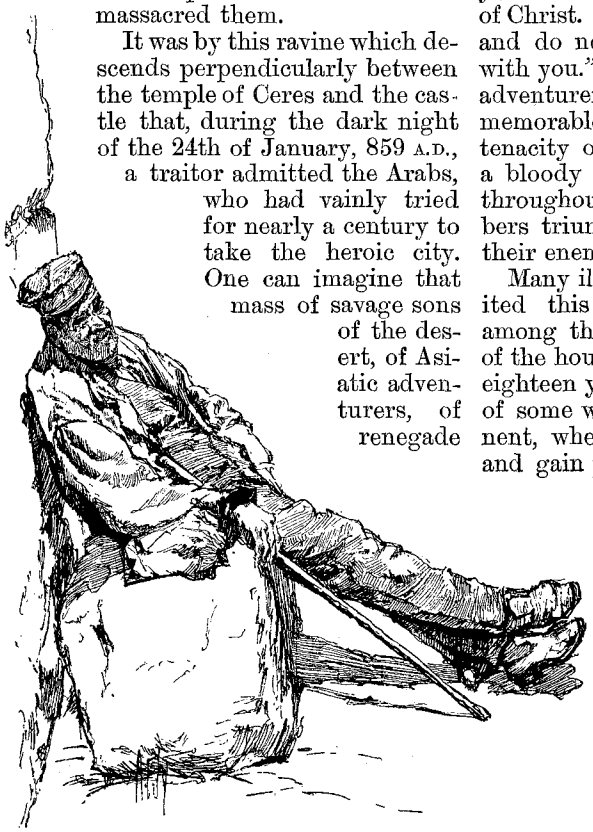
narius, "a tried soldier and one who, to escape being deceived, relied rather upon himself than upon the fidelity of the Sicilians." The inhabitants demanded the keys of the city illegally retained by the Prefect, arguing that good faith was the surest bond between good allies, and that the possession of the keys was after all only a formality which had no other end in view than that of maintaining their dignity and of showing that they were not conquered rebels, but friends and allies. One must read the detailed account of Livy, who tells how the Prefect, without any proofs, feared a revolt on the part of these same inhabitants who had called the Romans into their city and had put it under their protection; how he brought them together in the theatre under the pretext of finding out whether their formulated wish was really that of the majority of the citizens; how his soldiers, stationed about the edifice, at a given signal threw themselves upon the multitude and massacred them.

It was by this ravine which descends perpendicularly between the temple of Ceres and the castle that, during the dark night of the 24th of January, 859 A.D., a traitor admitted the Arabs, who had vainly tried for nearly a century to take the heroic city. One can imagine that mass of savage sons of the desert, of Asiatic adventurers, of renegade Christians, of old emirs, of wild dervishes, the great turbans of dazzling colors, the silken vests embroidered with arabesques, the damascened arms sparkling with silver, that ferocious horde in all the exultation of rapid and marvellous conquests, accustomed to massacre and rapine, creeping noiselessly along the narrow path like a band of tigers eager for blood.



A Beggar.

Two centuries later Roger, the Norman, type *par excellence* of the "Condottiere," audacious and great fighter but crafty politician, a real Machiavelli in deeds, obtained possession of the town. After a severe struggle at the foot of the valley Roger harangued his little troop in these words: "Do not hesitate to attack this host. Has not the Redeemer said, 'If you have faith, command the mountains and they will move.' The mountain which you have before you is not made of stone but of vileness, of heresy, and of iniquity. Confess your sins; receive the body and blood of Christ. Seize the lance and the sword, and do not doubt of victory; God is with you." And his handful of valiant adventurers furnished one of the most memorable examples of the courageous tenacity of the Norman race, and after a bloody day, the issue of which was throughout doubtful, their small numbers triumphed over the multitude of their enemies.

Many illustrious persons have inhabited this old fortress, and foremost among them was Frederic the Second, of the house of Suabia. When scarcely eighteen years old he made a halt there of some weeks on his way to the Continent, where he was going to fight for and gain possession of the German Imperial Crown. This philosopher-king of the thirteenth century, whom Dante the theologian puts into the Bolgia of the heretics, and whom Dante the historian salutes as "illustrious hero," was, like his homonym of the house of Prussia, a poet and artist, legislator and warrior, great in all, and it is upon few men that nature has lavished, as upon him, the gifts of the spirit and of the mind, gifts

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which, increased and refined by the school of early adversity, are rarely known by those born to power.

Emiliano Giudice, the Italian historian, speaking of him says: "Frederic was the man whom Italy needed, the Messiah of God, whom the peoples had long awaited to uplift the ancient and venerated queen of nations, to break the chains with which the barbarians had loaded her, and to rid her of Byzantine decrepitude. A rival power, however, degenerate from its first principles—the papacy—after having aided him in the hope of using him as a docile instrument, alarmed at his patriotic and liberal ideas, arose to oppose him, so that from good he became tyrannical, and it was with bloody hands that he gave to the world the blessings of civilization." But, instead of a few lines, volumes would be required to write the history of Castrogiovanni, and the narrow limits of a sketch keep us from further calling up the past.

Entrance to the Castle.

The singular mixture of so many different peoples has produced a race quite apart—small and robust without marked physical traits—no general, but many individual types. What one notices in them first of all is the prevalence of rather harsh and strongly accentuated features, great black flaming eyes, with the fixed look of an animal, glowing in the warm and swarthy color-tones of their energetic faces. But, after all, that is a general impression only, and as I write I see again in memory very different types—handsome faces, quite Greek, with long delicate features and nobly intelligent blond heads with blue eyes. All these people are dressed in black or dark blue, the women wearing shawls on their heads that cover half the face, the men shod with sandals with leg-pieces of cord. These details are evidently a heritage from the Arab and Spanish rule, which have left deeper traces than any other of the conquering races. The jealous seclusion of their women, the absence of social relations, the disposition of their houses, making them look like prisons, are so many features sprung from the same origin.*

A significant fact, and one which indicates a certain amount of self-respect, is that at Castrogiovanni one is not harassed as in the rest of the country by that plague of travellers, the beggar. During a stay of several months I only saw a few evidently needy old men hold

* It is perhaps interesting to remark here that the ferocious fanaticism with which the Saracens inaugurated their triumphal progress in Asia, Africa, and Europe quickly gave way to the wealth of affection which nature has bestowed with bountiful hand upon the Arabs, and that in their capacity for assimilation of conquered races they surpassed even the Romans. The latter ruled by force and intimidation. The yoke of the Arabs was light and just. At the epoch when Europe was plunged in the darkness and barbarism of the Middle Ages, they encouraged the arts and sciences, and were the representatives of civilization.

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out their hands. One notices too with pleasure that these people have not the servile and dull manner of European peasants, that they are proud, distrustful, and are in presence of a stranger somewhat like wild beasts taken in a snare. When one succeeds in making their acquaintance (and it is not easy), their good qualities, their gentleness, their honesty, their extreme frankness make one like them; and, besides, one sympathizes with these poor people, for their life is a hard one. The country being wholly without local industries the inhabitants are all cultivators, very few being proprietors; for besides its being almost impossible for a day-laborer to save enough from his wages to buy himself a field, the neighboring country belongs to three or four rich families, who, according to tradition, only sell when constrained by absolute necessity—one may as well say, never sell.

Wages are ridiculously low—20, 25, 30 cents a day, according to the season, just enough to keep them from starving. Sulphur mines situated in the environs afforded in late years what was considered remunerative labor, at 80 cents the day, but the work was so fatiguing as to ruin the best constitutions in four or five years. At the present time the soil, cultivated for more than three thousand years, is becoming less and less fertile, while the price of sulphur has fallen so much that it no longer covers the expenses of working, so that the mines have been necessarily abandoned.

All this, combined with a financial crisis caused by speculation at Catania and Messina, and with the cholera which during the last five years has more or less paralyzed business in Sicily, has produced a stagnation and misery which one must see to form an idea of. One asks himself what is to become of this people. A few individuals go to South America, engaging themselves with contractors who pay their trip over in return for the right of controlling their employment for several years; but the greater number remain and vegetate at home, in such ignorance as to see no help for their situation but the intervention of Providence, forgetting the proverb "Heaven helps those who help themselves." Like all tried and unhappy peoples, these poor creatures throw themselves desperately upon religion—the great consoler which promises them after the troubles and hardships of this life a peaceful and happy future. By religion we must understand superstition — for the Castrogiovannese are no longer religious, and to be convinced of this fact it is enough to see their churches, loaded with uncouth ornaments, without dignity or simplicity, where on all sides hang canopies of gauze spangled with gilt paper stars, pictures of Madonnas with real zinc crowns, hearts, or imitation jewels nailed or glued to the canvas, and realistic scenes from local miracles, with absurd dedications. In some peculiarly venerated sanctuaries are hung up thousands of *ex-votos* representing the parts of the body cured by the intercession of the saint, and painted with realistic exaggeration. One goes to church just as to a free show; the priests walk up and down a platform to deliver their sermons, and speak with many gestures. The organ plays opera-airs; young girls flirt with their fans, and, according to the pretty Italian expression, "speak with their eyes" to their

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lovers. As social relations are nearly unknown, it is almost the only chance they have to see each other. Children cry, play, chase each other, and fight in the middle of the nave, and the dogs imitate them; but I wounded the susceptibility of some bigots, slaves of the letter, by going into the churches without dipping my fingers into the holy-water fonts near the doors.

Women of Castrogiovanni—Peasant Types.

In presence of all this it is quite interesting to remember that the most rational of antique beliefs was cradled and developed here. The moral influence of the worship of Ceres Demeter has been attested by many witnesses (among them Pausanias, Aristophanes, Heraclitus, Cicero); and a well-known anecdote tells how Nero, feeling himself unworthy, and fearing the anger of heaven, never dared to take part in the rites of Ceres, to which the pontiff always prefaced the words: "Far hence let the profane depart, and those of evil mind go hence." As I have said above, the ancient customs have come down to our times by uninterrupted tradition. The processions of the two great local fêtes, of the Seedtime and of the Harvest, take place upon the very days of the festivals of the Goddess, and are quite in accordance with the antique descriptions, except that a few customs are varied, and that where in the old times the protection of the Goddess was implored, to-day Madonna is called upon. Only names are changed; the symbolism remains the same. One cannot look upon these naïve scenes with indifference. Since early in the morning the bells with which the town abounds have not ceased to peal joyously, the narrow streets are very lively, full of passers in Sunday dress. Long before the time, the crowd borders the route of the procession, and men, women, and children await it, singing hymns sitting in the dust under a burning sun or a pouring rain, for on these heights showers are frequent. But nothing discourages them, and what a mingling there is in their faces of joy, timidity, and veneration, when the little children, wearing garlands of flowers and carrying long palm-branches appear heading the cortége. Then the procession of young girls, flower-crowned also, and gracefully draped in great white veils, passes, as if an antique frieze unrolled itself before us. Under a canopy comes the statue of the Madonna, adorned with ears of wheat, carried by robust young fellows, full of the importance of their position, and quite unconscious of the absurd air given them by the sheets which are draped about them in toga fashion. The musicians follow—flutes, clarinets, oboes, and guitars playing dance music. The clergy close the procession, and it is only at their approach that the singing ceases and that a profound silence reigns; at each movement of the high-priest and of his assistants the gold-laced capes and brocades gleam, and the gold church-plate glitters in the sun, children ring bells, and when the bishop gives them his blessing all heads bow like ears of wheat bending before the breath of the wind.

At the Fountain.

By dint of walking and looking about I arrived at this general impression:

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that Castrogiovanni is undoubtedly dirty, dull, and wretched, but not in the least commonplace; it abounds in character and beauty. In the first place, as it is built on the mountain, the streets are all unlike, according to the slope; the sky line is curiously varied by the irregularity of the houses, and you discover many unexpected views of the

An Old Capuchin Monk.

neighboring hills, the ravines, and the valleys. Finally, the clouds which elsewhere we scarcely notice are here a part of the landscape.

Now a mist dims the lines of the view until it appears like the apparitions of a dream; now light clouds float here and there, shrouding some of the houses in a thick fog; sometimes they lie like masses of cotton over the scene below, completely isolating the city, which then looks like a dark island emerging from a sea of filmy gauze pierced here and there by a few lofty peaks. Elsewhere contrasts abound, old palaces built in the fine Sicilian style, noble convents side by side with veritable dens, winding staircases leading to the doors of buildings that are like anything but human habitations. It is all picturesque, but it lacks life—it is melancholy, and looks something like a dead and abandoned city; there are not people enough to make it animated. During the day the men are in the fields, the women are busy with household cares, or have gone to wash their linen in the brooks near by. We meet them with great bundles on their heads. They are all straight, supple, and barefooted; they are ragged, and, what is worse, one is warned of their approach before they appear. Nevertheless many of them are handsome; they all have the easy and graceful gait of goddesses, and seem expressly created for painters' models.

A singular custom observed by the men illustrates the strength of tradition. They meet on Sunday afternoons in the public square, where they stand without moving for hours together, talking and looking at each other. It was a great surprise to me when I first happened upon one of these gatherings. I could hardly make my way through the groups huddled together like sheep in a meadow, and from the stillness and the thoughtful look of these people, who talked in low tones, I had no doubt that some funeral ceremony was about to take place. I was mistaken: it was only their way of keeping Sunday. These meetings, evidently reminiscences of an antique custom, are held exclusively on the site of the old Forum of Enna, though there are other places much better suited for such reunions.

During the week I liked to go to either one of the two roads that led out into the fields, to watch the return of the laborers. How majestically the sun sets in a mountainous country! At the moment that it descends into the sea the details of the panorama are colored with rosy and fiery tints, the sky is resplendent with a rapid succession of pale golden lightnings, and hardly has the sun disappeared when the huge profile of the mountains which stretch across the horizon stands out in deepest blue against a background of flame, while the rest of the landscape is drowned in a misty gray tone starred in places by the lights of the neighboring villages. In this great hush of nature the wind begins to make itself heard, its plaintive note comes to our ears mingled with a strange sound, a

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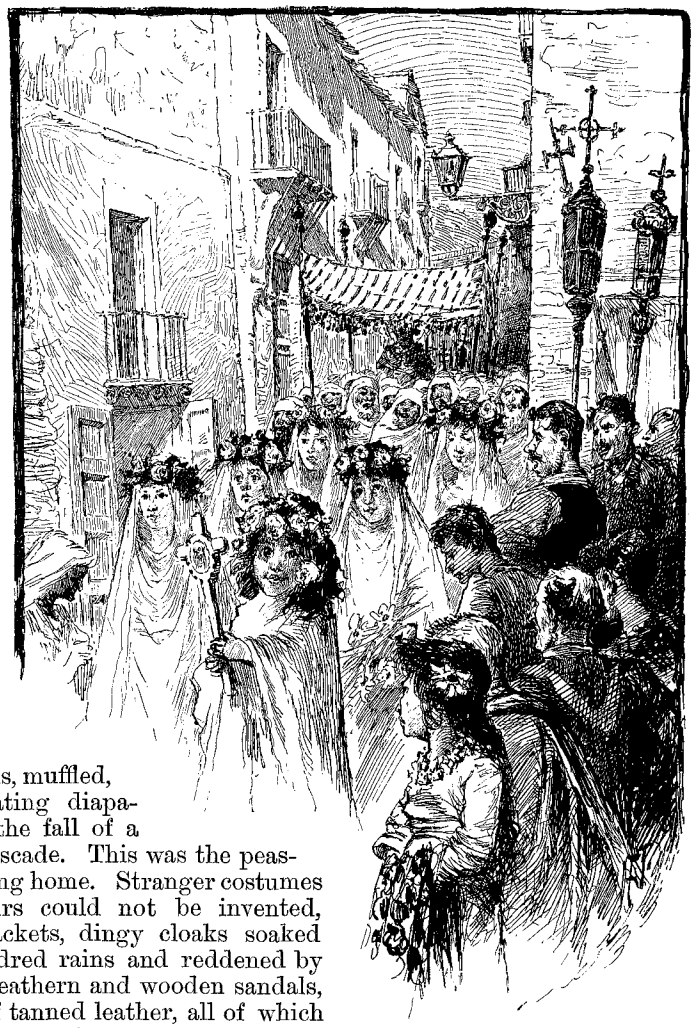

The Harvest Festival.—Procession of Flower-crowned Girls.

continuous, muffled, and vibrating diapason like the fall of a distant cascade. This was the peasants coming home. Stranger costumes than theirs could not be invented, old fur-jackets, dingy cloaks soaked by a hundred rains and reddened by the sun, leathern and wooden sandals, gaiters of tanned leather, all of which exhaled an unbearable odor. We heard them talking in their rough, harsh language. They had walked several leagues to reach the fields, had sweated and toiled all day, and had gone over as much ground to return. Their only meal consisted of bread and a few onions, and it was all that they would find at home to refresh themselves with. We could just see them vaguely in the dim twilight, but from their slow steps and their labored breathing we felt their fatigue.

One is not surprised after seeing them to find the streets deserted after eight o'clock in summer. Nevertheless there is an exception to this rule. It occurs during the May fair and the few days that precede it. Then Castrogiovanni loses its wonted aspect to become in some degree the tavern, the caravansary of all Sicily; then no more of that perfect stillness that makes the heart sink, no more empty streets, no more stern faces; everything becomes gay and lively as if by enchantment. It is indeed a marvellous change that takes place, like that the sun brings for an instant into a gloomy landscape: every face brightens up and becomes animated; everywhere people are passing and running busily about with bundles on their heads; wagons loaded with merchandise

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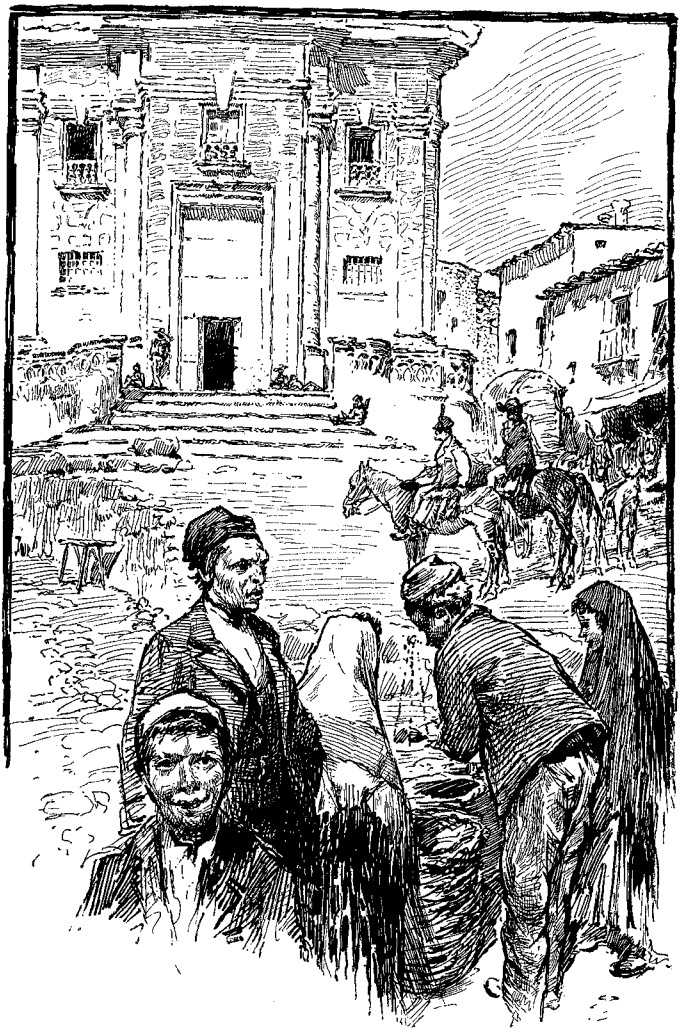

Group in the Old Forum of Enna—A Sunday Custom.

slowly make their way through the crowd; even the women lose their habitual reserve and now gossip at the doors, greeting strangers, smiling, and singing. Everyone seems to forget his personal character to conscientiously perform his duty as host. Is it the feeling of hospitality that causes this radical change? Oh, no, it is self-interest, that all-powerful factor, that gives the real reason for it. The town is chosen for the scene of this annual event, the most important fair in southern Italy, on account of its proximity to the Continent and its many means of communication with it. A large plateau south of the city is a most desirable situation for this purpose: water is abundant, and shallow valleys form natural meadows where the live-stock of the different provinces can be herded. Preparations begin a month beforehand, when the inhabitants make ready to entertain strangers, as it affords a source of income that the richest do not disdain; the houses that line the long crooked street leading to the fair-grounds are let to shopkeepers from Naples, Palermo, and Messina, who fill them with their trumpery wares. Looking at their show-

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cases we realize how few are the peasant's needs: a few fire-arms, cotton prints, knives, primitive agricultural implements, whips, harness, simple table-ware, and kitchen utensils—it is a short list but nothing has been forgotten, and these cheap and common articles are as full of attraction for him as the expensive bric-à-brac of the art-dealers is for our fashionable people. In odd corners, squatting motionless are already wrinkled old women like witches out of their holes fully prepared to tell the future, the past, the way to get rich, to be happy in love to all who will give them in exchange a few "centesimi."

A week beforehand, from all parts of the island, from every little village hidden among the mountains, come droves of animals, filling up the roads, to be parked in the neighborhood. Their drovers are of all types and speak all sorts of dialects, and half of them do not understand each other; but the Sicilians have an advantage over other folk: when a spoken language is inadequate they have a language of signs, not rude and limited like that of our Indians, but a complete vernacular, wherein the eyes, the shoulders, the feet even, play as active a part as the mouth or the hands. The creation of this singular mode of expression is probably the result of necessity in a country where almost each village has its own local dialect. There are still parts of Sicily where Norman or a corrupt Spanish is spoken, and on one plateau, called "Piato dei Greci," nothing is spoken but Greek. The costumes differ also: some of them look like the Arab burnoose and barracan; others have retained the jacket and pleated skirt of the Albanians, while some are as thoroughly Spanish as those seen in Andalusia.

It is impossible to obtain any official statement as to the number of animals brought to the fair. According to the impressions of an inexperienced person there are several thousand cattle and horses, mules and asses, and hundreds of sheep and goats. These are large figures for a remote district, and really such a mass makes an imposing effect. Almost all these animals belong to small farmers who have made great sacrifices in order to raise them, so that the expectations of these poor people are brought to a high pitch. May fortune smile upon them! If they are successful in selling, they become buyers in their turn; if not they go back to their village, where, unless they have an improbable stroke of good luck, they must wait another long year. We meet them after the fair going sadly along the high-roads, and their disappointment may be plainly read on their tired faces. The most important customers are a committee of cavalry officers buying stock for the army, several great noblemen, landed proprietors, and the rich inhabitants of the cities. Business is done by the buyer and seller without the intervention of the crafty "go between," and with cash payments. The first day is spent in examining the stock; the second the prices are discussed, with much talking and gesticulating. The asking price is always much higher than that which will be ultimately accepted, and bargains are not made until the third day. Why the last day and not the first, if the buyer and seller arrive at an agreement? "It has always been done so." There are, on the contrary, excellent reasons for proceeding in a more expeditious fashion, as I found out this year (1887), when it rained in torrents during the last two days of the fair, making it impossible for people to find each other and meet again, and stopping most of the sales already begun. It does seem ridiculous that so puerile a cause, a mere custom, should render useless long journeys, costly displacements, and interfere with bargains that are often a question of misery or of prosperity for at least one of the contracting parties. But one may say, what will prevent these people from meeting again on the first pleasant day? It seems as though nothing were done here as it is elsewhere: at sunset on the third day, no matter what the weather may be, everybody goes away. It is easily understood: most of these people have snatched these few days from their home work; each extra moment is not only an expense but also an additional loss of time, and as all transactions for these primitive but essentially business-like folk only count when the money is paid and the merchandise delivered, they are

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afraid of losing their time for nothing. At Castrogiovanni, as in all countries bathed by the Mediterranean, business is conducted in a manner highly amusing to English-speaking people. As the French say, "Leurs malices sont cousues de fil blanc." The buyer does not show his desire to purchase until he actually pays, and the seller does not take him seriously until that moment; it is then only that he announces his real price. Therefore before this finale, no matter how much may have been said between the two, nothing is done, nothing can be inferred.

The fair-ground is an animated scene. Several patched tents, like those the gypsies use, shelter tables covered with glasses and eatables. Everywhere pell-mell are the animals, alone or in herds. The noisy and many-colored crowd moves, shouts, and gesticulates. In the midst of this disorder young boys mounted on horses or mules gallop about. By what marvellous combination of events no accident happens I will not undertake to explain. Nevertheless, if one is not careful one runs the risk of being crushed every moment. Instinct warns you when you find yourself in the undesirable vicinity of a troop of mules or of a herd of bulls. Sometimes a squadron of frightened asses seems to be rushing to the assault of a drove of cattle which are peacefully lying down, and, when it comes near enough to realize the formidable nature of the obstacle before it, wheels quickly and starts in another direction. One's ears are deafened by this concert of clamorous voices, of plaintive or furious bellowings, of neighing sonorous as a flourish of trumpets. On all sides are different scenes: in quiet corners away from the tumult, shepherds leaning on their long staffs, still as statues, guard their flocks; peasants clothed in rags side by side with the townsfolk scramble around the fountain, each trying to fill his pail first; a continual movement like the ebb and flow of the sea shows itself in a knot of people surrounding a valuable horse, who, not understanding their curiosity or their gestures, manifests his impatience after the manner of his kind; tired drivers sleep near their beasts; the animals exchange kicks or caresses; some are proud and wild, with glowing eyes and stamping hoofs; others are resigned and quiet.

The Calabrians, tall and well-muscled, with harsh features and a forbidding look, are easily distinguished by their black caps that cover the forehead, the inseparable knife showing through their tight-fitting trousers, many among them groaning away at their inseparable bag-pipes. The shepherds of the Abruzzi are picturesquely clothed in goats' skins dressed with the hair on, and their heads are wrapped in gayly colored striped handkerchiefs. The gentlemen farmers exactly resemble our Western cowboys in their costume, half corduroy and half chamois leather, and their big hats of gray felt. There are also some representatives of the aristocracy of the towns in the correct outfits of gentlemen riders, with single eye-glasses, and they produce a curious effect amid such surroundings. The animals are generally ordinary and of a poor breed, except the horses. The Sicilian horse is the result of a mixture of the Arab and Andalusian races, and is remarkable like them for the delicacy of its form, its high shoulders, deep chest, and long mane. It is full of fire, and very sure-footed, incomparable in a mountainous country. In Sicily the horse is the companion of man. It is treated with great kindness, which contrasts agreeably with the cruelty the Italians continue to show, in spite of the establishment of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

The Sicilian noble is, one might say, a horseman from his birth. That which distinguishes the horseman from the ordinary rider is not only the perfect understanding between him and his horse, but also the habit of giving it assiduous and constant care. The horseman is rare in Continental Europe, and while in England there are but few nobles who are not proud of managing their stables themselves, the Italian or French gentleman, when he has shown his skill in horsemanship at the hunt or on the road, is satisfied and leaves the rest to the intelligence and faithfulness, both equally doubtful, of his servants. As to the European peasant, he uses his beast according to his needs without trying

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to understand it. In Sicily riding is a passion with rich and poor alike, and the Sicilian horse is stronger and possesses more staying power than the Continental horses. As it is more exposed to the weather it is more hardy, and its life in the open air insures strength and health.

The fourth day, then, the fair-ground is abandoned. Only the bare earth, from which every blade of grass has disappeared, and the loiterers that can still be seen scattered along the highways show what has taken place there. A few hours later and the booths set up in the village disappear likewise. Castrogiovanni resumes her mournful aspect, and has fallen back again for another whole year into her accustomed lethargy, on which the regenerating breath of the national Renascence has not yet had the slightest effect. It is true that all her sons are soldiers, but military life bewilders them, makes them melancholy and homesick. They merely vegetate elsewhere; they live only here. The sight of great cities, of modern industries, says nothing to them; they are not happy until, their military service done, they return to their firesides. They live wretchedly, working like beasts of burden to earn scarcely enough to eat. At night men, women, children, and animals are huddled into ruined hovels open to the four winds; and yet these creatures, suffering from cold, from heat, from hunger, love life and cling to it as we do who possess its comforts. They have their own scanty but real pleasures, and, if society has shown itself a niggard to them, God at least lets his sun shine on their rags and spreads above their heads as well as above those of the rich a bit of his beautiful blue sky. After all, it is the poor of our great cities, deprived of all contact with nature, who are more to be pitied. In them there is no hope of renewal, no aspiration toward the ideal —like Dante's damned folk every day they descend one step into the sombre hell of misery, with mind and heart polluted, far from the sky and the pure air.

I cannot end this sketch without mentioning my old friends, the guardians of the Campo Santo, an ideal place of rest in the open country, irregularly laid out, and all fragrant with flowers, where wooden crosses and simple tombs are an improvement upon the pretentious monuments of our cemeteries. Like everything that is connected with the town, ruin has invaded the Campo Santo. Its walks are now only marked by scarcely traceable little paths that run through the tangles of stones and grass. At the entrance stands a cloister, also in ruins, before which, under an arbor covered with grapevines, is a stone bench. It was here that I made the acquaintance of three survivors of another age (the youngest was eighty-six years old). There, in the charming solitude, in the midst of a silence so absolute that the flight of a bird, the whir of an insect's wings, the voice of the wind that was singing about us, seemed disproportionately loud, they told me their simple and pathetic story: how in their prime they had joined the religious order of the Capuchins to consecrate their lives to meditation and pious observances, how the Italian Government when it took possession of the property of the religious communities left them the use of the monastery during their lifetime, how then there were forty-seven monks and now only three remained, for one by one their brothers had gone. Their days were spent in praying for the dead and in the happy and consoling hope of rejoining them in Paradise.

The sight of their little cells in the cloister was heart-rending. On the ground in the corner was a little straw: that was their bed. A broken chair and a great wooden crucifix completed the furniture. But what beautiful faith, absolutely simple and confiding, these Capuchin fathers possessed, and how it transfigured their lives and their surroundings! Here everything was harmonious, frame and picture; these good old men, bent and trembling, and the crumbling cloister, the beautiful light of inward peace that shone on the wrinkles of these venerable faces, and the wild flowers and weeds that invaded corridors and cells—it was as if the edifice would not survive its masters, and like them was gradually passing away.

Leaving them I used to go back to the city by a path that followed the winding

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course of a little brook that sung as it danced over the stones, disappearing every few steps to reappear a little farther on. Some goats jumping from rock to rock came to drink of this cool clear water, and the goatherds, their sandals tied around their ankles, their guns on their backs, fixed their eyes upon my foreign dress with the long slow gaze of an animal. Farther on, women were washing linen; charcoal-burners passed, haggard and black, dripping with sweat, carrying heavy loads of wood on their heads. Thus sauntering through scene after scene I would reach the first houses of the town unconsciously. There is nothing that keeps one company while walking so well as a brook: following its course, one cannot feel alone; it is a life that runs beside our life with its pauses, its overflows, its moments of calmness, of agitation, of clearness, like ours; it glides now weeping, now singing, on the pebbles of its bed that are the little daily trials; or sometimes it tries to surmount the rocks that enchain its eddies around the obstacle, flows back again, then undermines them, then wears them away, and opens an outlet in spite of everything; or it runs half asleep in a soft clayey bed. Doubtless this symbol of life can be applied to the life of cities as well as that of man, and cannot one find consolation for the present decadence of Castrogiovanni, in the thought that its history is not yet ended and that the hour of its resurrection has perhaps struck? For it is only a question of time; and let us hope that before long the young blood of new Italy, of that head and that heart that is called Rome, will flow even to the farthest limits of the kingdom for the great good of a people possessed of remarkable natural capacities who are still vegetating under the effect of centuries of ignorance and oppression.

It is quite true, as Sterne says, that while travelling we differ greatly from what we are at home. The freedom, the fresh air, the novel scenes make new beings of us, or rather renew our being; the mind, freed from ordinary cares, acquires unwonted energy and becomes clearer to reflect the scenes that it contemplates. We see better, our impressions are more vivid.

On our return home how we delight in going over again and again "le terrain parcouru." Now of that far-distant Sicilian landscape, of all that varied spectacle, one thing above all stands foremost in my memory—the thing which is the synthesis of all Castrogiovanni: it is the stronghold on the brink of the precipice, the old tower still pulsating with the life of extinct generations, and which remains like the sentinel of a glorious past beside the wretched modern town.

View from a Housetop.

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COUNT LEO TOLSTOY TWENTY YEARS AGO.

By Eugene Schuyler.

V.

TOLSTOY received with evident pleasure the compliments of Turguénief, and spoke of the latter's books with appreciation—"Smoke" had been published not long before—and of the man in terms of affection and sympathy. From nothing that he said, or that Turguénief ever said on the various occasions when he talked to me about Tolstoy, to whom he even gave a letter of introduction, could I have ever imagined that there was then a wide breach between the two friends, and that the quarrel was not made up till ten years later. I learned this only afterward, and gradually came to the whole story of the rupture. A brief account of their mutual relations may be interesting, and is almost necessary to a proper appreciation of Tolstoy at that time.

Turguénief's admiration of Tolstoy's genius and power never varied, although his criticisms were sometimes harsh, when it seemed to him in special cases that his brother author had taken the wrong road. The first reference to Tolstoy in his letters seems almost prophetic. He wrote from his country place at Spasskoe, on October 24, 1854, when Tolstoy was still in the army: "I am immensely delighted with the continuation of "Boyhood;" may God give Tolstoy long life, as I hope he will astonish all of us, for he is a talent of the first rank. I made yesterday the acquaintance of his sister, who has just married another Tolstoy, a highly pleasing, sympathetic woman." In his letters of 1855–56 there are some words of praise for the Sevastópol sketches. After the war—as I have already said—the two writers met and saw each other frequently at St. Petersburg, as well as in the country, where they visited each other for the purpose of shooting. The signs of dissension soon began to appear. The natures of the two men were not at that time harmonious, and their ideas ran in very different channels. Tolstoy, who was young, and who as a writer was somewhat of a spoilt child, whose ways smacked a little still of the freedom of the camp, was inclined to rebel against the tutelage and paternal care which Turguénief seemed to be exercising over him. He amused himself not only by escaping from the surveillance of his friends, but by occasionally enticing them to a late supper or a wild night. Besides that he was much given to *persiflage*, which did not always accord with the serious humor of his friend. After leaving Russia for Paris in the autumn of 1856, Turguénief wrote to Tolstoy (November 26th) in reply to a letter of his, "I have reflected seriously over all that you write, and it seems to me that you are wrong. I can be quite frank to you, because it would be impossible for me to be false where you are concerned. We seem to have made our acquaintance in an awkward way and not at the right time; when we see each other again things will go smoother and better. I feel that I love you as a man; as regards the writer words are superfluous. But there is much in you with which I am not quite satisfied, so that I thought it better to keep away from you: when we see each other again we will try to go hand in hand and perhaps will succeed better. But here, far away from you, odd as it may sound, my heart hangs on you as on a brother, and I am very tenderly disposed toward you: perhaps with time everything good will come of this. I heard of your illness and was much troubled; but I beg you to banish all remembrance of it. You are anxious about yourself, and think perhaps of consumption—but, by God, you have it not." Then follow questions about Tolstoy's sister and brother, talk about common friends, and about the state of affairs in Paris, and then literature comes up. "You have already finished the first number of "Youth:" that is splendid. How vexed I am that I cannot hear you read it! If you do not go off on by-ways, you will go far. I wish you health, ac-

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tivity, and spiritual freedom. . . . As concerns my "Faust," I scarcely believe it will please you. My writings were at one time able to please you, and possibly even to influence you, but only until you became independent; now you can learn nothing more from me. You see only the difference of the style, the slips and the faults; you need now only to study men, your own heart, and really great writers. I am only a writer of the transition period, and am only good for people who are in the transition period."

About this time he wrote to a literary friend, Druzhínin: "People tell me that you sympathize with Tolstoy, and that he is become very polished and clear. I am much delighted with that. When this young wine has gone through the process of fermentation it will be a drink fit for the gods."

A few days after, December 8, 1856, he writes again to Tolstoy: "Dear Tolstoy —My good genius took me yesterday to the Post-Office and inspired me to ask whether there were any letters for me *Poste Restante*, although I supposed that all my friends had my Paris address. There I really found your letter in which you speak of my "Faust." You will easily understand with what joy I read it. Your sympathy gave me deep and sincere pleasure. Your whole letter breathes a gentle and calm feeling, a friendly peace; and it only remains for me to stretch my hand over the gulf which had long ago become a scarcely noticeable crack; about which we will think no more, as it is not worth the trouble. I am shy about speaking on one thing which you mentioned in your letter, . . . but may everything turn out for the best, and may it bring to you that peace of soul which you so need— or rather did need when I learned to know you. As I see, you sympathize for the moment very much with Druzhínin, and are under his influence. Very well, but take care that you don't eat yourself sick off him. When I was at your age none but enthusiastic natures had any influence over me; but you are a very different man from me, and it is quite possible that his journal, *The Times*, is now changed."

Turguénief saw Tolstoy often during the latter's journey abroad, but wrote to a friend (March, 1857): "I cannot thoroughly sympathize with Tolstoy. We seem to be far too unlike each other."

The summer of 1861 Turguénief spent on his Russian estate, where he was finishing "Fathers and Sons," and had frequent opportunities of seeing Tolstoy. It was then that the great breach between the two friends took place. Different versions became current. That given by Pávlofsky is substantially as follows:

He had visiting him at one time, besides Tolstoy, his friend the poet Fet; a very good fellow, who had a large estate in the neighborhood to which he was just then devoting himself heart and soul, letting his beard grow, and giving himself all the airs of a country gentleman of the old Russian school. There were also some others, one of them an intimate friend. An excursion had been organized to Fet's estate, and the party was taking a hasty breakfast while the carriages were waiting. Somebody thoughtlessly asked Turguénief about his daughter—a subject on which he was very sensitive. "She is always abroad," he replied, "and as I did not like her education to be entirely French, I have got for her now an English governess, an excellent woman." Tolstoy smiled (little thinking that he should ever have an English governess for his children) and said, "Yes, she will be taking your daughter to visit the poor, and leaving money and medicine on the table." "Well," said Turguénief, "there's no harm in any case; because the poor will receive some aid, and the child will begin to understand the duty everyone owes to the suffering."

"Yes, if it is not one thing it is the other. If your daughter does not get a good education, at least the poor will receive something. She's your natural daughter, isn't she?"

"Yes, well?"

"Well, you seem to be making an experiment *in anima vili*."

Turguénief could scarcely contain himself, especially when he thought he saw a gleam of satisfaction in Tolstoy's eyes that his power of teasing should have been so successful, and burst out: "Tolstoy, stop, or I'll throw my fork at

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your head." Both calmed down and the affair seemed ended. It is necessary to say that the mother of this daughter of Turguénief was one of his serfs, who subsequently married a shopkeeper at Moscow. Such children born of serfs were as little regarded by Russians who lived at home as children born of negro or mulatto slaves were regarded by the Southern planters in the United States at the same time. Although his daughter, she was his serf; and therefore, according to the ways of thinking at that time, Tolstoy's remark was not quite so brutal as it might seem to us now. It was the peculiar sensitiveness of Turguénief on this subject that gave it importance.

Tolstoy went to an estate of his in the neighborhood, while Turguénief and the others went to see Fet, where they spent some days. On returning, Turguénief found two notes from Tolstoy; one an apology and sincere regret for what he had said; the other, that the insult given to him could only be wiped out in blood, and challenging him to come the next morning, between 5 and 6 o'clock, to a place mentioned, and kill each other without witnesses. Turguénief thereupon sent one of his friends to propose a regular duel according to the code. But Tolstoy had already gone back to Yásnaya Polyána, and, when he was found, repeated his apologies and retracted his challenge.

Of course the matter got out, and all sorts of stories were circulated at Moscow; before which, however, Turguénief wrote to his friend Annenkof: "I have entirely and decisively quarrelled with Leo Tolstoy. The question of a duel hung on a hair, and at this moment the hair is not yet broken. The fault is mine: but it was all the result of an old hostility—an antipathy of our two natures. I have always felt sure that he hated me, and I can never understand why, nevertheless, he used to come back to me. I have been forced to keep my distance—then I have tried to approach him; and we were very near approaching each other with pistols in our hands. I have never liked him."

Turguénief went off to Paris; but gossip and scandal were rife in Moscow, and somewhat later he heard to his surprise that Tolstoy had circulated among his friends a defamatory letter. He wrote to Annenkof: "In all this business, except at the beginning, when I was wrong, I have done everything to avoid this radical conclusion; but Tolstoy has insisted on driving me to the foot of the wall, so to speak, and consequently I can't do otherwise than fight. Next spring we shall be face to face at Tula." He enclosed a copy of the letter or challenge which he had written to Tolstoy, proposing to fight as soon as he should return to Russia in the spring. Tolstoy immediately wrote to Turguénief, denying categorically that he had circulated any letter or had given the slightest cause for any injurious remarks. There was therefore no cause for a duel, and it did not come off; and Turguénief wrote to his friend: "We are not going to fight, of which I am very glad." But the two writers had not again met when I was at Yásnaya Polyána, and did not in fact see each other until the summer of 1878.

With the passing years the old friendly feeling returned, fostered naturally by the respect each had for the other's talent. We have, unfortunately, very few letters of Turguénief between 1862 and 1868; in January, 1868, he wrote to Polónsky: "The lack of talent, especially of poetical talent, is our misfortune. Since Leo Tolstoy nothing has come up, and his first work was already printed in 1852." Two months later he was reading "War and Peace" and wrote: "The novel of Tolstoy is a wonderful work, but its weakest side—and that is what the public especially enjoy—is its history and psychology. His history is sleight of hand, dazzling your eyes with trivial details; and his psychology is a capriciously uniform turmoil over one of the same set of themes; everything that has a relation to life, description, the military part, and so forth is thoroughly excellent. A master equal to Tolstoy we do not possess." In 1875 he says: "'Anna Karénin' does not please me, though there are truly splendid passages in it—the races, the mowing, the hunt—but it all tastes sour, and smells of Moscow, incense, old maids, Slavophilism, Junkerthum." And about the same time: "He has a very extraordinary talent, but in 'Anna

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Karénin' *il a fait fausse route.* One notices here the influences of Moscow, of the Slavophile nobility, of orthodox old maids, as well as his own retired life and the lack of the necessary artistic freedom. The second part is insipid, tiresome, and unmeaning; that is a pity!" It is fair to say that at this time the novel was not yet finished; and the conclusion was not published for three years thereafter. On the last day of 1876, speaking of a recently published criticism on Tolstoy, he wrote: "I think the critic exaggerates. But how can one help complaining that this man, who is so unusually gifted, should do exactly that which he ought not to do, just as if he were trying to win a bet."

Finally, whether it was brought about by the intervention of friends, or whether caused by a sudden impulse, Tolstoy, in the spring of 1878, wrote to Turguénief. We possess only the reply: "PARIS, May 8, 1878. DEAR LEO NIKOLÁIEVITCH—I have just received your letter, which has greatly rejoiced and touched me. I am very sincerely ready to renew our early friendship and warmly grasp the hand you have stretched out to me. You are perfectly right in supposing that I have no kind of hostile feelings toward you. Even if they once existed they have long ago disappeared, and there remains only the remembrance of you as a man to whom I was once attached, and as an author whose first steps I was one of the earliest to appreciate, and whose works of imagination have always excited in me the most lively interest. I am heartily delighted at getting rid of the misunderstandings which had come up between us. I hope to go to Orel this summer, when we shall certainly see each other."

At the beginning of August Turguénief arrived at Moscow, and immediately wrote to Tolstoy, proposing either to go to Yásnaya Polyána or to have a meeting at Tula. Tolstoy, who was then meditating a long novel—though he had not then begun it, and perhaps has not yet done so—went to meet him at Tula, carried him off home, and kept him several days. On reaching his own estate Turguénief wrote to him: "I must repeat to you again what a good and agreeable impression my visit to Yásnaya Polyána made upon me, and how glad I am that our earlier misunderstanding has so disappeared as to leave no traces of having ever existed. I feel clearly and plainly that Life, which has whitened our hairs, has not been useless to us, and that both you and I are better to-day than we were sixteen years ago. This feeling does me much good." And again, ten days later: "I am very glad to hear that everybody at Yásnaya Polyána looked on me with friendly eyes. There is no doubt but that the bond you speak of exists between us, and I am very glad of it, although I will not investigate all the threads of which it is woven. The main point is that it exists."

The next letters to Tolstoy were taken up partly with my translation of "The Cossacks," which, I regret to say, was found "literal, but dry and matter of fact," with an idea he had of himself translating "The Cossacks" into French, and with efforts to put on the Paris market the French translation of "War and Peace." In one of these letters he says: "I am glad that you are all physically well, and hope also that your intellectual illness, about which you wrote, has disappeared. I have gone through the same thing. It has often appeared in the form of an inner fermentation before the beginning of a work. I believe that you have had some such fermentation. Although you ask me not to speak of your writings, I cannot help remarking that I have never made fun of you even in the very slightest degree. Some of your works pleased me very much—others less: for example, "The Cossacks" caused me great pleasure and astonishment. Why should I have laughed at you? I thought that you had long ago got rid of those feelings of old times."

At another time he sends him a letter from Flaubert about the French translation of "War and Peace." "Thanks for having made me read the novel of Tolstoy, it is of the first order. What a painter and what a psychologist! The first two volumes are sublime, but the third falls off horribly (*dégringole affreusement*). He repeats himself when he philosophizes. At the end you see the gentleman, the author, and the Russian—while up to that time you had seen only nature and humanity. There seemed to me sometimes to be things

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like Shakespeare. I kept uttering cries of admiration while reading it—and it is long: yes, it is strong, very strong" (*oui, c'est fort, bien fort*).

Turguénief talked much about the necessity of advertisement and *reclame* to make anything succeed in Paris, and said: "During these last few days I have read for the fifth or sixth time with ever new enjoyment this truly great creation of yours. Its whole putting together is very different from what the French like and demand in books. But its truth keeps the upper hand. I hope, if not for a famous victory, at least for an enduring, though slow, conquest. You tell me nothing about your new work, though there are rumors here that you are working diligently. I see you in spirit sitting before your writing-table in that simple room that you showed me." The summer of 1881 Turguénief spent at Spasskoe, where his friend Polónsky paid him a long visit, which he has described very pleasantly in an article called "Turguénief at Home." Among other events Tolstoy spent a couple of days there and sent him a copy of his collected works.*

After his departure Turguénief read aloud portions of Tolstoy's works, especially the 43d chapter of the 1st part of "War and Peace," and greatly excited said, shaking his head: "I know nothing in European literature finer than this description. . . . That *is* a description!" And he was as delighted as if he had discovered it for the first time.

But while Turguénief thought Tolstoy a great writer and admired and prized his talent, he from time to time considered him from his own moral and æsthetic standpoint. In other words, he applied to the views of Tolstoy the measure of his own views about men, and was not always satisfied. While he was reading "Anna Karénin" he could not understand why Tolstoy was so evidently prepossessed in favor of Levin, who was to him an unsympathetic character. "Can you for a moment believe," said Turguénief to Polónsky, "that Levin is in love with Kitty, or that he could ever love anybody? No; love is one of those passions which annihilates our 'Me' and compels us in some degree to forget ourselves and our interests. But Levin, even after he knows that he is loved and is happy, never ceases holding fast to his own personality, and flattering himself. It seems to him that the very drozhky-drivers—especially they—offer him their service with peculiar respect and readiness. He is annoyed that people near Kitty greet him. He does not for a minute cease being an egotist, and sees something quite extraordinary in himself. Psychologically this is all perfectly correct (although I do not like psychological precision and minuteness in a novel), but all these details show that

* The following is the account by Polónsky of Tolstoy's visit: "One Wednesday, July 8th, Turguénief received a telegram from Leo Nikoláievitch Tolstoy, informing him that he would reach Mzensk on Thursday at 10 o'clock in the evening. Turguénief therefore ordered the horses to be sent to meet him the next day.

"That evening we separated soon after taking tea, and went to our own rooms. I sat down to my table, pulled the candles nearer, and wrote out my impressions of the journey I had just made, till one o'clock. Suddenly I heard someone whistling in the courtyard, the sound of steps, and the dogs all barking. I looked out of the window, but there was no moonlight and I could distinguish nothing.

"I sat down again to my writing, but heard someone pass through the garden toward the house, and then dimly heard a voice in the house. I thought that one of my children was talking in his sleep, and went into the children's room. I again heard the voice, this time quite plainly, and I recognized it as Turguénief's. 'What the devil's the row? Are there thieves in the house?' I went in the dark through the whole house, and opened the door of a room which had an exit to the terrace, and into Turguénief's study. A candle was burning there, and a gray-haired, bronzed peasant, in a blouse girt by a strap, was reckoning up with another peasant. I looked at him and did not know him. The peasant raised his head, gave an inquiring glance at me, and asked: 'Polónsky, is that you?' Then for the first time I recognized Count Leo Tolstoy. We embraced and kissed each other warmly.

"It turned out that the Count had mistaken the day of the week, and had said Thursday when he meant Wednesday. Not finding Turguénief's carriage at the railway station he had taken another; but as the night was dark and the driver scarcely knew the way, he had taken all this time in coming. Turguénief also had not yet gone to bed and was writing. He was surprised and greatly delighted to find the Count. The *samovar* and a little supper soon made their appearance in the dining-room, and we talked till three o'clock.

"The day after Tolstoy's arrival we had a comical incident. An hour before dinner Turguénief was told that the cook was dead drunk and that there was no one to prepare the dinner. At first he was much perplexed. The guests could not be left without dinner, and so he resolved to cook it himself. Rubbing his hands he explained how he would cut the turnips and chop up the cutlets. He had already started for the kitchen when Zakhar, vigilant as Argus and mysteriously silent, though not dumb, immediately reined in the passionate ardor of his former master, and gave him a hard scolding. 'That's not your business,' he said, 'go away. We can get dinner ready without you.' And Turguénief at once obediently returned to our society. In this way the culinary talents of the honored Ivan Serghéievitch have been hidden from posterity. I cannot repeat all that was said in our conversation with Tolstoy; but I can asseverate that there was nothing which in society is known as 'censurable talk.' The Count pressed his views on no one, and listened to Turguénief's remarks and objections. In short, he was no longer that Count that I had once known in his youth. He did not stay more than two days at Spasskoe, and then travelled to his estates in the government of Samara, where he wanted to be for the harvest."

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Levin is thoroughly selfish, and it is easy to understand why he sees in women beings created merely for housewifely and family cares and for empty prattle. It is said that the author is himself like this Levin, but that is scarcely the case; at most he may have transferred to Levin one individual trait of his own character and worked it up artistically; but even with all that, I cannot see what there is to awaken our sympathy." "Not love alone," continued Turguénief, "but every violent passion, religious, political, social—yes, even the passion for study—can destroy our selfishness. Fanatics for hateful and senseless ideas do not spare their lives, so great is their love."

A year later, October 31, 1882, Turguénief wrote: "I have lately received from a very dear Moscow lady that "Confession" of Leo Tolstoy that has been forbidden by the censorship. I read it with the greatest interest. A remarkable piece of writing for its straightforwardness, its sincerity, and its conviction: but it is wholly based on false propositions, and if carried out to the end would lead to the saddest denial of energetic human life; . . . this is a kind of Nihilism. I wonder greatly why Tolstoy, who among other things also renounces and denounces art, surrounds himself with artists, and what they can learn from his conversation. Nevertheless Tolstoy is perhaps the most remarkable man in the Russia of to-day."

When, a few months later, Turguénief lay on his death-bed, he probably thought over the ideas in Tolstoy's "Confession" and the long conversation—the last—that they had had during the brief visit at Spasskoe. And taking up a pencil, he wrote to Tolstoy that touching appeal to be himself once more; the last words he ever wrote:

"Dear and Beloved Leo Nikoláievitch:

"I have not written to you for a long time; for I lay and lie, in two words, on my death-bed. I cannot get well, that is not to be thought of. But I write in order to tell you how glad I am to have been your contemporary, and to make my last, earnest request. My friend, return to literary work! This talent of yours has come down from whence all else comes. O! how happy would I be if I could believe that my prayer would be answered!! But I am only a man who is near his end—the doctors do not even know how to call my disease—*néuralgie stomachale goutteuse*. I can neither stand, nor eat, nor sleep; but what am I saying! It is wearisome to repeat all this! My friend, great writer of the Russian land—give heed to my prayer! Let me know if you receive this scrap, and allow me once more to embrace warmly, warmly yourself, your wife, and all yours! . . . I can write no more. . . . I am tired!"*

Tolstoy deeply lamented Turguénief's death, and, speaking of his delicate, loving nature, lamented that a writer so artistic in the highest sense, and so devoted to Russia, should have passed his best and ripest years abroad, afar from his sincere friends and away from his own family.

"He was till the end of his life," said Tolstoy to Danilefsky, "an independent, inquiring spirit; and, notwithstanding our temporary breach, I always highly esteemed him and warmly loved him. He was a genuine self-reliant artist, never lowering himself to consciously serving a passing demand of the minute. He may have gone astray, but even in his errors was sincere."

VI.

In helping Tolstoy rearrange his library I remember that the collected works of Auerbach were given the first place on the first shelf, and, taking out the volumes of "Ein Neues Leben," the Count told me to read it after I had got to bed, as it was a very remarkable book, and added: "It was owing to this that I started a school for my peasants and became interested in popular education. When I went back to Europe the second time I went to see Auerbach, without giving my name. When he came into the room I merely said, 'I am Eugen

*The artist Verestchagin, who was present at the death of Turguénief, says: "Madame Arnold told me that Turguénief was much agitated by a letter which he wrote from his death-bed to Tolstoy. I was sitting by the table when he called me; he gave me a piece of paper on which he had written in pencil, and said, 'Please send this off at once, it is very urgent.'"

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Baumann,' and, when he hesitated in surprise, I hastened to add: 'not really in name but in character;' and then told him who I was, how his book had set me thinking, and what good it had done me."

It so happened that in the following winter I spent a few days in Berlin, where, in the hospitable house of Mr. Bancroft, then the American Minister, I had the pleasure of meeting Auerbach, with whom during my stay I became well acquainted. In talking about Russia we spoke of Tolstoy, and I recalled to him this incident. "Yes," he said, "I always remember how frightened I was when this strange-looking man said, 'I am Eugen Baumann,' for I feared he was going to threaten me with an action for libel and defamation of character."

"Ein Neues Leben" naturally brought us to talk of peasant schools, and of the general condition of the peasantry, and of the results of emancipation, and the Count took me through the peasant village of the estate, which is close to the ruined pillars of the large gateway of the park.

"The houses are low huts of one story"—I quote from a letter written by me at the time from Yásnaya Polyána—"built generally of logs; brick houses are not thought so warm.*

"The entrance takes you into the court, on one side of which are cattle and horse-sheds, made of interlaced twigs and covered with straw; on the other side is the door leading into the hut, which consists usually of a single room lighted by two small windows, each with double frames to keep out the cold. There is no ceiling, but the room is open to the roof, which is thatched with straw. The floor is sometimes of earth, but more generally of brick or boards. There is a large brick stove which keeps the house perfectly warm. There is seldom more than a single chair, but rough benches are disposed about the sides of the room, and there are one or two tables. Behind a screen is usually a sort of bed for the master of the house, and a cradle—a square board suspended from a beam by four cords attached to the corners and gathered into a knot, resembling the scale of a balance. There is a little shelf in one corner, with the usual holy picture, and perhaps a small lamp burning in front of it. Except the wooden dishes and utensils there is no other furniture. The families are always very large, and people sleep on the stove, on the benches, or on the floor. It is quite customary here for the younger married members of a family to sleep in the sheds, or in the court. They do this even in winter, though sometimes in the morning they are covered with snow. The peasants' houses in this part of Russia are perhaps the worst of all. In the north of Russia, where wood is abundant, though the peasants are actually poorer, they have larger and better houses and more furniture. All the peasant huts which I saw on the Volga, or even at one hundred miles from it in the government of Samara—where wood was so scarce that they burned dung for fuel—were larger, usually of two or even three rooms, and had more furniture, and well carved cupboards for the crockery and the holy pictures.

"One evening I paid a visit to an old peasant in one of these huts. The room was lighted with a *lutchína*, or piece of birchwood, which gave out a bright blaze. This is a narrow strip of wood held between three nails on the top of a wooden standard, and as each piece will burn not more than two minutes, a little girl has to be constantly replenishing the burner. The ashes are caught in an earthen vessel. An old woman was weaving a coarse linen cloth with a rude machine. A man was making, very neatly and deftly, *lapti*, or the shoes of linden, bast which the peasants usually wear. The most interesting sight was a man beating wool. He had fixed to the wall a large strong bow, strung with a heavy gut string. He kept the string in continual vibration by striking it with a heavy, notched piece of wood, and at each vibration the string caught up and tore apart the wool, and sent it down to the floor in white snowy flocks like soapsuds. It was as well carded as if it had been done with a machine.† This was the trade of this man, who goes from house

* Printed in the Evening Post of New York, November 27, 1868.

† Exactly the same instrument is used in Central Asia for carding cotton.

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to house and earns perhaps a ruble and a half a day, if he works steadily. His coming is rather a festival in the house, as he is usually a merry fellow, and sings to the music of his bow-string. The winter is the intellectual season for the Russian peasants as for the rest of the world. They begin to use lights on the 15th (27th) of September, and from that time on they work in the evening, while the old women tell stories and the young people sing. Usually all the young girls meet together for singing and spinning, and go from house to house on successive evenings. In this cottage was a very intelligent boy about fourteen, who knew something about America, and had a fair elementary education.

"There is no church in the village, but half-way between this and the village of the next proprietor is a neat old church, called St. Nicholas of the Ant-hills, from a miraculous image of St. Nicholas said to have been found in some ant-hills in the neighborhood. I am told that the priest has absolutely no influence on his flock. The peasants are religious but respect the proprietors more than the priests, and are more influenced by them both for good and evil. Count Tolstoy says that the entire abolition of the priesthood would probably have no effect whatever on the morality of the peasantry. The morals here, as in all villages which are near a high road, are not good. The women are early corrupted by the soldiers who pass. As to drunkenness, it is neither worse nor better than others. The men are nearly all cartmen and drivers, and have the faults of that class. The land is therefore cultivated almost entirely by women.

"I asked Count Tolstoy what he thought had been the effect of emancipation. He told me that he had been a supporter of the measure, and one of the officers to carry it out—a mediator of the peace—but that he now thought that it had come too soon: that it had been reached by reasoning only by theoretical men, and had not come, as in Western Europe, through the demand of the people, or by the necessity of the case. So far as the material condition of the peasants is concerned, he thought that the emancipation was injurious. He always judged the prosperity of a village by the amount of live stock, and always counted that whenever he passed a village, and had noticed that the amount was continually decreasing. His peasants had three *dessyatínes* (nine acres) of land per head, held in common, for which an annual rent of three rubles per *dessyatíne* is paid. They have the privilege of buying this land at fifty rubles per *dessyatíne*, and can even buy for thirty; but to his knowledge no peasant in his district has purchased land and settled on it as in other countries, though many of them do not lack the means. The peasants are glad to work as little as possible, and like to spend most of their time in a drinking-house. Unfortunately just about the time of the emancipation the taxes on spirits were very much reduced, and this has been productive of much drunkenness. It is now proposed to raise them again, and limit the number of licenses to sell."

While it may have been Auerbach's novel which turned Tolstoy's mind particularly toward the subject of peasant education, yet in starting a school he was only conforming to the spirit of the time—for philanthropy was then in the air—as well as satisfying his own personal desires to do good, desires common in that emancipation period to all liberal spirits. In 1862, in that small district, containing about ten thousand inhabitants, there were fourteen good schools besides ten petty ones, taught by Church readers, or old soldiers, or simply for the servants' children on the various estates. The school which Tolstoy founded he placed in a two-storied brick house on his estate, separated from the village by a little ravine. It was open both morning and evening, and had on an average about forty pupils, boys and girls: some coming long distances and even from other villages, attracted by the fact that the instruction was free, and the school enjoyed a good reputation. In its last year there were four teachers, but Tolstoy frequently gave personal instruction—at one time he passed all his evenings there—in Russian, and especially in Bible History, in singing and in drawing, as he was then passionately fond of music and art. This school flourished for about three years, when it died a natural death, not

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so much from any lack of interest on Tolstoy's part, as because every child in the village, which had only one hundred and fifty inhabitants, had learned to read and write, and had acquired all the other knowledge he seemed capable of mastering, and new pupils could not grow up fast enough to make it worth while keeping up the school. A sort of school lingered on, but it was subsequently closed, apparently in consequence of some mistaken interpretation of a circular of the Minister of Public Instruction; and new schools were forbidden to be opened unless the number of the pupils seemed to satisfy the Government. In connection with this school Tolstoy published a little journal under the name of *Yásnaya Polyána*, in which he gave a description of the school itself and of the method of teaching employed there; as well as long papers containing his views on the general subject of education, and specimens of the compositions and themes of the pupils. This journal, a copy of which he hunted up and gave to me, has now become very rare; but many portions of it, together with some articles published elsewhere, are now included in the fourth volume of his Collected Works. The three papers describing the school in November and December, 1862, have been translated, at least into French, and are well worth reading even by those not at all interested in education, for they contain passages descriptive of children and life in a Russian village which are equal to parts of his best novels. There are also interesting passages in the longer essays which have not yet been translated, but more because they throw light on the development of Tolstoy's character, than because what he says, or what any one else may say, about the education of Russian peasants is of any importance to us who live in a very different phase of civilization.*

Tolstoy's school was free in more senses than one, for generally no attempt was made to keep order or discipline, and only those subjects were taught which interested the pupils, and only so far as that interest continued to exist. The great questions in his mind were, What can one teach? and How can one teach?

"In the decision of these questions I was aided by a sort of pedagogic tact which I possessed, especially by my zeal for the work. Coming all at once into the closest personal relations with the forty little men who constituted my school (I call them little men because I found in them those same traits, sagacity, a great knowledge of practical life, a fund

* Tolstoy in his Confession is not just either to himself or to his schoolwork. He says: "When I came back from my journey abroad I *settled in the country and accidentally* hit on occupying myself with peasant schools. This occupation was quite according to my liking, because there was not apparent in it that falsity which had so impressed me in my literary teaching. Here I was also acting in the name of Progress, but I had already begun to be critically disposed toward Progress itself. I said to myself that Progress in some of its phases was irregular, and that it was therefore necessary that our relations toward unsophisticated people, toward simple peasant children, should be perfectly free, and that they should be allowed to choose that path of progress which they preferred. In reality I was always turning about the same insoluble problem, teaching without knowing what I taught. In the higher spheres of literary activity I understood that it was possible to teach without knowing what to teach, because all writers taught differently, and concealed from themselves their own ignorance only by their disputes with one another; here with peasant children I thought it possible to get over this difficulty by allowing children to learn what they wished. Now I laugh in recollecting how I tacked in order to accomplish my desire of teaching, although I knew very well in the depth of my soul that I could teach no one anything useful because I myself did not know what was useful. After passing a year over my school I went abroad a second time, in order to learn there how to gain the art of teaching others, when one knew nothing one's self.

"It seemed to me that I had learned that abroad, and armed with all this wisdom and skill I returned to Russia in the year of the Emancipation of the Serfs, took the place of mediator, and began to teach the ignorant people in the schools and the educated class in a journal that I started publishing. Everything seemed to go on well, but I used to feel that I was not quite right in mind, and that *it could not last long. I might have reached the same* despair which came on me fifteen years later, if there had not been yet one side of life which I had not yet experienced, and which promised me salvation: that was family life.

"During a whole year I continued to act as mediator, buried myself in my schools and my journal, and worked so hard that I became worn out. The continual disputes between serf and master, that I tried to settle as mediator, weighed on me; my work in my schools seemed to come to nothing; and I began to hate my tacking and veering in my journal, all with a desire of teaching everybody, and of concealing the fact that I did not know what I taught. I grew ill, rather morally than physically; I threw up everything, and went off into the steppes among the Bashkirs, where I could breathe the pure air, drink kumyss, and lead an animal life.

"When I came back I married. The new conditions of a happy family life turned me completely away from any search for the general meaning of life. My whole life at this time was concentrated in my family, my wife, and my children; and then in studying how to increase our fortune. My aspiration for personal perfection, which had already given place for a desire for perfection in general, for progress, now completely gave way to a desire to make myself and my family as comfortable as possible.

"Thus fifteen years passed. Notwithstanding the fact *that during all that time I considered literature to be non*sense, I nevertheless continued to write. I had already tasted the charm of literature, the charm of receiving great pecuniary reward and much applause for worthless work, and I gave myself up to it again as a means of bettering my fortune and of suffocating in my soul all questions about my life and about life in general. I wrote what was for me the only truth then, that one should live so that one's self and family should be as comfortable as possible."

This is the way in which Tolstoy now describes himself as he was at the time that I visited him at Yásnaya Polyána.

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of humor, simplicity, perfect straightforwardness, which characterize in general the Russian peasant); perceiving their impressionableness, and their readiness to obtain what knowledge they needed, I immediately felt that the old clerical way of teaching had outlived its time and did not suit them. After that I tried modes proposed by pedagogic writers, especially Germans, and found, too, that they did not suit; and much —specially where there was an effort to teach by sight or by sound—was distasteful to the pupils and often laughed at. Compulsion was contrary to all my ideas, and therefore when I found that one subject was repulsive, I tried to find something which the pupils would be glad to learn. I experimented at the same time on what were the best ways of teaching even these subjects. People, who came to know my school personally, approved and applied some of my ideas, which I set forth sometimes at very great length in the journal which I had started for that purpose. But I must admit that I was annoyed—being younger then—not so much at the fact that my ideas were not accepted, as that those who officially devoted themselves to educational interests did not think it worth while to refute them; but treated them with complete indifference."

In discussing methods of teaching Tolstoy laid down three principles as fundamental: "The teacher is always involuntarily led to teach in the manner of teaching most convenient to himself. The more convenient this method is to the teacher, the less convenient it is to the pupils. The only good method is that which satisfies the pupils."

What had always particularly troubled him and occupied his attention was the best method of teaching children to read. He asked me much about new methods in use in America, and at his request I was able to procure for him—I think through the kindness of Mr. Garrison of the *Nation*—a good selection of American Primers and Elementary Readers. In one of these I remember the pronunciation of the different sounds of the vowels and of certain consonants was represented to the eye by a character similar in general shape to the ordinary letter, but with special distinctive changes which at once caught the eye. These books proved of some use to Tolstoy in the preparation of his Primer or ABC, on which he spent much time, but the publication or use of which in schools was forbidden by the Minister of Public Instruction.

Tolstoy did not approve of examinations, nor even of individual recitations, at least for Russian peasant children. He seemed to prefer something akin to what is the Arabic, and in general the Eastern method, of all the pupils reciting together. His efforts in instruction in history and geography were on the whole failures. What little success he had came from using the Manuals of Peter Parley, translated into Russian fifty years ago; by telling stories, and by appeals to the Russian patriotic feeling, which was quickly on the alert; "so that," he said, "as a general rule I see no necessity of teaching history or geography to a boy before he goes to the University; and I do see great harm in it. After that I don't know." The one exception that he made was for biblical history and the Bible in general, especially the Old Testament. One of the most interesting portions of his report is the passage about the Bible, of which I cannot forbear quoting the conclusion:

"In order for a pupil to give himself up entirely to his teacher, it is necessary to raise a corner of that veil which hides from him all the enchantment of that world of thought, knowledge, and poetry, to which his studies are to introduce him. . . . What means have we for raising this veil? I thought of many things. But as I was myself in that world to which I wished to introduce my pupils, nothing seemed to be easier, and I taught them to read; I explained the phenomena of nature; I used to tell them what was written in the Primers, that 'the fruits of knowledge are sweet;' but they did not believe me, and even drew off. I then tried reading the Bible to them, and took complete possession of them. The edge of the veil was lifted, and they quite gave themselves up to me. They grew to love the book, love study, and love me. All that I had to do was to guide them further. . . . Perhaps this was ac-

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cident; perhaps in another school the same results may be reached by beginning in a different way. Perhaps. But this accident is repeated too invariably in all schools and in all families, and its explanation is too clear to me for me to admit that it is a chance. For the purpose of opening a new world to a pupil, and of making him love knowledge before he has knowledge, there is no book like the Bible. I speak even for those who do not regard the Bible as Revelation. No; at least, I do not know of a production which unites to the same extent as the Bible, in so condensed a poetic form, all the sides of human thought. All questions of natural phenomena are explained by this book. All the primitive relations of men to each other—families, states, religions, are for the first time recognized in this book. Generalization of ideas, wisdom in a simple childlike form, enchants the pupil's mind for the first time. The lyrical qualities of the Psalms of David affect the minds of children as well as adults; and for the first time, in the Bible, everyone learns the charm of the Epic in its inimitable simplicity and force. Who has not wept over the history of Joseph and of his meeting with his brothers? Who has ever told without terror in his heart the story of the chained and shorn Samson, who, in order to revenge himself on his enemies, buried himself under the ruins of the Palace? And still hundreds of other impressions which have nourished us like our mother's milk. Let those who deny the educational signification of the Bible, and who say that the Bible has outlived its time—let them compose such a book, such stories which explain the phenomena of nature, either drawn from general history or from their own imagination, which will be accepted as the Bible stories are—and then we will admit that the Bible has outlived its time. . . . I repeat my conviction, which may perhaps be drawn from an exceptional experience, that without the Bible in our society the development of the child or of the man would be as impossible as it would have been in Greek society without Homer. . . . The publication of a translation of the Bible in the simple language used by the peasants would form an epoch in the history of the Russian people."

In another place, speaking of the way in which children love to learn, and how their feelings gradually affected their families, he writes: "A father once told me that he burned up a whole candle while holding it in his fingers before his son's book, and he praised greatly both his son and the book. It was the Gospel."

In his educational writings, most of them as old as 1862, there is an occasional paragraph that foreshadows the later phase of Count Tolstoy; and in an article written as late as 1885 he avows his adherence to all that he had said earlier. Such are, among others: "Perhaps the people do not understand, and do not wish to understand, our literary language, because there is nothing in it for them to understand; and because all our literature has no meaning to them and they must create their own literature." Again, in discussing the question whether peasants should be taught Art, he says: "Every child of the people has the same rights—even greater rights—to the enjoyments of Art as we who belong to a privileged class; we who are not weighed upon by the necessity of constant hard labor; we who are surrounded by all the comforts of life. To deprive them of the enjoyments of Art, to deprive me, the teacher, of the right to introduce them into the domain of the highest pleasures, which they are begging for with all the powers of their being, would be an immense absurdity." And again: "I have arrived at this conviction, that all that we have done in poetry and music is false, exclusive, without meaning and without future, and insignificant in comparison with the needs and even with the productions of these arts of which we find specimens among the people. I am convinced that a lyric of Pushkin or the last Symphony of Beethoven are not as unconditionally and universally good as the song about "Vanka the Cellarer," or the air, "Down along Mother Volga;" that Pushkin and Beethoven please us not because they express absolute beauty, but because we are as depraved as they, and because they only flatter our abnormal irritability and our weakness."

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VII.

When I had been just a week at Yásnaya Polyána I happened in the course of the evening to speak of my journey down the Volga, and told of my call at Kazán on General Yúshkof, Count Tolstoy's uncle, to whom he had kindly given me a letter. The old man had been in the campaign of 1812, when he was even already a general, though young; and the Count had told me that I might perhaps get out of him some stories about the battle of Borodinó, the retreat of the French, and how Moscow looked after the great fire. He had apparently utilized some of these for "War and Peace." I explained, therefore, why I had heard nothing of the kind. I had been admitted at Kazán into a very good and comfortable house, and had presented my card and letter of introduction to the servant, who came back and begged me to wait a little. While waiting I noticed that the letter, still unsealed, had been placed on a chair. At last the General came in, old but vigorous, and with an expression of great kindliness and sympathy. He asked me to sit down, sat down himself, and after a few words said: "You brought me, I think, a letter from my nephew Leo? Where is it?"

"I believe you are sitting upon it," I replied. He got up, found the letter, and handing it to me said: "Will you kindly read it to me. I am totally blind." The situation was awkward, but there was no help for it; although the letter was so flattering and affectionate toward me that I felt compelled to skip a whole paragraph. I regret now that, instead of giving it back to the old man, I did not put it into my pocket and preserve it as a souvenir. There were two grand pianos in the other room, and in answer to some question the General said that he had always been passionately fond of music, that he had brought up all his children to play and sing, but that now that he was old and blind they would go off to St. Petersburg during the winter and leave him all alone. Gradually I persuaded him to play from memory something from Beethoven and Mozart; then we went out into the garden and sat in the sun, and in the two hours that he kept me he told me much that was interesting, but not what I wanted.

About 4 o'clock the next morning, after telling this adventure, I was awakened by hearing some one fumbling along the passage, when suddenly my bedroom door opened, and thinking that for some inexplicable reason the servant had come to wake me, I called out, "What's the matter?" The door closed and I heard a voice say in French; "*Ilii*, there's a man in my bed; a man!" The door again opened and a gentleman appeared with a candle, and asked "Seryózha, is that you?" "No," I replied, "I am a guest of the house." He laughed, begged pardon, and went away; and my senses were then sharp enough to hear the arrangement made that she would go up to the drawing-room and sleep on the sofa till the family were up; while he could lie down on the divan in the Count's study. I immediately conjectured what turned out to be the true state of the case. I was occupying the room of Madame Yúshkof, the Count's aunt, and had been invited to stay till her arrival, about a week hence. She had suddenly returned without giving notice, and had brought a friend with her. As the doors of Russian country-houses are very rarely locked at night, they had come in without, as it happened, awaking anyone in the house but myself.

I ascertained the truth when Ivan brought me my morning tea, and I immediately packed up so as to be in readiness to depart the same day. When I went upstairs for the 11 o'clock coffee, I chanced to find Madame Yúshkof alone in the drawing-room and was obliged to introduce myself. She had evidently been told—probably in explaining who I was—my story of the night before, for she smiled and said: "So, you were in Kazán last spring and saw my husband, who told you that he was stone blind. I assure you that there is not a word of truth in it. He sees as well as you or I do. It is merely one of his notions to make himself appear interesting." I asseverated my belief that he really was blind, but could not convince her. Count Tolstoy afterward told me that, although they were on perfectly friendly terms, she had long been separated from her husband, and had not seen him for

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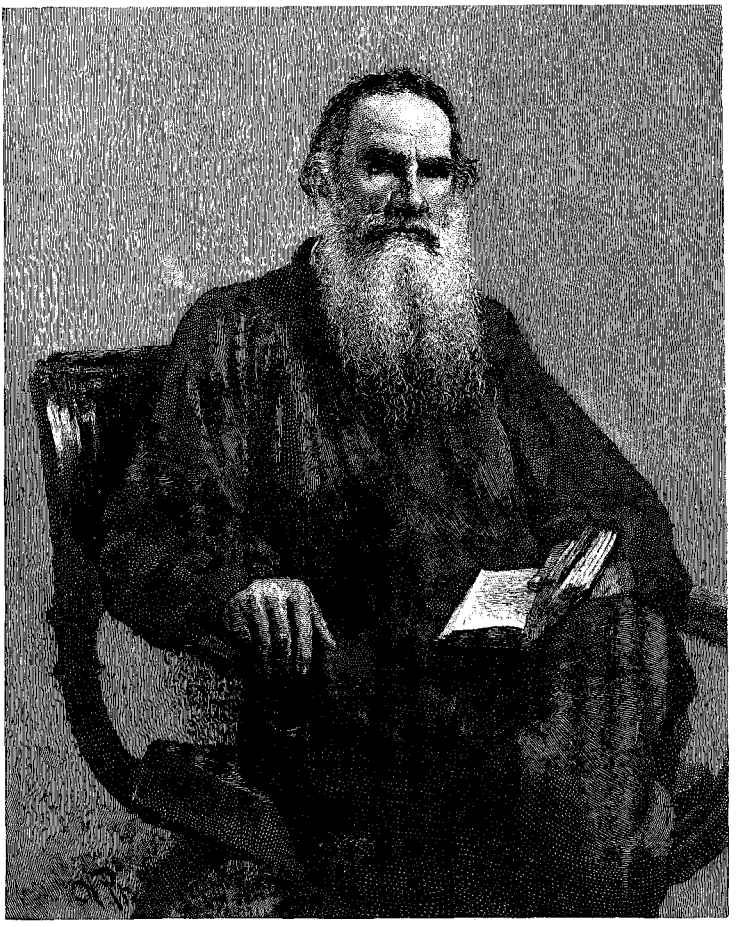

Count Leo Tolstoy.
From a portrait painted by Ilya (Efinovitch) *Riepin*, at Yásnaya Polyána, August 13-15, 1887.

years. I felt sure that at least he had not seen her.

The morning was dark and rainy, but the sun came out afterward, and the strange gentleman, who turned out to be an old family friend with whom Madame Yúshkof had been staying, drove with me to Tula. Although we exchanged occasional letters, Count Tolstoy did not come again to Moscow during my stay there, so that this was the last time I saw him.

Postscript.

Judging from the past there has never seemed to me any reason to believe that the present phase of mystical religious enthusiasm, through which Count Tolstoy is now passing, would last for the whole of his life; or that he is permanently lost to literature. Most of the foreign visitors to him, who have published their impressions, were more interested in his social and religious theories than in Russian literature. It is pleasant, therefore, to find from the account of the novelist G. P. Daniléfsky, of his visit to Yásnaya Polyána in the autumn of 1886, that Count Tolstoy is not so different after all from what he once was; and that to an old friend he is willing to show the interest in art and literature which still possesses him.

Some passages may well be quoted:

"My conversation with the Count about the past and present was interrupted by a large, handsome setter, run-

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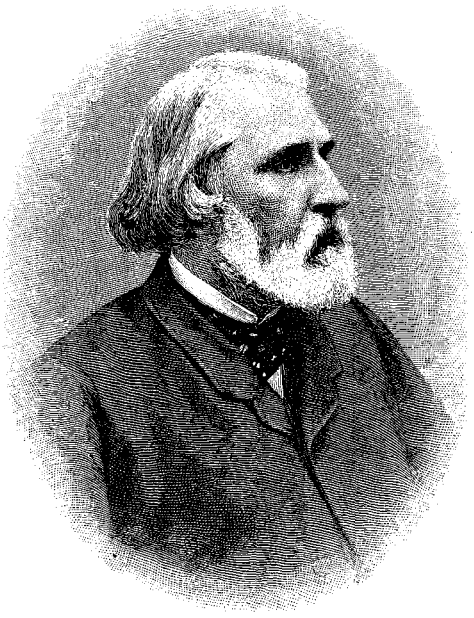
ning in and lying down at his feet. 'Is that Laska?' I asked, thinking of 'Anna Karénin.' 'No; she died long ago. This is my eldest son's sporting dog.' 'And do you shoot now?' 'No; I gave it up long ago; although I walk about the neighboring fields and woods every day. . . . What a delight it is to repose from intellectual occupations by means of simple physical labor. Every day, according to the season, I either dig the ground, or saw and chop wood, or work with scythe, sickle, or some other instrument.' I could not help thinking of the box of shoemaker's tools in the window of the Count's reception-room.



Ivan Sergheievitch Turguénief, 1867.

"'And ploughing,' the Count continued, 'you cannot conceive what a satisfaction it is to plough. It is not very hard work, as it seems to many; it is pure enjoyment. You go along lifting up and properly directing the plough, and you don't notice how one, two, and three hours have gone by. The blood runs merrily through your veins; your head becomes clear; you don't feel the weight of your feet. But the appetite afterward, and the sleep! If you don't feel tired wouldn't you like to take a walk before dinner and look for mushrooms? It has rained lately, and there must be some good white mushrooms.'"

This little walk lasted for three hours and a half, and led them a course of five or six miles, through the orchards planted by the Count, over hill and dale, through woods and meadows; and past those plantations of trees which I had seen in their infancy, but which now are thick woods and realize the prophecy of the Count with regard to their value. All this time the Count talked with sympathy and interest of art, of Russian literature, and of its best representatives. Speaking of popular literature, Tolstoy said: "More than thirty years ago, when some of our present writers —and I among them — had just begun to work, among the hundred millions of the Russian Empire, the number of readers could be counted by tens of thousands. Now, since the multiplication of schools, they can probably be counted by millions; and these millions of Russian readers stand before us like hungry little jackdaws with wide open mouths, and say to us: 'Gentlemen, writers of our own land, throw into our mouths some intellectual food which is worthy of you and of us. Write for us, who thirst for the living literature, save us from those chap-books of "Yeruslam-Lazarévitch," "Milord George," and the like food to be found at the fairs.' The simple and honorable Russian people is worthy of our answering this call of their good and upright soul. I have thought much about it, and have decided to make essay on this ground according to the measure of my strength."

". . . 'How warm it is, and how the air smells of leaves,' he said, approaching an old half-ruined bridge over a little narrow stream. 'The force of immediate impressions from nature is wonderful. How I love and prize artists who draw all their inspiration from that mighty and eternal source! In it is the only force and truth.'

"We talked about various artistic

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methods in literature, painting, and music. 'Not long ago I happened to read a book,' said Tolstoy, stopping before the planks thrown over the stream, 'the verses of a dead young Spanish poet. Besides the remarkable talent of this writer the account of his life greatly interested me. His biographer quotes a story told of him by his old nurse. She had noticed, with apprehension, that he often passed whole nights without sleep, would sigh and pronounce aloud some sort of words, would go out into the fields and villages by moonlight and stay there whole hours. One night she even thought he had gone out of his mind; for he got up, dressed in the dark and went out to a neighboring well. The nurse, who followed him, saw how he drew a bucket of water and began to pour it slowly on the ground; then drew another and poured that out too. "Poor fellow, you've lost your wits," she said. But not at all. The young man was doing that for the purpose of hearing, and seeing the more carefully how streamlets of water fall and splash in the moonlight on a quiet night. The experience was necessary for his new poem. In that case he was confirming his recollections, and the poetic impressions which they prompted, by nature itself; just as painters are obliged sometimes to have recourse to mannikins which they place in the required positions, and cover with the proper clothing. In reading our own and foreign writers I involuntarily feel who is true to nature and borrows from her, and who is false. There are some books whose falsity is at once so evident that I cannot get beyond the first page, and not even threats of corporal punishment would induce me to read them. . . .' Tolstoy would have been willing to walk further, but the Countess arrived from Tula with a bundle of proof-sheets, and it was dinner-time. 'You are not tired?' said Tolstoy, as he gayly and lightly went up the staircase; 'for me daily exercise and physical labor are as indispensable as the air. In summer in the country as to this I have full choice. I can plough or cut grass. In the autumn in rainy weather it is wretched. In the country there are no sidewalks or pavements, and when it rains I cobble and make shoes. In town, too, I am bored by simple walking, and one cannot plough or mow there; so I saw and split wood. Sedentary intellectual work, without physical exercise and labor is a real calamity. If for even a single day I do not walk or work with my legs or hands, I am good for nothing by evening. I can't read or write, or even listen to anyone with attention; my head turns; there seem to be stars in my eyes and I have a sleepless night.'"

Danilévsky concludes as follows:

"Count Leo Tolstoy, after this new meeting of ours, remains in my thoughts the same great and mighty artist that Russia knew and knows. He is in perfect health, vigorous, in full possession of all his artistic force; and, without any doubt, is still able to enrich his country with more than one production similar to 'War and Peace' and 'Anna Karénin.' I say even more. Just as his quiet life and interruption of work after 'Childhood and Boyhood' and the 'Sevastopol Sketches," when he was busy with questions of pedagogy, and published the *Yásnaya Polyána* school journal, was not apathy nor weakening of his artistic strength, but only an involuntary repose or breathing time—during which there ripened in his mind the ideas of 'War and Peace'—so now, when Count Tolstoy, after studying in the originals the 'Old and New Testaments' and 'Lives of Saints,' consecrates his leisure to tales for the people, he is evidently only preparing himself for new and great artistic productions; and his present state of mind is only a new step, only a nearer approach to other still higher stages of his creative power."

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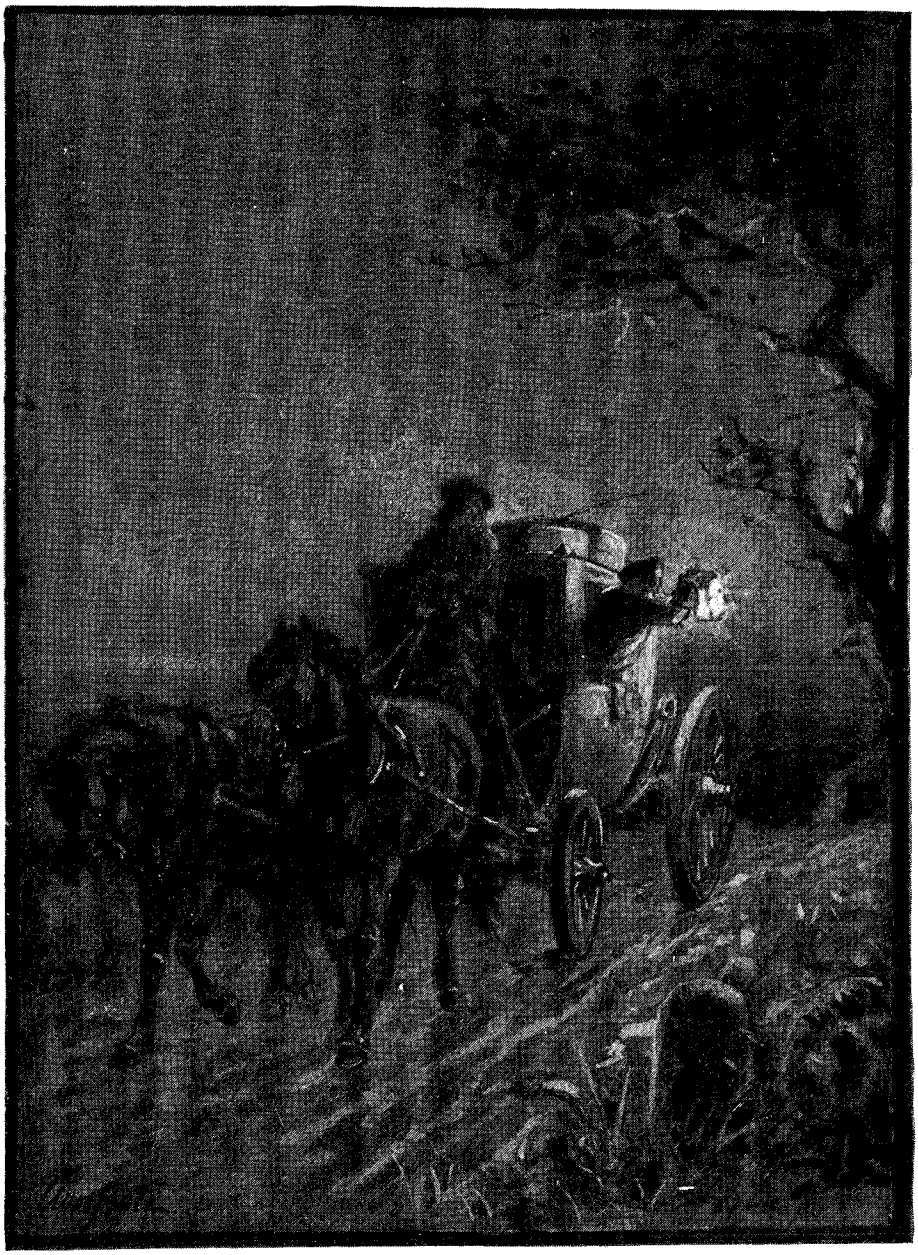

"And then they were gone indeed, having looked their last on the kind roof of Durrisdeer."—*Page* 755.

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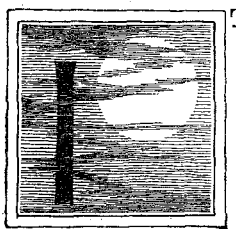
THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

VIII.

THE ENEMY IN THE HOUSE.



IT is a strange thing that I should be at a stick for a date—the date, besides, of an incident that changed the very nature of my life, and sent us all into foreign lands. But the truth is I was stricken out of all my habitudes, and find my journals very ill redd-up,* the day not indicated sometimes for a week or two together, and the whole fashion of the thing like that of a man near desperate. It was late in March, at least, or early in April, 1764. I had slept heavily and wakened with a premonition of some evil to befall. So strong was this upon my spirit, that I hurried down-stairs in my shirt and breeches, and my hand (I remember) shook upon the rail. It was a cold, sunny morning with a thick white frost; the blackbirds sang exceeding sweet and loud about the house at Durrisdeer, and there was a noise of the sea in all the chambers. As I came by the doors of the hall, another sound arrested me, of voices talking. I drew nearer, and stood like a man dreaming. Here was certainly a human voice, and that in my own master's house, and yet I knew it not; certainly human speech, and that in my native land, and yet, listen as I pleased, I could not catch one syllable. An old tale started up in my mind of a fairy wife (or perhaps only a wandering stranger), that came to the place of my fathers some generations back, and stayed the matter of a week, talking often in a tongue that signified nothing to the hearers; and went again as she had come, under cloud of night, leaving not so much as a name behind her. A little fear I had, but more curiosity; and I opened the hall door, and entered.

* Ordered.

The supper dishes still lay upon the table; the shutters were still closed, although day peeped in the divisions; and the great room was lighted only with a single taper, and some lurching reverberation of the fire. Close in the chimney sat two men. The one that was wrapped in a cloak and wore boots, I knew at once: it was the bird of ill omen back again. Of the other, who was set close to the red embers, and made up into a bundle like a mummy, I could but see that he was an alien, of a darker hue than any man of Europe, very frailly built, with a singular tall forehead, and a secret eye. Several bundles and a small valise were on the floor; and to judge by the smallness of this luggage, and by the condition of the Master's boots, grossly patched by some unscrupulous country cobbler, evil had not prospered.

He rose upon my entrance; our eyes crossed; and I know not why it should have been, but my courage rose like a lark on a May morning.

"Ha!" said I, "is this you?" and I was pleased with the unconcern of my own voice.

"It is even myself, worthy Mackellar," says the Master.

"This time you have brought the black dog visibly upon your back," I continued.

"Referring to Secundra Dass?" asked the Master. "Let me present you. He is a native gentleman of India."

"Hum!" said I, "I am no great lover either of you or your friends, Mr. Bally. But I will let a little daylight in and have a look at you." And so saying, I undid the shutters of the eastern window.

By the light of the morning, I could perceive the man was changed. Later, when we were all together, I was more struck to see how lightly time had dealt with him; but the first glance was otherwise.

"You are getting an old man," said I.

A shade came upon his face. "If you could see yourself," said he, "you would perhaps not dwell upon the topic."

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"Hut!" I returned, "old age is nothing to me. I think I have been always old; and I am now, I thank God, better known and more respected. It is not everyone that can say that, Mr. Bally! The lines in *your* brow are calamities; your life begins to close in upon you like a prison; death will soon be rapping at the door; and I see not from what source you are to draw your consolations."

Here the Master addressed himself to Secundra Dass in Hindustanee; from which I gathered (I freely confess, with a high degree of pleasure) that my remarks annoyed him. All this while, you may be sure, my mind had been busy upon other matters even while I rallied my enemy; and chiefly as to how I should communicate secretly and quickly with my lord. To this, in the breathing space now given me, I turned all the forces of my mind; when, suddenly shifting my eyes, I was aware of the man himself standing in the doorway, and to all appearance quite composed. He had no sooner met my looks than he stepped across the threshold. The Master heard him coming, and advanced upon the other side; about four feet apart, these brothers came to a full pause and stood exchanging steady looks, and then my lord smiled, bowed a little forward, and turned briskly away.

"Mackellar," says he, "we must see to breakfast for these travellers."

It was plain the Master was a trifle disconcerted; but he assumed the more impudence of speech and manner. "I am as hungry as a hawk," says he. "Let it be something good, Henry."

My lord turned to him with the same hard smile. "Lord Durrisdeer," says he.

"O, never in the family!" returned the Master.

"Everyone in this house renders me my proper title," says my lord. "If it please you to make an exception, I will leave you to consider what appearance it will bear to strangers, and whether it may not be translated as an effect of impotent jealousy."

I could have clapped my hands together with delight: the more so as my lord left no time for any answer, but bidding me with a sign to follow him, went straight out of the hall.

"Come quick," says he, "we have to sweep vermin from the house." And he sped through the passages, with so swift a step that I could scarce keep up with him, straight to the door of John Paul, the which he opened without summons and walked in. John was to all appearance sound asleep, but my lord made no pretence of waking him.

"John Paul," said he, speaking as quietly as ever I heard him, "you served my father long, or I would pack you from the house like a dog. If in half an hour's time I find you gone, you shall continue to receive your wages in Edinburgh. If you linger here or in St. Bride's—old man, old servant, and altogether, I shall find some very astonishing way to make you smart for your disloyalty. Up, and begone. The door you let them in by will serve for your departure. I do not choose that my son shall see your face again."

"I am rejoiced to find you bear the thing so quietly," said I, when we were forth again by ourselves.

"Quietly!" cries he, and put my hand suddenly against his heart, which struck upon his bosom like a sledge.

At this revelation, I was filled with wonder and fear. There was no constitution could bear so violent a strain—his least of all, that was unhinged already; and I decided in my mind that we must bring this monstrous situation to an end.

"It would be well, I think, if I took word to my lady," said I. Indeed, he should have gone himself, but I counted (not in vain) on his indifference.

"Ay," says he, "do. I will hurry breakfast: we must all appear at the table, even Alexander; it must appear we are untroubled."

I ran to my lady's room, and, with no preparatory cruelty, disclosed my news.

"My mind was long ago made up," said she. "We must make our packets secretly to-day, and leave secretly to-night. Thank Heaven, we have another house! The first ship that sails shall bear us to New York."

"And what of him?" I asked.

"We leave him Durrisdeer," she cried. "Let him work his pleasure upon that."

"Not so, by your leave," said I. "There

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shall be a dog at his heels that can hold fast. Bed he shall have, and board, and a horse to ride upon, if he behave himself; but the keys (if you think well of it, my lady) shall be left in the hands of one Mackellar. There will be good care taken; trust him for that."

"Mr. Mackellar," she cried, "I thank you for that thought! All shall be left in your hands. If we must go into a savage country, I bequeath it to you to take our vengeance. Send Macconochie to St. Bride's, to arrange privately for horses and to call the lawyer. My lord must leave procuration."

At that moment, my lord came to the door, and we opened our plan to him.

"I will never hear of it," he cried; "he would think I feared him. I will stay in my own house, please God, until I die. There lives not the man can beard me out of it. Once and for all, here I am and here I stay, in spite of all the devils in hell." I can give no idea of the vehemency of his words and utterance; but we both stood aghast, and I in particular, who had been a witness of his former self-restraint.

My lady looked at me with an appeal that went to my heart and recalled me to my wits. I made her a private sign to go, and when my lord and I were alone, went up to him where he was racing to and fro in one end of the room like a half-lunatic, and set my hand firmly on his shoulder.

"My lord," says I, "I am going to be the plain-dealer once more; if for the last time, so much the better, for I am grown weary of the part."

"Nothing will change me," he answered. "God forbid I should refuse to hear you; but nothing will change me." This he said firmly, with no signal of former violence, which already raised my hopes.

"Very well," said I. "I can afford to waste my breath." I pointed to a chair, and he sat down and looked at me. "I can remember a time when my lady very much neglected you," said I.

"I never spoke of it while it lasted," returned my lord, with a high flush of color; "and it is all changed now."

"Do you know how much?" I said. "Do you know how much it is all changed? The tables are turned, my lord! It is my lady who now courts you for a word or a look, and generally courts you in vain. Do you know with whom she passes her days, while you are out gallivanting in the policies? My lord, she is glad to pass them with a certain dry old grieve * of the name of Ephraim Mackellar; and I think you may be able to remember what that means, for I am the more in a mistake or you were once driven to the same company yourself."

"Mackellar!" cries my lord, getting to his feet. "O my God, Mackellar!"

"It is neither the name of Mackellar nor the name of God that can change the truth," said I; "and I am telling you the fact. Now, for you, that suffered so much, to deal out the same suffering to another, is that the part of any Christian? But you are so swallowed up in your new friend that the old are all forgotten. They are all clean vanished from your memory. And yet they stood by you at the darkest; my lady not the least. And does my lady ever cross your mind? Does it ever cross your mind what she went through that night? or what manner of a wife she has been to you thenceforward? or in what kind of a position she finds herself to-day? Never. It is your pride to stay and face him out, and she must stay along with you. O, my lord's pride—that's the great affair! And yet she is the woman, and you are a great, hulking man! She is the woman that you swore to protect; and more betoken, the own mother of that son of yours!"

"You are speaking very bitterly, Mackellar," said he; "but the Lord knows, I fear you are speaking very true. I have not proved worthy of my happiness. Bring my lady back."

My lady was waiting near at hand to learn the issue. When I brought her in, my lord took a hand of each of us and laid them both upon his bosom. "I have had two friends in my life," said he. "All the comfort ever I had, it came from one or other. When you two are in a mind, I think I would be an ungrateful dog"—He shut his mouth very hard, and looked on us with swimming eyes. "Do what ye like with me," says he, "only don't think"— He

* Land steward.

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stopped again. "Do what ye please with me; God knows I love and honor you." And dropping our two hands, he turned his back and went and gazed out of the window. But my lady ran after, calling his name, and threw herself upon his neck in a passion of weeping.

I went out and shut the door behind me, and stood and thanked God from the bottom of my heart.

At the breakfast board, according to my lord's design, we were all met. The Master had by that time plucked off his patched boots and made a toilet suitable to the hour; Secundra Dass was no longer bundled up in wrappers, but wore a decent plain black suit, which misbecame him strangely; and the pair were at the great window looking forth, when the family entered. They turned, and the black man (as they had already named him in the house) bowed almost to his knees, but the Master was for running forward like one of the family. My lady stopped him, courtesying low from the far end of the hall, and keeping her children at her back. My lord was a little in front; so there were the three cousins of Durrisdeer face to face. The hand of time was very legible on all; I seemed to read in their changed faces a *memento mori;* and what affected me still more, it was the wicked man that bore his years the handsomest. My lady was quite transfigured into the matron, a becoming woman for the head of a great tableful of children and dependents. My lord was grown slack in his limbs; he stooped, he walked with a running motion as though he had learned again from Mr. Alexander; his face was drawn, it seemed a trifle longer than of old, and it wore at times a smile very singularly mingled, and which (in my eyes) appeared both bitter and pathetic. But the Master still bore himself erect, although perhaps with effort; his brow barred about the centre with imperious lines, his mouth set as for command, he had all the gravity and something of the splendor of Satan in the "Paradise Lost." I could not help but see the man with admiration, and was only surprised that I saw him with so little fear.

But indeed (as long as we were at the table) it seemed as if his authority were quite vanished and his teeth all drawn. We had known him a magician that controlled the elements; and here he was transformed into an ordinary gentleman, chatting like his neighbors at the breakfast board. For now the father was dead, and my lord and lady reconciled, in what ear was he to pour his calumnies? It came upon me in a kind of vision how hugely I had overrated the man's subtlety. He had his malice still, he was false as ever; and the occasion being gone that made his strength, he sat there impotent; he was still the viper, but now spent his venom on a file. Two more thoughts occurred to me while yet we sat at breakfast: the first, that he was abashed—I had almost said distressed—to find his wickedness quite unavailing; the second, that perhaps my lord was in the right, and we did amiss to fly from our dismasted enemy. But my poor master's leaping heart came in my mind, and I remembered it was for his life we played the coward.

When the meal was over, the Master followed me to my room, and taking a chair (which I had never offered him) asked me what was to be done with him.

"Why, Mr. Bally," said I, "the house will still be open to you for a time."

"For a time?" says he. "I do not know if I quite take your meaning."

"It is plain enough," said I. "We keep you for our reputation; as soon as you shall have publicly disgraced yourself by some of your misconduct, we shall pack you forth again."

"You are become an impudent rogue," said the Master, bending his brows at me dangerously.

"I learned in a good school," I returned. "And you must have perceived yourself that with my old lord's death your power is quite departed. I do not fear you now, Mr. Bally; I think even, God forgive me, that I take a certain pleasure in your company."

He broke out in a burst of laughter, which I clearly saw to be assumed.

"I have come with empty pockets," says he, after a pause.

"I do not think there will be any money going," I replied. "I would advise you not to build on that."

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"I shall have something to say on the point," he returned.

"Indeed?" said I. "I have not a guess what it will be, then."

"O, you affect confidence," said the Master. "I have still one strong position—that you people fear a scandal, and I enjoy it."

"Pardon me, Mr. Bally," says I. "We do not in the least fear a scandal against you."

He laughed again. "You have been studying repartee," he said. "But speech is very easy, and sometimes very deceptive. I warn you fairly: you will find me vitriol in the house. You would do wiser to pay money down, and see my back." And with that, he waved his hand to me and left the room.

A little after, my lord came with the lawyer, Mr. Carlyle; a bottle of old wine was brought, and we all had a glass before we fell to business. The necessary deeds were then prepared and executed, and the Scotch estates made over in trust to Mr. Carlyle and myself.

"There is one point, Mr. Carlyle," said my lord, when these affairs had been adjusted, "on which I wish that you would do us justice. This sudden departure coinciding with my brother's return will be certainly commented on. I wish you would discourage any conjunction of the two."

"I will make a point of it, my lord," said Mr. Carlyle. "The Mas—Mr. Bally does not then accompany you?"

"It is a point I must approach," said my lord. "Mr. Bally remains at Durrisdeer under the care of Mr. Mackellar; and I do not mean that he shall even know our destination."

"Common report, however—" began the lawyer.

"Ah, but, Mr. Carlyle, this is to be a secret quite among ourselves," interrupted my lord. "None but you and Mackellar are to be made acquainted with my movements."

"And Mr. Bally stays here? Quite so," said Mr. Carlyle. "The powers you leave—" Then he broke off again. "Mr. Mackellar, we have a rather heavy weight upon us."

"No doubt, sir," said I.

"No doubt," said he. "Mr. Bally will have no voice?"

"He will have no voice," said my lord, "and I hope no influence. Mr. Bally is not a good adviser."

"I see," said the lawyer. "By the way, has Mr. Bally means?"

"I understand him to have nothing," replied my lord. "I give him table, fire, and candle in this house."

"And in the matter of an allowance?—If I am to share the responsibility, you will see how highly desirable it is that I should understand your views," said the lawyer. "On the question of an allowance?"

"There will be no allowance," said my lord. "I wish Mr. Bally to live very private. We have not always been gratified with his behavior."

"And in the matter of money," I added, "he has shown himself an infamous bad husband. Glance your eye upon that docket, Mr. Carlyle, where I have brought together the different sums the man has drawn from the estate in the last fifteen or twenty years. The total is pretty."

Mr. Carlyle made the motion of whistling. "I had no guess of this," said he. "Excuse me once more, my lord, if I appear to push you; but it is really desirable I should penetrate your intentions: Mr. Mackellar might die, when I should find myself alone upon this trust. Would it not be rather your lordship's preference that Mr. Bally should—ahem—should leave the country?"

My lord looked at Mr. Carlyle. "Why do you ask that?" said he.

"I gather, my lord, that Mr. Bally is not a comfort to his family," says the lawyer with a smile.

My lord's face became suddenly knotted. "I wish he was in hell," said he, and filled himself a glass of wine, but with a hand so tottering that he spilled the half into his bosom. This was the second time, that in the midst of the most regular and wise behavior, his animosity had spirted out. It startled Mr. Carlyle, who observed my lord thenceforth with covert curiosity, and to me it restored the certainty that we were acting for the best in view of my lord's health and reason.

Except for this explosion, the interview was very successfully conducted.

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No doubt Mr. Carlyle would talk; as lawyers do, little by little. We could thus feel we had laid the foundations of a better feeling in the country; and the man's own misconduct would certainly complete what we had begun. Indeed, before his departure, the lawyer showed us there had already gone abroad some glimmerings of the truth.

"I should perhaps explain to you, my lord," said he, pausing, with his hat in his hand, "that I have not been altogether surprised with your lordship's dispositions in the case of Mr. Bally. Something of this nature oozed out when he was last in Durrisdeer. There was some talk of a woman at St. Bride's, to whom you had behaved extremely handsome, and Mr. Bally with no small degree of cruelty. There was the entail again, which was much controverted. In short, there was no want of talk, back and forward; and some of our wiseacres took up a strong opinion. I remained in suspense, as became one of my cloth; but Mr. Mackellar's docket here has finally opened my eyes.—I do not think, Mr. Mackellar, that you and I will give him that much rope."

The rest of that important day passed prosperously through. It was our policy to keep the enemy in view, and I took my turn to be his watchman with the rest. I think his spirits rose as he perceived us to be so attentive: and I know that mine insensibly declined. What chiefly daunted me, was the man's singular dexterity to worm himself into our troubles. You may have felt (after a horse accident) the hand of a bone-setter artfully divide and interrogate the muscles, and settle strongly on the injured place? It was so with the Master's tongue that was so cunning to question, and his eyes that were so quick to observe. I seemed to have said nothing, and yet to have let all out. Before I knew where I was, the man was condoling with me on my lord's neglect of my lady and myself, and his hurtful indulgence to his son. On this last point I perceived him (with panic fear) to return repeatedly. The boy had displayed a certain shrinking from his uncle, it was strong in my mind; his father had been fool enough to indoctrinate the same, which was no wise beginning; and when I looked upon the man before me, still so handsome, so apt a speaker, with so great a variety of fortunes to relate, I saw he was the very personage to captivate a boyish fancy. John Paul had left only that morning; it was not to be supposed he had been altogether dumb upon his favorite subject: so that here would be Mr. Alexander in the part of Dido, with a curiosity inflamed to hear; and there would be the Master like a diabolical Æneas, full of matter the most pleasing in the world to any youthful ear, such as battles, sea-disasters, flights, the forests of the west, and (since his later voyage) the ancient cities of the Indies. How cunningly these baits might be employed, and what an empire might be so founded, little by little, in the mind of any boy, stood obviously clear to me. There was no inhibition, so long as the man was in the house, that would be strong enough to hold these two apart; for if it be hard to charm serpents, it is no very difficult thing to cast a glamour on a little chip of manhood not very long in breeches. I recalled an ancient sailor-man who dwelt in a lone house beyond the Figgate Whins (I believe he called it after Portobello), and how the boys would troop out of Leith on a Saturday, and sit and listen to his swearing tales, as thick as crows about a carrion; a thing I often remarked as I went by, a young student, on my own more meditative holiday diversion. Many of these boys went, no doubt, in the face of an express command; many feared and even hated the old brute of whom they made their hero; and I have seen them flee from him when he was tipsy, and stone him when he was drunk. And yet there they came each Saturday! How much more easily would a boy like Mr. Alexander fall under the influence of a high-looking, high-spoken gentleman-adventurer, who should conceive the fancy to entrap him; and the influence gained, how easy to employ it for the child's perversion!

I doubt if our enemy had named Mr. Alexander three times, before I perceived which way his mind was aiming,—all his train of thought and memory passed in one pulsation through my own,—and you may say I started back as though an

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open hole had gaped across a pathway. Mr. Alexander—there was the weak point, there was the Eve in our perishable paradise, and the serpent was already hissing on the trail.

I promise you I went the more heartily about the preparations; my last scruple gone, the danger of delay written before me in huge characters. From that moment forth, I seem not to have sat down or breathed. Now I would be at my post with the Master and his Indian; now in the garret buckling a valise; now sending forth Macconochie by the side postern and the wood-path to bear it to the trysting place; and again, snatching some words of counsel with my lady. This was the *verso* of our life in Durrisdeer that day; but on the *recto* all appeared quite settled, as of a family at home in its paternal seat; and what perturbation may have been observable, the Master would set down to the blow of his unlooked-for coming and the fear he was accustomed to inspire.

Supper went creditably off, cold salutations passed, and the company trooped to their respective chambers. I attended the Master to the last. We had put him the next door to his Indian, in the north wing, because that was the most distant and could be severed from the body of the house with doors. I saw he was a kind friend or a good master (whichever it was) to his Secundra Dass; seeing to his comfort; mending the fire with his own hand, for the Indian complained of cold; inquiring as to the rice on which the stranger made his diet; talking with him pleasantly in the Hindustanee, while I stood by, my candle in my hand, and affected to be overcome with slumber. At length the Master observed my signals of distress. "I perceive," says he, "that you have all your ancient habits: early to bed and early to rise. Yawn yourself away!"

Once in my own room, I made the customary motions of undressing, so that I might time myself; and when the cycle was complete, set my tinder-box ready and blew out my taper. The matter of an hour afterward, I made a light again, put on my shoes of list that I had worn by my lord's sick-bed, and set forth into the house to call the voyagers. All were dressed and waiting,—my lord, my lady, Miss Katharine, Mr. Alexander, my lady's woman Christie; and I observed the effect of secrecy even upon quite innocent persons, that one after another showed in the chink of the door a face as white as paper. We slipped out of the side postern into a night of darkness, scarce broken by a star or two; so that at first we groped and stumbled and fell among the bushes. A few hundred yards up the wood-path, Macconochie was waiting us with a great lantern; so the rest of the way we went easy enough, but still in a kind of guilty silence. A little beyond the abbey, the path debouched on the main road; and some quarter of a mile farther, at the place called Eagles where the moors begin, we saw the lights of the two carriages stand shining by the wayside. Scarce a word or two was uttered at our parting, and these regarded business: a silent grasping of hands, a turning of faces aside, and the thing was over; the horses broke into a trot, the lamplight sped like Will o' the Wisp upon the broken moorland, it dipped beyond Stony Brae, and there were Macconochie and I alone with our lantern on the road. There was one thing more to wait for, and that was the reappearance of the coach upon Cartmore. It seems they must have pulled up upon the summit, looked back for a last time and seen our lantern not yet moved away from the place of separation. For a lamp was taken from a carriage, and waved three times up and down by way of a farewell. And then they were gone indeed, having looked their last on the kind roof of Durrisdeer, their faces toward a barbarous country. I never knew before the greatness of that vault of night in which we two poor servingmen, the one old and the one elderly, stood for the first time deserted; I had never felt before my own dependency upon the countenance of others: the sense of isolation burned in my bowels like fire; it seemed that we who remained at home were the true exiles; and that Durrisdeer, and Solwayside, and all that made my country native, its air good to me, and its language welcome, had gone forth and was far over the sea with my old masters.

All the remainder of that night, I

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paced to and fro on the smooth highway, reflecting on the future and the past. My thoughts, which at first dwelled tenderly on those who were just gone, took a more manly temper as I considered what remained for me to do. Day came upon the inland mountain-tops, the fowls began to cry and the smoke of homesteads to arise in the brown bosom of the moors, before I turned my face homeward and went down the path to where the roof of Durrisdeer shone in the morning by the sea.

At the customary hour I had the Master called, and awaited his coming in the hall with a quiet mind. He looked about him at the empty room and the three covers set.

"We are a small party," said he. "How comes that?"

"This is the party to which we must grow accustomed," I replied.

He looked at me with a sudden sharpness. "What is all this?" said he.

"You and I and your friend Mr. Dass are now all the company," I replied. "My lord, my lady, and the children are gone upon a voyage."

"Upon my word!" said he. "Can this be possible? I have indeed fluttered your Volscians in Corioli! But this is no reason why our breakfast should go cold. Sit down, Mr. Mackellar, if you please"—taking, as he spoke, the head of the table, which I had designed to occupy myself—"and as we eat, you can give me the details of this evasion."

I could see he was more affected than his language carried, and I determined to equal him in coolness. "I was about to ask you to take the head of the table," said I; "for though I am now thrust into the position of your host, I could never forget that you were after all a member of the family."

For a while, he played the part of entertainer, giving directions to Macconochie, who received them with an evil grace, and attending specially upon Secundra. "And where has my good family withdrawn to?" he asked carelessly.

"Ah, Mr. Bally, that is another point!" said I. "I have no orders to communicate their destination."

"To me," he corrected.

"To anyone," said I.

"It is the less pointed," said the Master; "*c'est de bon ton:* my brother improves as he continues. And I, dear Mr. Mackellar?"

"You will have bed and board, Mr. Bally," said I. "I am permitted to give you the run of the cellar, which is pretty reasonably stocked. You have only to keep well with me, which is no very difficult matter, and you shall want neither for wine nor a saddle-horse."

He made an excuse to send Macconochie from the room.

"And for money?" he inquired. "Have I to keep well with my good friend Mackellar for my pocket money also? This is a pleasing return to the principles of boyhood."

"There was no allowance made," said I; "but I will take it on myself to see you are supplied in moderation."

"In moderation?" he repeated. "And you will take it on yourself?" He drew himself up and looked about the hall at the dark rows of portraits. "In the name of my ancestors, I thank you," says he; and then, with a return to irony: "But there must certainly be an allowance for Secundra Dass?" he said. "It is not possible they have omitted that."

"I will make a note of it and ask instructions when I write," said I.

And he, with a sudden change of manner, and leaning forward with an elbow on the table: "Do you think this entirely wise?"

"I execute my orders, Mr. Bally," said I.

"Profoundly modest," said the master; "perhaps not equally ingenuous. You told me yesterday my power was fallen with my father's death: with the infidelity of a common-place woman, you might have added. How comes it, then, that a peer of the realm flees under cloud of night out of a house in which his fathers have stood several sieges? that he conceals his address, which must be a matter of concern to his Gracious Majesty and to the whole republic? and that he should leave me in possession and under the paternal charge of his invaluable Mackellar? This smacks to me of a very consider-

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able and genuine apprehension. But I will go beyond that, for I think the apprehension grounded. I came to this house with some reluctancy. In view of the manner of my last departure, nothing but necessity could have induced me to come back. Money, however, is that which I must have. You will not give with a good grace; well, I have the power to force it from you. Inside of a week, without leaving Durrisdeer, I will find out where these fools are fled to. I will follow; and when I have run my quarry down I will drive a wedge into that family that shall once more burst it into shivers. I shall see then whether my Lord Durrisdeer" (said with indescribable scorn and rage) "will choose to buy my absence; and you will all see whether, by that time, I decide for profit or revenge."

I was amazed to hear the man so open. The truth is, he was consumed with anger at my lord's successful flight, felt himself to figure as a dupe, and was in no humor to weigh language.

"Do you consider *this* entirely wise?" said I, copying his words.

"These twenty years I have lived by my poor wisdom," he answered, with a smile that seemed almost foolish in its vanity.

"And come out a beggar in the end," said I, "if beggar be a strong enough word for it."

"I would have you to observe, Mr. Mackellar," cried he, with a sudden, imperious heat in which I could not but admire him, "that I am scrupulously civil; copy me in that, and we shall be the better friends."

Throughout this dialogue, I had been incommoded by the observation of Secundra Dass. Not one of us, since the first word, had made a feint of eating: our eyes were in each other's faces—you might say in each other's bosoms; and those of the Indian troubled me with a certain changing brightness as of comprehension. But I brushed the fancy aside: telling myself once more he understood no English; only, from the gravity of both voices and the occasional scorn and anger in the Master's, smelled out there was something of import in the wind. For the matter of three weeks, we continued to live together in the house of Durrisdeer: the beginning of that most singular chapter of my life—what I must call my intimacy with the Master. At first, he was somewhat changeable in his behavior: now civil, now returning to his old manner of flouting me to my face; and in both, I met him half-way. Thanks be to Providence, I had now no measure to keep with the man; and I was never afraid of black brows, only of naked swords. So that I found a certain entertainment in these bouts of incivility, and was not always ill-inspired in my rejoinders. At last (it was at supper), I had a droll expression that entirely vanquished him. He laughed again and again; and "Who would have guessed," he cried, "that this old wife had any wit under his petticoats?"

"It is no wit, Mr. Bally," said I; "a dry Scot's humor, and something of the driest." And indeed I never had the least pretention to be thought a wit.

From that hour, he was never rude with me, but all passed between us in a manner of pleasantry. One of our chief times of daffing* was when he required a horse, another bottle, or some money; he would approach me then after the manner of a school-boy, and I would carry it on by way of being his father: on both sides with an infinity of mirth. I could not but perceive that he thought more of me, which tickled that poor part of mankind, the vanity. He dropped besides (I must suppose unconsciously) into a manner that was not only familiar but even friendly; and this, on the part of one who had so long detested me, I found the more insidious. He went little abroad; sometimes even refusing invitations. "No," he would say, "what do I care for these thick-headed bonnet-lairds? I will stay at home, Mackellar; and we shall share a bottle quietly and have one of our good talks." And indeed meal-time at Durrisdeer must have been a delight to anyone, by reason of the brilliancy of the discourse. He would often express wonder at his former indifference to my society. "But you see," he would add, "we were upon opposite sides, and so we are to-day. But let us never speak of that. I would think much less of

* Fooling.

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you, if you were not stanch to your employer." You are to consider, he seemed to me quite impotent for any evil; and how it is a most engaging form of flattery when (after many years) tardy justice is done to a man's character and parts. But I have no thought to excuse myself. I was to blame; I let him cajole me; and, in short, I think the watch-dog was going sound asleep, when he was suddenly aroused.

I should say the Indian was continually travelling to and fro in the house. He never spoke, save in his own dialect and with the Master; walked without sound; and was always turning up where you would least expect him, fallen into a deep abstraction, from which he would start (upon your coming) to mock you with one of his grovelling obeisances. He seemed so quiet, so frail, and so wrapped in his own fancies, that I came to pass him over without much regard, or even to pity him for a harmless exile from his country. And yet without doubt the creature was still eaves-dropping; and without doubt it was through his stealth and my security that our secret reached the Master.

It was one very wild night, after supper, and when we had been making more than usually merry, that the blow fell on me.

"This is all very fine," says the Master, "but we should do better to be buckling our valise."

"Why so?" I cried. "Are you leaving?"

"We are all leaving to-morrow in the morning," said he. "For the port of Glascow first; thence for the province of New York."

I suppose I must have groaned aloud.

"Yes," he continued, "I boasted: I said a week, and it has taken me near twenty days. But never mind: I shall make it up; I will go the faster."

"Have you the money for this voyage?" I asked.

"Dear and ingenuous personage, I have," said he. "Blame me, if you choose, for my duplicity; but while I have been wringing shillings from my daddy, I had a stock of my own put by against a rainy day. You will pay for your own passage, if you choose to accompany us on our flank march; I have enough for Secundra and myself, but not more: enough to be dangerous, not enough to be generous. There is, however, an outside seat upon the chaise which I will let you have upon a moderate commutation; so that the whole menagerie can go together, the house-dog, the monkey, and the tiger."

"I go with you," said I.

"I count upon it," said the Master. "You have seen me foiled, I mean you shall see me victorious. To gain that, I will risk wetting you like a sop in this wild weather."

"And at least," I added, "you know very well you could not throw me off."

"Not easily," said he. "You put your finger on the point with your usual excellent good sense. I never fight with the inevitable."

"I suppose it is useless to appeal to you," said I.

"Believe me, perfectly," said he.

"And yet if you would give me time, I could write—" I began.

"And what would be my Lord Durrisdeer's answer?" asks he.

"Ay," said I, "that is the rub."

"And at any rate, how much more expeditious that I should go myself!" says he. "But all this is quite a waste of breath. At seven to-morrow the chaise will be at the door. For I start from the door, Mackellar; I do not skulk through woods and take my chaise upon the wayside—shall we say, at Eagles?"

My mind was now thoroughly made up. "Can you spare me quarter of an hour at St. Bride's?" said I. "I have a little necessary business with Carlyle."

"An hour, if you prefer," said he. "I do not seek to deny that the money for your seat is an object to me; and you could always get the first to Glascow with saddle-horses."

"Well," said I, "I never thought to leave old Scotland."

"It will brisken you up," says he.

"This will be an ill journey for some one," I said. "I think, sir, for you. Something speaks in my bosom; and so much it says plain, That this is an ill-omened journey."

"If you take to prophecy," says he, "listen to that."

There came up a violent squall off the

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open Solway, and the rain was dashed on the great windows.

"Do ye ken what that bodes, warlock," said he, in a broad accent; "that there'll be a man Mackellar unco sick at sea."

When I got to my chamber, I sat there under a painful excitation, hearkening to the turmoil of the gale which struck full upon that gable of the house. What with the pressure on my spirits, the eldritch cries of the wind among the turret tops, and the perpetual trepidation of the masoned house, sleep fled my eyelids utterly. I sat by my taper, looking on the black panes of the window where the storm appeared continually on the point of bursting in its entrance; and upon that empty field I beheld a perspective of consequences that made the hair to rise upon my scalp. The child corrupted, the home broken up, my master dead or worse than dead, my mistress plunged in desolation, all these I saw before me painted brightly on the darkness; and the outcry of the wind appeared to mock at my inaction.

(To be continued.)

ILLUSIONS.

By Mary Bradley.

YES, "leave us our illusions." Day is spent,
And the night darkens upon anxious eyes
While to and fro we wander, impotent
To find our way out from a house of lies.
We followed with the learned and the wise,
While yet the morning was; and were content,
Seeking the truth (which still your wisdom flies),
To climb from cliff to hollow where they went.

But oh, what gain in all our journeyings?
For who can tell us, now the day declines,
Where, in this tangle of uncertain things
The kindly light that leads us homeward, shines?
Or what to answer when His face we see
Who called us at the outset—Follow Me!

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AT THE FERRY.

By Graham R. Tomson.

HERE by the stream I sit,
  Where the dull water floweth evermore,—
  The listless water lapping on the shore—
This long low strand by sun and stars unlit.

Knee-deep in river-musk
  I hear the black-leaved poplars sigh and sway,
  The plash of oars upon the water-way
As Charon's boat swings huge upon the dusk.

I watch the phantoms land,
  And some step shoreward faint and shuddering,
  With brows rose-garlanded for life's fair Spring;
And others mute and sore-bewildered stand

With eyes bedimmed and dazed
  In the new twilight-gloom—yet some there be,
  That seek the smooth still haven longingly
And through the gloaming wander unamazed.

But when she cometh—fair
  And passing sweet this murky land shall be,
  Soul of my soul—unmet by shore or sea—
Whom knew I never in the upper air,

Then sudden day shall dawn,
  And wheresoe'er her lovely feet be set
  Shall spring the crocus and the violet,
And lilies white as ivory new-sawn.

Where never daylight shone,
  Before her face a tremulous gold ray
  Shall turn to golden mist this twilight gray,
And roses blossom here in Acheron.

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SELF.

By Augusta Larned.

Not to love self and yet to love myself
  As highest, next to the supernal powers,
To lose myself that I may find myself,
  The better self in sane and tranquil hours.

To save myself by spending all myself,
  Nor count the cost nor linger at the dole,
To prize myself that I may give myself—
  The unclaimed largess of a free-born soul.

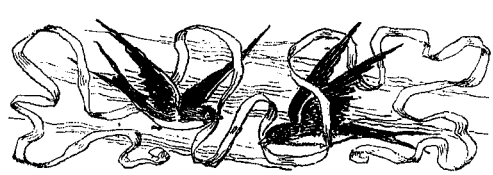
To fling this self upon a heap of things
  The vilest and the meanest of the earth,
To sever from myself whereto it clings,
  Joy, and delight, and rest, and pleasant mirth.

To haggle not nor bargain for my pay,
  The "well done, servant, enter on thine ease,"
To ask no wage for the long workaday
  Only to hope my nature's still increase.

And yet to hold this self by some great law
  Of dignity surpassing all we know,
Till the spheres drop beneath it, and the awe
  Of moral being dwarfs each sensuous show.

To claim its kindred with all deathless things,
  Nor suns nor tides can measure its desires,
Nor can divinest strain the poet sings
  Hint at the self whereunto it aspires.

See where the Sphinx this riddle now indites,
  And should you doubt of life's immortal charms,
Know the orbed self that holds all opposites
  Must hold the unweaned future in its arms.



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PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

IN an intelligible sense there is no such thing as a Past, since it has ceased to exist, and there is no such thing as a Future, for it does not yet exist, but whatever there may be of reality and also of illusion in both, concentrates itself wholly in the Present. Again, in a certain sense, although we talk of the transitoriness of life, the Present is absolutely permanent, for what we call the Future can be nothing till it shall have become the Present, and it is inconceivable that a time can ever arrive when there will be no Present.

These ideas do not in any way interfere with the popular conception of Past, Present, and Future, but they may help to correct the popular tendency to regard the Present as of little relative importance because it seems so transitory and brief, while our imagination invests the Past and the Future with the imposing attribute of inconceivable vastness.

The illusion about the smallness of the Present takes a shape like this. We think to ourselves: "What does it matter if I do this or that thing just now, or nothing whatever now, as the *now* is such a very short space of time?" This undervaluing of the Present is the origin of all procrastination. "I will do the thing, not now," says the procrastinator, "but to-morrow." He forgets that when to-morrow comes it will be *now* just as to-day is, and he will undervalue it exactly in the same way.

To procrastinate is to put off till to-morrow; but whatever may be the interval of time, whether we put off for hours or years, the origin of the habit is the same. Strictly considered, the Present is not a space but a mere point of time, and yet the Present is all the time there is. It may be compared with the point of a pencil in the hand of a draughtsman; it travels, and it leaves marks behind it, yet in itself it is but a point surrounded by an infinite space that we call eternity.

Marcus Aurelius said that a man cannot lose either the Past or the Future, for he has not either of them, and what a man has not cannot be taken from him. The ordinary reader is likely to suspect a little sophistry here, and might reply that although the Past does not belong to us, since it is gone, certain results of it may be lost in after-life and, in this sense, taken from us. I may have learned a language in the Past and lost it through a subsequent failure of memory. I may have trained my body by gymnastics and lost the strength and suppleness which that exercise gained for me. Or, on the other hand, one may have preserved very valuable results from early training, and may still possess very much of his Past, though in modified forms. Merely to remember the Past with great vividness is still, in a measure, to possess it. Even the dead are not completely taken away from us, so long as we remember them well; they can only completely die by the failure of memory in survivors. Our recollection of the dead varies greatly in its clearness; there are times when it is vague and rather distant, as a landscape on a misty day, but there are other times when the mist clears off in a marvellous way and it seems, for a moment, as if we really felt "the touch of the vanished hand," and heard once again "the sound of the voice that is still." In this respect even our dreams

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have a serious value. They sometimes refresh our recollections of the dead as nothing else can, by recalling some little half-forgotten peculiarity of tone or gesture, and there are dreams of such value in this respect that they bridge over a great interval of years.

Although Marcus Aurelius said a man could not lose the Future because he did not possess it, we all believe that we might lose, or at least miss the Future by dying prematurely, and this is the reason for the extraordinary degree of sympathy excited by all early deaths, a sympathy which decreases steadily with the age of the dead person till there is little or none of it left for the very old. The objection to dying diminishes wonderfully with age, from the idea that there is less to lose, till at length in old people themselves we find a disposition to look upon the natural term of life with very little repugnance. The argument that the young lose nothing when they die prematurely cannot be maintained if we take loss in the sense of *missing*, for every time of life has its own satisfactions, its own peculiar kinds of happiness, and it is absolutely impossible that youth can ever have the happiness of maturity, though it may have the brighter and less substantial satisfactions of life's beginning. However, as the missing is not of the conscious kind, the loss is never felt.

The following is one of those cases which excite regret in survivors. A man died many years ago after a cruel illness which was accompanied by great mental suffering on account of his anxiety for the future of his family, which he left entirely unprovided for. Partly in consequence of the kindness of others, and partly through their own industry, his children prospered and became incomparably happier in all ways than the dying father could reasonably hope for. In this case one regrets that a gleam of the Future could not shine, like a ray of sunlight, on the death-bed; but Future good and evil are alike hidden from us, and the Present, often so gloomy, is all that we really know. This is why practical philosophers tell us to take short views. He who tries to look into the Future will probably not see the real Future, but a picture whose lights and shadows are the work of his own imagination.

As we advance in life, when we are getting on, for example, in the sixth decade, we have not merely read biographies, but have actually seen human lives lived out from the cradle to the grave. There is nothing so effectual as this witnessing of lives for convincing us of the futility of far-reaching schemes. If they are built upon the supposed inclinations of other people they are especially liable to come to naught. Those other people will act, when the time comes for acting, in ways that we are totally unable to foresee, and their decisions will affect our own Future in the most incalculable manner. We are like engines running on a railroad—we may be at any time turned aside in directions that we can predict no more than if we were made of brass and iron. A family emigrates, let us say, from England to some distant colony with the firm intention of living all close to each other as families do in the story-books. Divergences of taste and different necessities of occupation will probably scatter them in a few years. Then new influences, new friendships, marriages, will mould the different destinies.

Plans of life that are built upon our own tastes may be falsified by the gradual change in ourselves. Nobody, at twenty, can know what his tastes will be when he gets to twice that age. We see this change in clear evidence when people make records of their own minds, either in ordinary correspondence (if it is preserved) or in pictures and books. Among certain ancient records I discovered, once, an epistle written by myself at the age of twenty-one. Any girl at that age might have written a better. Either from laziness or carelessness, or simple inability to give a clear and characteristic account of what I had seen, there was no attempt, I will not say at style, but at the most ordinary quality of plain writing. I have so far changed that it is now a pleasurable exercise for me to put words in their proper places. In like manner I have seen painters arrived at their maturity who sought for, and even purchased, their early pictures that did not in the least express either the powers, or the feelings, or the tastes

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in regard to nature and art which had become a part of themselves in after-years.

The nature of every man is so mysterious, so immeasurable and unfathomable, that what seems to others the narrowest mental organization may contain within itself unexpected resources. This is the hidden cause of the invariable appearance of great men in times of national trial and disturbance. At such times, quiet, unpretending individuals come to the front by the forces of nature that formerly lay concealed within them, and they win fame, perhaps immortal fame, like Cromwell, Grant, Lincoln, for qualities that would scarcely have attracted notice in common life and in ordinary times. The fact of such appearances of great men ought to warn us all against the presumption of setting bounds to the future of anyone, except in matters where technical excellence is a necessity. If a man cannot play the fiddle at thirty we may safely predict that he will never become an accomplished violinist, but when there is no technical obstacle the limits cannot be fixed. Scott fell into novel-writing accidentally, and a very trivial circumstance (a search for fishing-tackle that made him stumble upon the unfinished manuscript of "Waverley") caused him to resume it after a first abandonment. George Eliot spent her time in translating German philosophical books, not at all suspecting the existence of her own gifts as a novelist, until Lewes urged her to make experiments. A possible external cause in either of these cases would have left the gift dormant forever. If Byron had not appeared Scott would have remained the first poet, so that he would not have turned to prose; for Shelley and Keats counted for hardly anything in those days, and Wordsworth was unpopular. If Miss Evans had married a rich, ordinary man the intellectual side of her nature would have overshadowed the artistic, and she would never have been anything more than a student and expounder of philosophy.

Unthinking people express an astonishment at examples of this kind which is in itself unreasonable. They think it very surprising that anyone should succeed in a pursuit for which he has not been trained; but that never happens. The training, the preparation, has always been there in concealed forms. The natural gift of the novelist is invention of the story-telling kind, the training required is only the use of language and some study of literature; the materials are amassed by observing actual life. Both Scott and George Eliot had been students of literature and were already practised writers before they attempted the novel. They had observed much, and therefore all that remained to be tested was the presence of invention. Nobody ever did anything without the necessary education. People sometimes foolishly wonder how Mr. Bright could be such a fine orator without a classical training; they forget that he had advantages which Cicero and Demosthenes lacked. He knew by heart all the great speeches in Shakespeare and Milton, and as for language, he studied the finest English wherever it was to be found. His linguistic education was at least equal (in reference to his own time) to that of an ancient Greek, yet foolish people look upon John Bright as an ignorant genius, while they consider Demosthenes educated. When Bright was a young man, in smoky Rochdale, he had access to the artistic element in literature, and it was the love of poetry that gave the artistic element to his own speeches and raised them to the height of oratory.

There is an awful truth that impresses itself upon us on growing old, and that is how marvellously our own Past is continually coming back to us. The effort and the neglect, the virtues and the vices, of thirty or forty years ago are telling with irresistible power on the occupations and interests of to-day. Whatever other people may think about the novelty and (to them) the unexpectedness of what we do, each of us well knows that the action of to-day is built upon his own near or distant Past. There is an odd contradiction in this between our own knowledge and the surprise of others. They all associate us with certain limitations which they themselves have made for us. They would bind us down to their own limited knowledge of our knowledge, like

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an English lady who once told me that if I were to go to France I should find it difficult to talk to French people. That is the common illusion of others, but we ourselves are liable to another great illusion about ourselves. We deplore the waste of time in vain education, in misdirected reading, believing that much is superfluous because we imagine ourselves, *without it*, being the same persons that we are *with it*. A man is what he is in consequence of *all* his training and experience put together. This includes his failures and what he has imperfectly learned, as well as his successes and the things he has been able to shine in. The cleverest of us are liable to this error of underestimating an imperfect education. Imperfect, certainly, it always is, but not valueless. Darwin supposed that his school and college education had been of little or no use to him, yet his mind was the result of those influences as well as of more purely scientific influences. It is possible, and even probable, that without his literary training Darwin's mind might never have become elastic enough and comprehensive enough to embrace and co-ordinate ideas so widely apart as those which condensed themselves into the theory of evolution. Nobody who is in the least degree remarkable for intellectual ability of any kind could quite safely discard any part of his past work and training, however seemingly irrelevant to the present. One of the most educated men now living is Mr. Gladstone. I will not trouble the reader with the details of Mr. Gladstone's education, but all were probably essential. To be perfectly certain on this point it would be necessary to try the same human being with two different educations, that is, to have Mr. Gladstone born again and educated in some other way. Probably, if such a miracle could be performed, we should find that the otherwise-educated Gladstone would not act, in anything, exactly like the present scholar and statesman.

The power of the Past over every instant of the Present is so subtle in its operation that it tells in the most insignificant acts. One of my friends, who has had much experience in tuition, tells me that he knows immediately, without asking questions, whether a young man has had a classical education or not. A close observer might possibly guess from the slightest movements if a young man had been accustomed to athletic exercises.

In all the arts there are momentary difficulties that only the most dexterous can fully overcome. In other words, the labor of years is concentrated in the skill of a moment, the extensive Past operating with all its accumulated force upon the narrow Present. On witnessing these momentary displays of a skill that is almost incomprehensible a thoughtful person is chiefly impressed by that marvellous law of nature which makes years of previous labor available all at once.

The great difficulty in employing the Present well is that the use of it must form part of some consistent scheme or well-devised arrangement of life. There is no satisfactory Present that is not firmly rooted in the Past. It is the sense of this great *need of the Past* which drives people who have no steady pursuits to a perpetual waste of time. They feel that desultory efforts are useless, and they cannot determine to undertake those that might be effectual and continuous. Hence the great advantage in the trades and professions, that they insure continuity; they keep the cobbler to his last, the painter to his palette. It is thus, in the arrangements of nature, that the Present is made so valuable, that men are, on the whole, so wonderfully efficient *now* when we want their services, and do not put us off with promises of future utility. This is the one admirable result, that civilization helps us *now*, that the telegraph is ready to take our message and the steamer ready to start, and the fire-engine ready to stop the conflagration. The increased experience of the human race is leading it more and more to appreciate the importance of the Present, and to look upon the Future only as that which will be the Present in its turn.

The clergy in speaking of another world often teach true wisdom for this, and they tell us that "*now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation." If we mean to be spiritually wise, they say, we had better begin at

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once. With regard to all beginnings, though they may seem so new, it is wonderful how rapidly they fall back into the Past. Make a little improvement in your household arrangements, your manner of life, and in a short time it will seem as if it had always been so. Any new law, if it is practically good, will be defended by the strictest conservatives in a few years. It is only students and thinkers who know the newness of some things in our civilization and the extreme antiquity of others.

Considering the prodigious abundance of good things that the Past has bequeathed to us it seems ungrateful to make any objection, still, there is one tendency in things that is pregnant of inconvenience for the Future. It is the way in which they cluster round a mistake till the mass is too heavy to be moved. The site of a town may have been chosen by the ancient Romans for defensive purposes according to their mode of warfare. It may have been originally no more than a fortified camp, then a cluster of habitations, afterward a cathedral city in the Middle Ages, and now a modern town useless for defence against artillery and in the highest degree inconvenient for modern life. At the same time there is, perhaps, an excellent site for a modern town five miles off; but stone buildings cannot be moved like tents. The difficulty of improving the interior of great old cities is also enormous, independently of any change of site. The works left by the Past are inconveniently valuable, and one must be a despot like Louis Napoleon to drive through them. Even in a system so recently introduced as railways, the narrow gauge has settled itself in England with a power far surpassing the strength of law, as nobody can undertake to alter the enormous "plant." So it is with great social institutions; they become so massive by gathering weight, in course of time, that it is almost impossible to adapt them to new needs, and the Present has to conform to the Past. We see this, of course, much more in old countries than in newly settled ones. For example, there is the English House of Lords. All the various schemes for adapting that Chamber to modern wants have been found impracticable, and it remains founded upon the hereditary principle; consequently, to raise a man to the peerage for his own merits, according to the democratic idea, the Queen has to make the peerage hereditary in his family, which is a concession to ancient ideas. The almost insuperable difficulty of adjustment that there is between the Past and the Present is better seen in France than in any other country, for there the antagonism between the two is not modified by any spirit of compromise. The Present, in France, does not willingly assume old forms, as it does in England, while the Past never admits itself to be finally superseded.

An American now in Europe tells me that the great interest of the Old World for him is that there the old and new are to be seen side by side. He was thinking of such visible things as buildings, but there are the same contrasts between living people, some of whom belong distinctly to the Past. I myself have certainly known both English and French people who belonged to the eighteenth century, and looked upon the nineteenth with sentiments of disapprobation. A careful observer might go much further back among the living, and detect without difficulty traces of earlier ages. A strongly reactionary French nobleman who admits nothing but the Papal authority in matters of opinion, who detests parliamentary government, and wants a Monarchy of Divine Right, is as little modern as his coat-of-arms. The Past, indeed, is still alive so far as it has living representatives. In this sense it may reasonably be argued that the eighteenth century has not yet come to an end. There is even a tendency in students of the Past to become enamoured of some past century and prefer it to all others, by a kind of romantic idealization. The brothers De Goncourt chose the eighteenth, and came, of course, to know much more about it than anybody would ever learn without that passionate preference. It is an instructive hobby to have a fancy for some Past-time, and gradually accumulate knowledge about it until our favorite epoch becomes almost a living reality. Such a hobby has the incalculable advantage of making us aware that

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the Present is not everything and the daily papers not the only interesting reading. Littré, notwithstanding all his knowledge of antiquity, took an especial interest in the *langue d'oïl* that was contemporary with Dante, and discovered its grammar and construction so as to translate the "Inferno" into that beautiful forgotten tongue. It is hardly possible to have that tenderness of affection for more than one Past age, which becomes more and more our own as we know it better than anybody else. The kind of illusion that mingles itself with these affections for the Past is that which shuts its eyes against unpleasant truths. We may well admire the architecture of the thirteenth century, but we could not live a week or a day in that century without being offended by coarseness and made indignant by the sight of cruelty and wrong. The Past is picturesque and romantic, and it may suggest very poetical conceptions, but the Earth has never been so habitable for merciful and reasonable beings as it is now. We live, as Renan said, in a recent speech at the *Académie française*—we live in the happiest time, in the best of the known ages. We may look forward, for our descendants, to a time still better than this, but the Future is dark and we know that it will have great social difficulties of its own. Still if we look to the *tendency* of things, and do not allow our minds to be too much taken up by details, we cannot doubt that the tendency is steadily toward improvement, not for individuals but for the race. This is the one great consolation that we have in living, for as to individual existence we have always to face the certainty of deterioration. After forty we must accept the gradual lessening of physical force and mental vivacity, even when both are not still more rapidly lessened by the inroads of disease. Therefore, so far as this world is concerned, our best chance of being happy in advancing life is to take an interest in the Future of the race. Philosophers who speculate on great cosmical subjects tell us that the race itself will ultimately perish, but that end is so remote that it need not prevent us from hoping for many things in the meanwhile. For example, I hope for the cessation of war, though not in our time, and I hope for a great increase in international good feeling and in religious toleration. These are great and encouraging hopes which make personal interests seem inconsiderable to me.

One thing we cannot hope for, the cessation of physical pain; but with regard to that I may quote the saying of an eminent Parisian physician, "La douleur passée n'est rien." When physical pain is over, there is an end of it. Most of us know what pain is, how hard to bear when it is actually present, but one minute after it is really over we have nothing but a delightful sensation of relief. If pain leaves no effect of deterioration behind it the *has been* counts for nothing. When we see a great crowd of people, we do not reckon up the sum of torture that the births of all these human beings must have caused, long ago, to their mothers; in the tranquillity of a public cemetery we do not think of the pains of dying and multiply them by the names upon the gravestones. Hardly even, on a battle field, do we remember the pains of the buried thousands, but rather the fiery onset and the vigorous resistance. When passing over the battle-field of Ivry, then quiet in the moonlight, I saw nothing in imagination but a shadowy host advancing and, in the midst of it, the white-plumed "helmet of Navarre."

With *future* pain the case is entirely different. It is reasonable to think nothing of that which is over, and reasonable also to dread, so long as we face it without cowardice, the pain that is to come. For the same reason a merciful man recoils from inflicting torture on men and animals. He would not enter upon an avoidable war, and he would congratulate himself on having avoided a war more than on a victory. This is not the spirit of Napoleon, who could set aside the consideration of pain in future battles as easily as we forget it in those of Cæsar and Alexander.

If I have treated past physical pain somewhat lightly as a thing to be best forgotten, it is not the same with the sufferings of the mind. They have the terrible peculiarity of renewing themselves with scarcely diminished force. When Æneas told Dido that she was commanding him to renew an inexpres-

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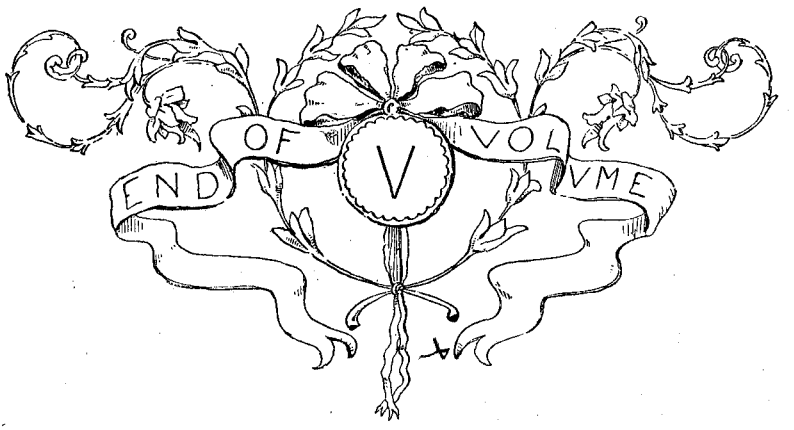
sible pain, it was not physical but mental suffering that he apprehended. The wounds of the body may be completely healed, those of the spirit break out afresh. A poet can treat a subject according to his fancy, and he may choose the "Pleasures of Memory," but if he took the whole of memory together, and not its pleasures only, he would be likely to find the theme as torturing in some details as it may be delightful in others. The lava of Vesuvius cools in days or weeks, the lava of the human past does not cool in a life-time. People remember the sorrows, the vexations, the errors of their youth as long as they can remember anything. A harsh and hasty word, repented of the minute after it was spoken, and yet forever irrecoverable, may remain rankling in the speaker's memory till memory itself shall fail. Even trifles, little failures, or omissions, have a way of perpetuating themselves by coming up when they are not wanted. First we remember them, and afterward remember that we have remembered them, and so the intrusive recollection is renewed. Ridiculous little social failures acquire a sort of permanent importance. A man of eighty, apropos of this subject, told me that he was still vexed with himself for having missed the opportunity for an epigram fifty years before, and he gave me the details of the conversation in which the epigram, had he but thought of it in time, would have discomfited the enemy.

Without presuming to admonish the reader, I will offer him the results which these reflections have brought home most forcibly to my own mind. Life, while it lasts, is a perpetual Present, and if one hour seems less valuable than another it is only because the liveliness of our faculties is variable and opportunities seem to present themselves irregularly. Our constant tendency is to undervalue the great NOW. Young people often undervalue their *now* because they cannot turn it immediately into money. Could they not turn it into something better—into knowledge, strength, or skill? In after-life we undervalue our *now* from a relaxation of mental discipline. The difficulty, after the age of forty, is to keep the faculties in such a state of disciplined efficiency that they may not sink into repetition and routine. As age advances the constant tendency is to divide all time between routine and rest. Can this tendency be resisted, can life be maintained, as age advances, in an efficient *now?* There are examples that prove this to be possible, at least for some, and it is one of the best signs of human improvement in our century that not only do men in general last longer than formerly, but some of them maintain better in old age the activity and flexibility of the mind.



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